# ARABIAN TALES:

OR,

A CONTINUATION

OF THE

# Arabian Nights Entertainments.

CONSISTING OF

## STORIES

RELATED BY THE

## SULTANA OF THE INDIES,

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OF THE

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By ROBERT HERON.

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# ARABIAN TALES:

BEING A

## *CONTINUATION*

OF THE

## THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.

### *Adventures of* SIMOUSTAPHA *and the Princeſs* ILSETILSONE.

IN the reign of Caliph * Haroun Alraſchid, a young man came to ſettle at Bagdad, who was remarkable for the regularity of his features, the beauty and candid expreſſion of his countenance, and the majeſtic elegance of his ſize and figure.—He purchaſed a ſpacious and ſtately houſe, which had been lately occupied by one of the grandees of the city; improved the gardens after his own taſte; laid out the apartments in a happier diſpo-

* It may here be hinted to the reader, as it has hitherto been neglected, that CALIPH, in its primary ſignification, means ſimply Succeſſor. It was aſſumed by Aboubeker and Omar, the firſt ſovereigns of the Muſſulmans after Mahomet, as a title, the modeſty of which well became their veneration for the memory of the Prophet.

MARIGNEY's Hiſtory of the Saracens, Vol. I.

ſition; in a word transformed that palace into a magnificent tavern, ſuch as had never been ſeen before, either in Bagdad, or perhaps in any other city of Aſia.

His entertainments were ſerved up in diſhes of porcelain and ſilver-plate, by ſlaves dreſſed with ſingular taſte and neatneſs. His paſtry and all other meats were ſeaſoned in ſo exquiſite a manner, that even the Caliph's cooks could prepare nothing equal. This maſter of a tavern, ſo ſuperior in his profeſſion, was called Simouſtapha.

His handſome figure, the poliſhed elegance of his manners, and the good cheer which his houſe afforded, ſoon drew many of the connoiſſeurs in luxurious living to become his frequent gueſts. The firſt inhabitants in Bagdad had a curioſity for ſpecimens of his ſkill. His ragouts could excite the moſt languid appetite; and he accordingly became the favourite of all the rich and great in the court and city. His houſe and gardens were continually filled with parties of *bons vivans*.

The Caliph's courtiers were continually talking in his preſence of the exquiſite cheer which they made at the tavern of the handſome Simouſtapha. But the prince had too much buſineſs to diſpatch, to pay attention to their diſcourſes of cookery; or poſſibly a deſire to become acquainted with the young man's ſkill in giving entertainments was to come upon him in a manner more ſuitable to the capricious eccentricity of his character.

The ſlaves, eſpecially the females, belonging to Haroun's palace, never went by the ſhop of Simouſtapha, without bringing home ſome of his maſter-pieces. She who was the moſt aſſiduous in this was Namouna, who, ſince the infancy of the princeſs, had been attendant on Ilſetilſone, the favourite

favourite daughter of the Caliph, and only child by his marriage with Zobeide, the beſt beloved of all his wives, to whom he continued his attachment till his death.

Namouna enjoying the liberty in which women at her age are uſually indulged, walked daily in the ſtreets of Bagdad. Little children knew her, notwithſtanding her veil, and ſaluted her by name, whenever they ſaw her.

Simouſtapha whoſe ſhop ſhe frequented, as he was naturally obliging to every perſon, ſo was particularly ſo to her. He made her ſit down, ſerved her firſt, and ſhewed her all that polite and obliging attention, which pleaſes, without being troubleſome.

The good woman would ſay to herſelf, as ſhe returned home, pleaſed with his flattering cares, "Ah! God bleſs thee, good youth! Thou doſt not deſpiſe old age." And when ſhe came to entertain the princeſs with the news of the city, ſhe always ended with the praiſes of the charming Simouſtapha. He had ſhewn her all his gardens with ſo much complaiſance, had treated her with ſuch reſpect, and ſuch a degree of attention, and all this without knowing who ſhe was:—His manners were ſo naturally elegant and eaſy, and ſeemed to proceed from ſo much native benevolence of diſpoſition, and ſo profound a reſpect for the ſex.——

"His addreſs," would ſhe add, "is ſo attractive, his voice ſo ſoft and ſoothing; that a word from him is more grateful than a rich preſent from any other. His carriage is noble like his actions; his beauty far ſurpaſſes what is written of the ſon of Jacob, the beautiful Joſeph of Egypt.—God keep from evil, whoever might be tempted

to take him by the mantle! But it is impoſſible: he is modeſt as a dove."

Ilſetilſone was diverted with this babbling of her old confidant; and, after hearing her talk thus for a few times, was always the firſt, upon her return from the city, to aſk, how ſhe had fared with her handſome Simouſtapha, and whether he returned her paſſion.

"I ſhould have been ſorry to have miſſed ſeeing him," replied Namouna, one day; "I am not ſuch a fool as to be in love with him. I am only fond of what he makes. As to himſelf, he is a morſel for a Queen. She muſt be very difficult in her taſte, indeed, who could fail of admiring a young man, lovelier far than the princes of the earth. Why ſhould I refuſe myſelf the pleaſure of ſeeing him? One glance from him ſeems to reſtore me the gaiety and ardour of youth. It is with the magic of his eyes, I believe, that he ſeaſons his pies, which are ſuperior to every thing. I brought one of them as a ſpecimen to Meſrour, the chief eunuch, which you will hear ſpoken of in the palace."

Namouna was not miſtaken; Meſrour, chief of the eunuchs, had carried the tart which the good lady had given him to the favourite Sultana. She had entertained the caliph with it, without letting him know that it was not made in the palace.

Haroun, upon praiſing it as excellent, came to learn, that it was from the ſhop of Simouſtapha, whom he had ſo often heard mentioned. The favourite propoſed to Haroun, to regale him next day with an entire ſervice from the kitchen of that ſkilful cook; and Meſrour was directed to go to him, and bid him prepare.

This

This was one effect which the old woman's partiality for Simouſtapha had already produced in his favour. Every thing was prepared to add to its his addreſs, the elegance of his figure, the exquiſite reliſh of the diſhes which he made, and the prejudices in his favour, which had ariſen almoſt at once in the palace, although he had been talked of for nearly a year through all Bagdad.

Haroun enjoyed his meal in his favourite's apartments with extraordinary appetite and ſatisfaction. Next day, he had meats from the ſame ſhop ſerved up at his own table. His women regaled themſelves on the ſame dainties; and they became at length ſo generally and ſo highly reliſhed, that the dinner was reckoned bad in the palace, when there were not ſome diſhes from the hand of Simouſtapha.

Namouna was pleaſed to ſee her favourite thus gaining in the good graces of the inhabitants of the palace. The caliph had already ſent ſeveral of his diſhes to the table of Ilſetilſone. But ſhe did not ſeem to reliſh theſe ſo much as her nurſe had expected. She had been teaſed and wearied out with the old woman's prattle; and yet the gratification of her taſte had ſome effect with her.

"See," ſaid Namouna, "can any thing be prettier? only ſmell the flavour of this cake."—Then would ſhe proceed to deſcribe Simouſtapha's kitchen. "It is more reſplendent than if it were hung with mirrors: the floor is of poliſhed marble: all the utenſils are of a dazzling brightneſs; in the midſt of ſeven young men, who are dreſſed out as for a marriage entertainment, Simouſtapha himſelf watches over all. His head appears above thoſe of his ſervants, like the moon above the ſeven planets. When each plate of meat is prepared,

he puts a laſt hand to it; and this gives the ſecret and unaccountable charm which diſtinguiſhes whatever comes from his houſe." The old woman thus continued to praiſe her favourite, till his praiſes at length kindled a flame no leſs ardent than dangerous.

Ilſetilſone who ſtrove to diſguiſe her ſentiments both to herſelf and others; as ſhe was unwilling to allow, that ſhe could indulge feelings of tenderneſs for a man of Simouſtapha's profeſſion; ſought to repreſs the growing paſſion, and thus loſt ſleep, appetite, reſt, and fell into a ſtate of langnor, the conſequences of which were alarming to the tenderneſs of Haroun.

The poor nurſe was diſtreſſed to ſee her charming miſtreſs in ſuch a condition. Her ſighs ſuggeſted ſome vague ſuſpicions of the cauſe of her uneaſineſs. At laſt, a circumſtance occurred which ſatisfied her, with reſpect to the truth of her conjectures.

For two days Ilſetilſone would eat nothing.—"I ſee," ſaid Namouna to her, "that I muſt go to get a diſh of meat from the hands of Simouſtapha for you as well as for myſelf."

The fair daughter of the caliph ſmiled, but made no reply, and the old woman haſtened to her favourite's ſhop. "Serve me well," ſaid ſhe, "amiable young man; I have a daughter whoſe life is dearer to me than my own; try all your ſkill to prepare a diſh which may reſtore her appetite; for theſe two days ſhe has eaten nothing; I fear ſhe is dying. If you can but make a ragout to pleaſe her, an hundred ſequins ſhall be your reward."

Simouſtapha looked the woman in the face. He knew her perfectly, and knew that ſhe had no daughter.

daughter. Beſides, the offer of the hundred ſequins led him to ſuſpect, that ſomething elſe was in the caſe than what ſhe explained.

"She is indiſpoſed then," anſwered he, with an air of anxiety. "More than barely indiſpoſed," returned Namouna: you ſeem not to be well; but, whatever comes from you is ſo good, that when it touches her lips, I hope, ſhe will be eaſier."

"For the firſt time in my life," anſwered Simouſtapha, "I tremble, leſt I ſhould happen not to ſucceed." With this he goes to work, and ſuffers none but himſelf to put a hand to what he is preparing. The old woman was ſoon diſmiſſed with the object of her errand; yet, before ſhe could prevail with Simouſtapha to accept of any price. "If ſhe can taſte what I have prepared," ſaid he, "I am more than paid, if not, the diſh is not worth payment."

Namouna ſoon reached the palace, and preſented the ragout. Ilſetilſone taſted it, found it exquiſite, and eat up the whole. The eyes of her nurſe ſparkled with joy, at ſeeing the ſucceſs of her ſtratagem; and ſhe began to praiſe loudly the readineſs and addreſs of Simouſtapha. "He imagined," ſaid ſhe, "that it was for my daughter, and ſet inſtantly about preparing it. I would have given him an hundred ſequins, but he would take nothing; it was enough, he ſaid, that he could oblige me." "What a ſituation his," ſaid Ilſetilſone, with a ſigh, "for the noble ſoul, and elevated ſentiments of a prince!" "But that ſoul," anſwered Namouna, "is lodged in a body, ſuch as Solomon himſelf might be proud to aſſume, if he ſhould again appear upon earth; and ſcarcely could Solomon appear with that

graceful dignity on his throne, which Simouſtapha diſcovers in his kitchen."

The princeſs finiſhed her repaſt, and began anew to muſe. "What!" ſaid Namouna, "are you falling back into your melancholy, after eating ſo cheerfully? Rather ſtrive to aſſume greater animation, that you may be in a condition to conſole the caliph, by receiving him more pleaſantly than you lately did." "I cannot do otherwiſe," dear Namouna, ſaid the princeſs, "I feel my heart involuntarily oppreſſed." "I much doubt," anſwered the nurſe, "that you have ſome ſecret cauſe of uneaſineſs, which you hide from me who love you more than life."

"I conceal it," replied Ilſetilſone, "becauſe it would be to my ſhame, if I ſhould declare it.—Let it die with me. Am I to hope that another will conceal it, when I myſelf cannot?" "If you continue to ſatisfy yourſelf with reaſoning in this way, you will put an end to your days, my fair princeſs," replied Namouna. "My ſoul is a well into which your ſecret ſhall be put down, never to appear again. Perhaps, I may think of ſome means to give you eaſe." "Oh Namouna!" interrupted Ilſetilſone, "pray with me to God, that he may cure me; without a miracle from him I cannot be cured."

"Well, when we ſhall know what is the matter, we may pray together, and may perhaps obtain this miracle; theſe places have been already the ſcene of miracles; it was here * that he eſtabliſhed his firſt choſen people, the Jews, after delivering them out of the hand of Pharaoh. To accompliſh your relief, my dear princeſs, it is not

* In Paleſtine, which forms a part of Syria.

neceſſary,

neceſſary, I preſume, that the ſea be dried up. Inſtead of a great man, like Moſes, I ſuppoſe that ſome inferior perſonage may be ſufficient. I am ready to lend you every aſſiſtance in my power. Confide in me. Fear neither infidelity nor indiſcretion in one who loves you more than life, and would ſpare no ſacrifice to promote your happineſs. I have age and experience on my ſide; I am able to give you uſeful advice, and to contrive expedients which might never occur to your inexperienced mind. In a word, I will not reſt till you depoſit in my breaſt the cauſe of that melancholy which now conſumes you."

"Oh! my good Namouna," anſwered the princeſs, "confuſion ſhould ſtop my mouth; but my confidence in you forces me to open it."

"You know much better than I the cauſe of my illneſs, I might blame you for having contributed more to it than any other perſon; if I did not ſee plainly, that what has befallen me is the effect of unavoidable deſtiny. I am in love, like a fool. Every thing here contributes to inflame my heart, and derange my head. You, Namouna, the women in the palace, the caliph my father, my own dreams, in which I have two different times thought I ſaw him before me.—Name now, if you dare, the object of my paſſion; ſay who is the only man for whom the daughter of the commander of the faithful, of the king of the kings of the earth would chooſe to live; without whom life will be inſupportable to her; excuſe this unaccountable extravagance, if poſſible,—and conſider that you yourſelf, by your continual praiſes of him, and diſcourſe concerning him, have kindled the flame, and conducted it to its preſent height."

"You have seen him in a dream!" replied the good old nurse, with a recollected air; "Are you sure that it was he? Was he fair as the angel who poured out the celestial liquor to our great Prophet, when he was conveyed to the seventh heaven? Could you recollect his features?"

"I cannot," said Ilsetilsone. "I was confounded, transported at the sight of so enchanting an object. He was at my feet, and swore to adore and love none but me; but in two different dreams it was still the same object that appeared. I should know him again; but I cannot describe, nor shall I ever forget him."

"Thus, Namouna," continued the princess, with an air of confusion, "while the sovereigns of the East contending for my hand, expose themselves, one after another, to a refusal from the caliph, my father; she who is the object of the love and ambition of so many kings, can find no happiness unless in joining herself for life to——"

"To Simoustapha," resumed the old woman.—"Name him boldly out; his name is praise.—Were all the crowns in the earth to fall upon the head of Simoustapha, not one of them would be misplaced. There are hundreds of kings, but only one Simoustapha."

"Have a care, Namouna," said Ilsetilsone; you are going on to undo me."—"What! I! my dear princess! I love you more than life. May the angel of death close my eyes, if they cannot see you happy. We must see Simoustapha together, and if you shall recollect him as the person whom you have twice seen in your dreams; assuredly you are fated to be his by unalterable destiny, and I shall immediately set about means to complete your happiness."

"But,

"But, how," returned Ilſetilſone, "how can I ſee him, without expoſing myſelf improperly?" "Truſt to me," ſaid the old woman, "and ſleep in peace to night; may ſleep renew the roſes on your cheeks, and the carnation on your lips. To-morrow, before the day be far advanced, ſhall you ſee your lover; you will know whether it be he whom you ſaw in thoſe delicious dreams; and as I regulate every thing here for your ſervice, matters ſhall be ſo diſpoſed that you ſhall neither be teazed nor expoſed to any inconvenience whatever." Ilſetilſone taking ſome conſolation from this flattering promiſe, went to bed.

Next morning, the old woman haſtened to the ſhop of Simouſtapha. "I come," ſaid ſhe, "to tell you of the ragout which you gave me. You are paid in the way you wiſhed; for it has had its effects. But, my handſome young man, continued ſhe, what will you give me, if I ſhall tell you the happieſt of all news for a man of your age and qualifications?" "Whatever you pleaſe to require," returned Simouſtapha. "Let me tell you," continued the old woman, "the lady whom you regaled yeſterday, wiſhes to dine to-day upon diſhes from your kitchen; but take care, that every thing be dreſſed with your own hand."

"I ſhall with joy obey your orders," replied Simouſtapha.—"If it be ſo," returned Namouna, "you already owe me a kiſs. Let me ſee if I can lay you under more obligations. Do you know that you are going to prepare dinner for the incomparable Ilſetilſone, the greateſt and moſt beautiful princeſs upon earth." "My heart," replied Simouſtapha, bluſhing, "told me as much." "What!" ſaid Namouna, "your heart?—What means this?—Your heart? Are you in love

love with my princeſs?" "The hearts of the monarchs of the earth burn for her," anſwered Simouſtapha, "and they may avow their paſſion. Her beauty, her virtue, muſt captivate all who hear them mentioned. As for me, I deſire only to be ranked as one of the humbleſt of her ſlaves."—"If you do feel a partiality in her favour," ſaid Namouna, "I have done you no injury with her: and if you be impatient to ſee her, I can aſſure you, that ſhe is equally ſo, to ſee you."

"Her ſlave," replied Simouſtapha, "is ready to fly to her feet."—"Since you are in this humour," ſays the old woman, "you may come and receive payment for your diſhes. You ſhall receive it from her fair hand. Prepare the dinner, and ſend it in at the great gate of the palace by your own ſlaves. Immediately after dinner, be you ready yourſelf at a ſecret paſſage which I ſhall ſhew you. Sure, you will now allow, my dear Simouſtapha, that you owe me a kiſs."—"I owe you a thouſand," ſaid Simouſtapha, embracing the old woman with rapture; after which they parted.

Simouſtapha prepared the meal, with all his ſkill. Ten young ſlaves, fair, ruddy, and beautiful each as the God of Love, and dreſſed out at the ſame time with the greateſt elegance, conveyed it to the palace.

Ilſetilſone was agreeably ſurpriſed by this proof of gallantry. Her old confidant received every thing from the hands of the ſlaves; and the young princeſs made a plentiful meal of thoſe meats to which the hand of her lover had given even an imaginary reliſh. She praiſed to Namouna every diſh after another. "Eat, eat," ſaid the good old woman to her. "That which comes from the

the perſon who loves us, can never do us harm." "Can Simouſtapha love me, when he has never yet ſeen me?" ſaid the princeſs.

"Have you ſeen him?" returned Namouna, "you who loſe your reſt for him? It is what is written in heaven, my dear child: and ſuch things are accompliſhed here below by extraordinary means."

"As ſoon as I told him, that a great Lady, who had been much pleaſed with his former diſh, wiſhed to dine again upon meats of his preparing, he conjectured rightly that it muſt be you; his heart, he ſaid, had whiſpered ſo much to him; and, in his tranſport, at knowing that it was for you he was employed, he embraced me, poor old woman that I am, with great ardour.——Pardon me, my princeſs, for having received the firſt careſſes of your lover, for the good news which I carried.—He ſeems to me to be deſperately in love with you: And I am willing to ſurrender to you your own;" ſaying which, the old woman caſt herſelf upon her miſtreſs's neck, and gave her a warm embrace.

"How fooliſh you are, my good Namouna!" ſaid Ilſetilſone. "Not more ſo, than any other woman in Bagdad," anſwered Namouna. "If his kiſſes were to be ſold, you would ſee a moſt furious conteſt about the purchaſe; the crier might make his fortune."

While this little conference went on, Simouſtapha's ſlaves returned home with the diſhes from the princeſs' table, charmed with the flattering reception they had found; and having each five pieces of gold, which they had received from the hand of Ilſetilſone.

Simouſtapha,

Simouſtapha thus encouraged to pay his own viſit, diſpatched his affairs, bathed, perfumed himſelf, put on his richeſt clothes; and then repaired to the palace by the paſſage which had been pointed out to him.

Namouna waited at the door to admit him. From the terrace of the palace, the princeſs ſuſpended between love, hope, and fear, obſerved who approached. "It is he," ſaid ſhe, "ſuch as I have twice ſeen him in my dreams. It was in this very dreſs he appeared, the firſt time. The ſecond time his robes were of a dazzling luſtre, which overpowered my ſight." While the princeſs was making theſe remarks on his appearance, Simouſtapha entered the apartment in which their interview was to take place. The princeſs came in, by an oppoſite door. Simouſtapha reſpectfully ſaluted her, and waited with downcaſt eyes, and with his hands folded upon his breaſt, till ſhe ſhould ſpeak to him.

"You are," ſaid ſhe, "Simouſtapha, the cook whom I have heard ſo highly praiſed?" "I have been praiſed beyond my deſert, Madam," replied Simouſtapha. "That I can hardly think," anſwered the princeſs; your appearance ſeems ſo much above your condition; and you exerciſe your art with ſuch infinite dexterity and ſkill; it ſeems indeed to be made for you; but you are far from ſeeming to have been made for it. What reaſons, pray, have induced you to ſettle at Bagdad?"

"Oh! princeſs worthy of the admiration of the whole world!" ſaid Simouſtapha, "if you would have your ſlave to ſpeak with ſincerity, remove that veil which keeps up his diffidence, that the truth which he ſpeaks, may reach your ear.

ear. I have ſuffered too much already, to be now denied the felicity of admiring thoſe charms which that impertinent veil conceals from my view.

"You have been no more than a year at Bagdad," returned the princeſs; "it is but for a moment that my veil can poſſibly have been troubleſome to you; how come you then to ſpeak of long torments! When could theſe begin?"—"At that moment," ſaid Simouſtapha, "when I felt the firſt emotions of a paſſion, which muſt continue to inflame my breaſt, till my heart ceaſe to beat."

"An imperious law," reſumed Ilſetilſone, "forbids me to remove my veil." "Reſpectful timidity," returned Simouſtapha; "confines my ſecret within my lips."——"This childiſhneſs," cried the good Namouna, "trifles away our time: the chief eunuch may come in, as he ſuffers no long interval to paſs between his viſits." So ſaying, ſhe approached the princeſs, and lifted up her veil.

Timidity and reſerve ſeemed to be removed with that ſlight piece of ſtuff. Ilſetilſone was no ſooner freed from the impertinent gauze, than ſhe advanced a ſtep towards Simouſtapha. A natural movement led them to embrace with the greateſt tenderneſs. A collation had been prepared; the two lovers ſat down to it; for they were now both too much affected to continue the converſation.—They looked on each other, ſighed, and eat by turns, till the happy hour was run. Namouna reminded them of this. They parted with tears in their eyes. It was as if they had loved through life; and the bands of felicity and of habit were burſt at once.

Ilſetilſone ſoon fell back from the joy of this charming interview into her former melancholy.—

It

It was in vain that dishes prepared by the hands of her lover were daily served upon her table; such little arts were insufficient to soothe her anxious feelings. She had enjoyed so much in one moment of rapture, that inferior pleasures were perfectly insipid to her. Her complexion became pale, and her health was evidently suffering a rapid decline.

Namouna was extremely uneasy. "Be reasonable," said she to her; enjoy the pleasure of loving, and of being beloved. You wish to see your lover and to enjoy his company. But there are duties which prudence enjoins you.—You may lose all by your impatience, and blast the lillies and roses of your complexion, the flower of youth, which constitutes the most precious charm of beauty. Leave me to manage matters. Happiness is not to be obtained so speedily.—See how the stars of night cluster the heavens; if but one of these strives to precipitate its course, it wanders astray, and falls never to appear again. The star which guides the fortune of your love must only keep pace with the rest; there would be danger in any attempt to quicken its career."

"I understand what is reasonable, my dear Namouna, but I cannot follow it. If you would have me eat, tell me that I shall again see Simoustapha." "Well! since it must be so, sit down and eat. I shall tell you what I am thinking of." The princess ordered some dishes to be set before her, eat moderately, and then required the reward promised by Namouna for this piece of complaisance.

"Since you would then know my plan," says Namouna, "it is this. You have, for some days, kept your bed, and have not paid your usual visits

to

to the caliph. I expect the chief of the eunuchs will ſoon be here, to inquire why you confine yourſelf to your apartment. The caliph and Zobeide, your mother, will next come to examine into the nature of your indiſpoſition. They will naturally make every inquiry which parental ſolicitude can be ſuppoſed to ſuggeſt. "Do you feel any pain?" will they ſay: "Does any thing vex or hurt you? What is there that can give you eaſe!" Prepare to make the proper replies.

"Beware of ſaying that you are ſick. You will then have a phyſician ſent to you; and be forced to take medicines which you don't need.—But ſay that you feel a lowneſs of ſpirits which a little amuſement might remove. Aſk them to permit you to ſeek that amuſement in Bagdad; and to grant you two days, with a certain interval between them; ſo near to one another, that they may both join in producing the ſame happy effect on your ſpirits, yet with ſuch a ſpace intervening, that the courſe of public buſineſs may not be interrupted on your account: For a public crier muſt announce your entrance, in order that you may meet with no perſon whom it would be improper or diſagreeable for you to ſee, or who might be expoſed to puniſhment in conſequence of having only accidentally ſeen you.

"You muſt then aſk leave to go to the bath on the firſt of theſe days, and to viſit the ſhops of the city on the ſecond.—It may happen—but of that hereafter,—that devotion ſhall lead us to frequent the moſques. I ſhall arrange every thing ſo that you may fully avail yourſelf of the permiſſion which you will thus obtain."

Scarcely had Namouna explained her project, when Meſrour, the chief of the eunuchs, came to viſit

viſit the princeſs by the command of the caliph. The conſequences of this little incident were ſuch as to juſtify the foreſight of Namouna. Haroun and Zobeide came to ſee their daughter, and ſhe obtained permiſſion from them to walk through Bagdad, in the manner, and at the times which her nurſe and ſhe had preconcerted.

Haroun, upon his return to his own apartment, ordered Giafar to take meaſures, that the princeſs Ilſetilſone might, next day, enjoy the amuſement of walking through all the ſtreets of the city with her train, and ſee every object of curioſity without being expoſed to any perſon's gaze.

The Grand Vizier ſent his orders to the inſpector of the police; and, on the ſame evening, the whole inhabitants of Bagdad were warned by the public criers, to adorn their ſhops with all their moſt rare and precious effects, and at the hour of prayer, to beware all of appearing either in the ſtreets, or even in their houſes; that the princeſs Ilſetilſone might not be diſturbed either in walking through the city, or in amuſing her curioſity; as ſhe was to walk in the city at that hour. Whatever ſhe might make the perſons in her train take up, ſhould be punctually paid for, and indemnification made for the ſlighteſt damages which they might commit; but the ſevereſt puniſhment was threatened againſt all thoſe who ſhould, out of reſtleſſneſs or curioſity, diſobey theſe orders.

When matters were thus ſettled, Namouna already proud of the ſucceſs of her ſcheme, came eagerly to Ilſetilſone. "Well! princeſs, every thing is ordered to your wiſhes. The ſtreets of Bagdad will be clear for you to-morrow morning!"

ing!" "Too much ſo," replied the princeſs, "if all the inhabitants are to remove out of the way, and none to remain in the houſes."

"You don't ſeem to underſtand the ſpirit of the proclamation, Madam. All the houſes fronting the ſtreet, or receiving light from it, muſt be deſerted for the time by their inhabitants. But if all the inhabitants of Bagdad were obliged to go and encamp without the city, they muſt be deſtroyed by the heat of the ſun, for the want of tents. Each will retire into a ſecret part of his houſe, where he can neither ſee nor hear, and far leſs be ſeen by any perſon. The rich will go to their country-houſes; the poor will retreat into ſome obſcure holes: the city will thus reſemble a deſert: and hence will it favour the execution of our deſigns: You may then do what you pleaſe; your women will ſcatter themſelves through the ſhops with a degree of curioſity and couvetouſneſs of which you can have no idea. The eunuchs will follow to take account of their behaviour, and to obſerve what they carry with them, as well as to diſpatch little affairs of their own; and we, in the mean time may attend to our particular concerns. Make yourſelf eaſy: go to the bath: ſup cheerfully; ſleep ſoundly; and ſet off your charms to the beſt advantage. To-morrow ſhall I have the pleaſure of ſeeing the loveliеſt couple under heaven together."

Ilſetilſone did what her good nurſe required. And Namouna, before the cloſe of the day, had warned Simouſtapha of the viſit which he was to receive. The lover was in deſpair when he heard the criers proclaim, that every perſon ſhould diſappear, under pain of death, for the princeſs was to walk through Bagdad. Namouna found him ſunk

ſunk in a melancholy reverie. "What!" ſaid ſhe, when he told her the cauſe, "do you make yourſelf unhappy at an order which I have procured to be ſolicited, of purpoſe, that you might the eaſier have an interview with my princeſs! To-morrow morning, ſend you all your ſlaves out of the city; affect to follow yourſelf; but return by a back way, and wait for us at the bottom of your garden. We ſhall enter your ſhop. The noiſe which we make in entering will give you notice when we are there. And, at any rate, I ſhall know where to find you, without your being expoſed to be ſeen. But prepare to-night whatever you intend to entertain us with to-morrow. I know that you will not fail through avarice; and I could wager that you are to give me a treat."

"That were ſurpriſing indeed," anſwered Simouſtapha, "conſidering what my ſentiments are towards you."——"I ſhall put you inſtantly to the trial," replied the old woman; "you cannot but be delighted with what I have told you; you remember how you paid me for the firſt good news I brought you? Have you any more of the ſame coin for me?" "I underſtand you, good Madam," anſwered Simouſtapha, "make your choice, while you are here, out of what is mine. What you aſk is mine no longer; it is engaged."

"Pure avarice this!" cried Numouna, gayly, "I ſhall tell your miſtreſs, that you have a fault not common to men at your age. Thus will I revenge myſelf on you. However, I would not give pain to my dear child. She has not had a moments reſt ſince ſhe ſaw you. She does nothing but ſigh. She would have died, had I not thought of means to put all Bagdad out of the way to procure you a *tête-à-tête*, among a crowd,

who

who are thus rendered blind and deaf for your convenience. I wiſh to bear to her ſome kind meſſage from you. What ſhall I ſay?

"That I am enchanted, raviſhed," ſaid Simouſtapha, "that I want words to expreſs my feelings, that I am dying of impatience to ſee her, and ſhall feel the moſt anxious ſolicitude, till the moment when we meet again. If ſhe has enjoyed little reſt ſince we were laſt together, my eyes have not, even for a moment, been ſhut; my head is ſo filled with the charming idea of her, my heart ſo affected, that her name is for ever about to eſcape from my lips. Did I not confine myſelf to abſolute ſilence, I could not help pronouncing it."

"Good!" ſaid the old woman, "if I could remember and repeat all that, I might ſay that I return with my pockets full. But theſe are only words; do you give me nothing more ſubſtantial to carry with me? I ſhould not fail of delivering it." So ſaying, the woman offered her cheek; but in vain; ſhe was obliged, therefore, to begone. "Adieu, thou miſer, Simouſtapha!"

Namouna returned quickly to the palace, and repeated the above converſation almoſt word for word, even to the little piece of pleaſantry with which it ended.——"What! my good woman," ſaid Ilſetilſone, "would you ſeriouſly have had him to kiſs you? Are you ſtill ſuſceptible of ſo youthful a paſſion as love?"

"That I don't ſay," replied Namouna; "but even under my wrinkles I have the heart of a girl of twenty; and, if I were to live to the age of an hundred, I ſhould never be an enemy to the men, provided they were all as handſome as Simouſtapha. But my pretenſions riſe not high.

A trifle

A trifle pays them; yet even that trifle gives me great pleaſure. If I ſhould entirely ceaſe to love, I might become too bad. But go, ſleep. To-morrow is a great day for you."

Next day, immediately after the hour of prayer, Ilſetilſone, with ſixty young and beautiful ſlaves, went into Bagdad. The princeſs, with her nurſe took the way to the baths which were at the ſmalleſt diſtance from the dwelling of her lover. She went in, and then ſaid to her chief eunuch; "I ſhall call the ſlaves of this houſe to ſerve me; let all my own ſlaves enjoy this opportunity of diverting themſelves, and walk about through the town." The eunuch obeyed; ſhe went into the bath, and, after continuing there a ſhort time, came out, and went forward under the guidance of love and Namouna.

Simouſtapha was impatiently expecting her in a retired corner of his garden, in a ruſtic grotto, where was a fountain from which he uſed to cool his liquors. He was preparing breakfaſt, and from time to time, ſang verſes, in which he ſtrove to paint the ardour of his paſſion, and the happineſs which he was ſoon to enjoy. Of all his family none remained with him, but one beautiful and expert young ſlave, who was a mute. Suddenly his ear was ſtruck with a ruſtling noiſe in his garden; he aroſe, and ran forward. It was the object of his deſires, his muſings, and his ſongs. Ilſetilſone had been ſome moments arrived. She had approached the grotto unperceived, and had heard with delight, the laſt verſe of her lover's ſong — Herſelf was the ſubject. The voice rendered the words more charming. To ſeem as if ſhe had not overheard him; ſhe had gone back to ſome diſtance, and made the noiſe as the ſignal of her arrival.

It

It was not an ordinary paſſion, founded upon the mere admiration of perſonal beauty, or the tranſient impulſe of ſenſual deſire, by which theſe lovers were mutually attracted; it was the vibration of ſympathy; or rather, if it be true, as philoſophers teach, that matches are made in heaven, before our ſouls are ſent down into theſe mortal bodies, it was the Power of Deſtiny. They ſtop, they gaze, with mutual admiration, and with a mixture of curioſity with the livelieſt joy. Their arms are mutually extended to embrace one another, and their hearts are ſo overpowered, that they ſwoon away in the embrace. The grotto was fortunately beſpread with a moſſy covering: and the prudent foreſight of Namouna was at hand to provide againſt all accidents.

But, the place was little convenient for ſo intereſting an interview. Simouſtapha led his miſtreſs into an alcoran ſhaded from the ſun's rays, by interweaving branches and thick foliage. Here ſtood a ſopha on which they might recline; and in this retreat had Simouſtapha prepared an elegant repaſt. Here was, beſides, every thing that could ſerve to refreſh or amuſe the princeſs: Figures of different animals poured from their mouths and noſtrils ſtreams of limpid water, which, as they fell into a deep baſon prepared to receive them, diffuſed the moſt delicious coolneſs all round.

Ilſetilſone and Simouſtapha ſat down together, to the repaſt. Namouna and the mute waiting to ſerve them. They eat little, and ſpoke ſtill leſs; the language of the eyes is that in which high-wrought paſſion moſt naturally expreſſes itſelf. At length, Ilſetilſone broke this expreſſive ſilence, and, in a voice of angelic ſoftneſs and melody exclaimed,

"Oh!

"Oh! Simouſtapha! I love you, and I feel that it muſt be for ever impoſſible for me to love any other than you! I know not how we ſhall get over the vaſt diſtance by which fortune ſeems to have divided you and me. Were there nothing to ſeparate us but my lofty pretenſions, we ſhould be inſtantly united? What can I loſe by union with a ſoul of ſuch elevation and magnanimity as yours? You ſeem to bluſh at the injuſtice of fortune which has placed you in a condition ſo ill becoming your merits; I ſhould glory in ſhaming her malevolence, if I could, by raiſing you to that rank for which you appear to have been formed."

"I am but too much elevated already, Madam," replied Simouſtapha, "by the kind ſentiments with which you deign to honour me.—Theſe are my fortune and glory, no leſs than my happineſs. You love me. My ambition aſks no more. Had I a crown, it could give me no pleaſure, unleſs that of laying it at your feet."

"Let us vow," ſaid the princeſs, "to live only for one another, whatever be the events of our fortune; and to enter into no engagements that may prove obſtacles to our union."

"Before you, on my knees, I ſwear by the holy name of the prophet!" cried Simouſtapha.—The princeſs aroſe. The tendereſt kiſſes ſealed their mutual engagements; while their tears alternately flowed, and were wiped away.

Namouna, whoſe heart was of other ſtuff than to feell all the value of thoſe precious tears, was impatient to divert them from this melting mood. "What!" ſaid ſhe, "have I brought you together to blubber in this manner, inſtead of being cheerful and happy? How I hate thoſe languiſhing lovers! Eat, drink, and be merry!" As

ſhe

ſhe ſpoke thus, ſhe ſerved up before them ſeveral diſhes of meat, and made them drink alternately out of the ſame cup. "Have you no muſical inſtruments?" ſaid ſhe to Simouſtapha. "Let them be brought hither. No eye ſees us; and while you put an end to your weeping, I will teach you better amuſement."

The mute, at a ſign from his maſter, diſappeared, and returned immediately with muſical inſtruments of different ſorts. Namouna took one, and was beginning the prelude to an air ſprightly as her humour, when Ilſetilſone, in a tender bewitching voice, began to recite ſome charming verſes, which ſhe rendered ſtill more affecting by accompanying them with the harmonious ſounds of a theorbo that ſhe touched with graceful ſkill. Simouſtapha, in anſwering her, diſplayed, at once, ſenſe and ſentiment in his verſes, and exquiſite taſte in his muſic: The conteſt between them was, who ſhould beſt expreſs the melting tenderneſs which diſſolved both their hearts.

Namouna was content; for this had ſomewhat of the appearance of amuſement. But ſhe was obliged to interrupt their pleaſures, and to warn them, that they muſt ſeparate, to avoid giving ſuſpicions to the women or eunuchs of the princeſs's train. It was not without pain that two ſo fond lovers could think of parting. They again embraced tenderly; and their tears flowed afreſh. "In the name of Mahomet," ſaid Namouna, who was now become impatient, "have done with theſe lamentations, and let us begone."

The lovers parted. The princeſs compoſed her countenance, ſo that it could not betray the agitation of paſſion which ſhe had ſo lately felt; and, joining her ſlaves, returned towards the palace in

the hope, that ſhe might ſoon ſee again her dear Simouſtapha. The caliph was impatiently expecting his daughter's return. When the chief eunuch informed him, that ſhe was in the palace, he went eagerly to her apartments, to aſk how ſhe found herſelf, after bathing and walking.

Ilſetilſone anſwered, that the exerciſe, and the diverſity of objects which ſhe had ſeen in the ſhops, had given her the greateſt pleaſure. The caliph ſeeing her eyes unuſually animated, and her complexion more lively than it had been on the preceding evening, was pleaſed with himſelf for having complied with her deſire of walking abroad, and amuſing herſelf in the ſtreets of Bagdad. The princeſs Zobeide was no leſs happy at ſeeing her daughter without that air of melancholy which had ſo long hung about her, and threatened alarming conſequences.

It was therefore reſolved, that Ilſetilſone, after reſting for two days, ſhould again, for health and exerciſe, viſit Bagdad. The public criers received orders to notify the caliph's intentions to the people.

"Ah! what a long time, two days!" ſaid the princeſs; "can you, my dear Namouna, conceive the ſituation of my heart during this cruel interval of abſence? How can I live without Simouſtapha?"

"Were theſe two days mine," replied Namouna, "they ſhould flow on faſter than they will with you." "How would you contrive to kill them?" "I would ſleep one half; and for the other, it ſhould be paſſed in eating, drinking, making merry, and pleaſing myſelf with the idea of ſoon ſeeing my dear Simouſtapha again. But, what ſignifies your ſeeing one another, when you

do

do nothing together but weep, and make compliments of as ſerious a caſt, as thoſe which paſs at the preſentment of a Mufti. I was once young myſelf; and have had little affairs of love in my time; but I managed them very differently: people ſuppoſe, that we cheerful ſouls ſeldom think, becauſe we laugh ſo much,—while we are often laughing at what they are thinking of. But, if I had ever had ſuch an adventure as this of your's, I ſhould certainly have made the moſt of it."—"You, Namouna, were not daughter to a caliph; but the glory, the ſovereign rank, and the paternal tenderneſs of my father, oppoſe the indulgence of my ſentiments; for my lover, although in my eyes, worthy of any throne upon earth, is but a . . . . "But a keeper of a tavern, you would ſay, Madam." "He is ſo; yet ſurely the moſt amiable of men. Happineſs is to be found in all conditions. I deſpiſe the cumberſome and impertinent pomp of greatneſs. I ſhould think myſelf happier with my handſome tavern-keeper, than in the poſſeſſion of any monarch in the Eaſt."—"You triſle, Namouna," replied Ilſetilſone.——"Either you or I muſt laugh," replied the old woman; "otherwiſe theſe apartments will become abſolutely the abode of ſadneſs. Take care of yourſelf, or you will appear like an animated mummy merely, when you next walk through the ſtreets of Bagdad,"

The princeſs could not help being diverted with the gaiety of the good nurſe; and her impatience was thus inſenſibly ſoothed. Simouſtapha, in the mean time, amuſed himſelf in making new preparations for the reception of his miſtreſs, ſuch as might agreeably ſurpriſe her. Veſſels of gold, and others of the moſt precious materials, are now

to be ſerved up before her, inſtead of ſilver plate and porcelain: the diſhes of meat with which ſhe is to be entertained, at her next viſit, are to be ſtill more coſtly and exquiſite than before; the houſe to breathe perfumes: nothing, in ſhort, to appear, but ſplendid elegance: all his ſlaves are buſied in theſe preparations: and, were it not for drawing upon him the prying eye of impertinent curioſity, he would prepare to receive his royal miſtreſs in a ſtill more ſplendid and expenſive manner.

The two tedious days are, at length, at an end. The wiſhed-for hour is come, Ilſetilſone iſſuing from the bath in all the bluſhing radiance of her charms, breathing love and heavenly ſoftneſs, and arrayed in the utmoſt richneſs and elegance of dreſs, proceeds into Bagdad, attended by all her ſlaves.—On her way to her lover's ſhop, ſhe entered moſt of the others. Her train diſperſed through the different warehouſes, and were eager to ſee and examine every thing. When ſhe ſaw them all engaged, and believed their attention to be fixed upon the objects about them, ſhe immediately ſtole away, with Namouna, into the houſe of Simouſtapha. He was alone, with his faithful mute.

He had informed his domeſtics in the morning, that, as the caliph's daughter was, that day, to walk in the ſtreets of Bagdad, it would be prudent for them to leave the city; but they might take every thing neceſſary with them, and go dine upon the other ſide of the rivers, Jalla and Ilphara. Such orders, eſpecially as they were accompanied with ſome pieces of gold, were, to thoſe to whom they were directed, very agreeable.

Ilſetilſone

Ilſetilſone paſſed from the ſhop into the garden. The mute made a ſign; and the two lovers were ſoon in each other's arms.—Fruits and different ſorts of refreſhments were ſoon preſented. Curioſity led the princeſs to examine the various beauties of the garden, and the mode in which the ſeveral apartments of the houſe were laid out. Without, every thing had more the appearance of taſte and elegance, than of opulence. But within, the ſurpriſe of the princeſs roſe higher at the ſight of every new room which ſhe entered. Every thing here diſplayed the moſt graceful, varied, and expenſive magnificence.

"My princeſs," ſaid Simouſtapha, as they advanced to a room which he had not yet ſhewn her. "you are about to enter an apartment which no perſon has hitherto ſeen, and within which I never preſume to ſet my feet. It was intended for one of whom I durſt not flatter myſelf ſo far as to hope, that ſhe would ever honour it with her preſence." —At theſe words, Ilſetilſone was extraordinarily moved with curioſity and ſurpriſe. She had been already ſurpriſed to ſee ſuch a profuſion of opulence in the houſe of a perſon in Simouſtapha's condition of life: but ſhe was now much more ſo, to ſee an apartment richer ſtill, and prepared too for the uſe of a ſingle perſon, whom ſhe could not ſuppoſe to be any other than herſelf.

The door opened, and diſplayed a ſaloon more ſumptuouſly decorated than any thing that could have been conceived to be in Bagdad, and fit for the reception of the greateſt of monarchs. Through this they paſſed into another chamber, magnificently furniſhed with ſophas and cuſhions of brocade. The princeſs could not help expreſſing the greateſt aſtoniſhment. Namcuna gazed: ſhe was

confounded; ſhe could not ſpeak; nor, amidſt ſo many fine things, durſt ſhe venture to move.

"For whom is this apartment deſigned?" ſaid the princeſs. "For none," replied her young lover paſſionately, "but the faireſt and loveliest of princeſſes."—"Ah!" returned ſhe, "heaven and Mahomet grant, that ſhe may, one day, enjoy it!" As ſhe ſpoke thus her feelings were overpowered, and ſhe ſunk down in a ſwoon, upon the floor. She was raiſed and placed upon a ſopha, where her ſenſes ſoon revived. "Who placed me here?" ſaid ſhe.——"I." "It was he," replied Namouna, every thing here is deſtined for you; here you reign Sultana."——"Will you then ſtay with me Simouſtapha?" reſumed the princeſs.——"He who has conſecrated his life to you, cannot withdraw a ſingle moment from your ſervice."

"What ceremony! what formality of compliment this!" ſaid Namouna, leaving the room abruptly; "the eunuch and I are going to prepare the collation."

The lovers are left alone. Their hearts are diſſolved in tender paſſion. But they cannot overſtep the reſtraints of duty. Converſation, the moſt expreſſive of paſſionate feelings, is intermixed between them with ſoft careſſes. They vow mutual and unchanging love. They expreſs their deſire of confirming their affection by the ſanction of the moſt ſacred ties. They think of thoſe difficulties which ſeem to render their union hopeleſs. Fear excited ſome tears. But theſe were wiped away by hope. It was thus their moments paſſed in the abſence of Namouna.

"Dear Simouſtapha!" ſaid the fond Ilſetilſone, "you ſeem to poſſeſs ſo much opulence, and to be

ſo

ſo formed for making the nobleſt uſe of it, that I cannot help aſking, how you come to have deſcended to your preſent occupation?" "Oh! my princeſs, I have been reduced to it by an irreſiſtible power, to whoſe ſervice I have dedicated my whole life; and to whom I here vow the moſt implicit obedience. Let us not return upon the paſt, but look forward to the future. I cannot ſupport life without the hope of poſſeſſing you." "Nor I, Simouſtapha, if deprived of you; but how may our wiſhes be accompliſhed?"

"This is no longer your concern, my dear princeſs," returned Simouſtapha. "Now that I am aſſured of your heart, be it my care to preſerve its peace, and ſecure the poſſeſſion of it. I ſhall triumph over every obſtacle. Only death ſhall divide us."

The key was now heard to turn in the lock.—Namouna entered, and, in a very pleaſant humour, "Come, my children," ſaid ſhe; the collation is ſerved up; the hours are faſt paſſing; let us make a good uſe of them." So ſaying, ſhe caſt a glance upon the two lovers. Simouſtapha ſat near his miſtreſs, and was devouring her hand with his kiſſes, and bedewing it with his tears.—"Still weeping?" ſaid ſhe; "you are incorrigible, I ſee. You pretty Celadon, who ſeem to have drowned your reaſon in your tears, come, you may poſſibly find it again in the repaſt here prepared for you."

The lovers repaired to the alcove. Their eyes glowed with the expreſſion of their ſentiments.—Their lips only explained and confirmed the language of their eyes. The tenderneſs and ſincerity of their love appeared equally in their mutual care to prevent each other's wiſhes, and in the delicacy

of their attentions to one another. "Very well," ſaid Namouna, "ecſtacy and admiration have now ſucceeded your tears. Come, yet a few more ſighs; view each other's charms: and, even when you think, you have ſaid all you can, enough will ſtill remain to be ſaid." The beauteous Ilſetilſone ſmiled on her nurſe. The lovers aroſe from the table, and wandered together towards the more retired parts of the garden. "Dear Simouſtapha," ſaid the princeſs, "we muſt immediately part; I am your's for life. Aſſure me by ſome ſtronger engagement, that you will alſo continue faithful to me." "I call heaven and the holy prophet to witneſs the unchangeable ſincerity of my paſſion!" returned Simouſtapha; "receive this ring as a pledge of my promiſe. Sooner ſhall this diamond melt than my heart change."

The beauty and ſparkling luſtre of the diamond raiſed anew the admiration and curioſity of the princeſs. "You ſhall not leave me," ſaid ſhe to her lover, "till you have firſt explained to me your condition, with which my future fortune in life is ſo cloſely connected. Your riches excite ſtill more and more, my ſurpriſe. The dignified generoſity of your conduct, your good ſenſe, your abilities, your graceful manners, all beſpeak your having enjoyed extraordinary advantages of education, and even ſeem to indicate, that you have been a favourite object of the care of providence. You are young, you have none about you but ſlaves, every circumſtance concurs to tempt you to diſſipation; how are you enabled to conduct yourſelf with ſo much prudence? And by what caprice of fortune, or of your own, have you been reduced to an occupation which ſo little becomes you?—

Clear

clear up my doubts, if poſſible, and complete my happineſs by the explanation which I require."

"I am alone, it is true," ſaid Simouſtapha; "I have no perſon with me to ſuperintend my conduct. But, I had once a maſter who inſtructed me in the arts and ſciences, under whom I learned to think, and to diſcern. That reſpectable philoſopher formed my mind to thoſe virtues which I ſtill cultivate. Let not your tenderneſs be alarmed concerning either my conduct or my reſources. I am a ſtranger in Bagdad. I have relations. But, aſk me not concerning the reaſons of my ſeparation from them, nor concerning my preſent condition. My ſecrets will ſoon ceaſe to be ſo to you. I will keep nothing ſecret from her whom I love more than life, and to whom a ſacred tie is to unite me for ever!" "Ah!" ſaid the princeſs, "when will that happy day arrive?" "The means are in my power," ſaid Simouſtapha, "but muſt be cautiouſly uſed; for the conſequences may be dangerous."—"Ah! my dear Simouſtapha, be all the danger mine."—As the princeſs ſpoke thus, Namouna who had been ſeeking her, joined them. "Let us begone, Madam," ſaid ſhe; "it is time for us to return to your attendants. There is a ſecret door of which the mute has given me the key. We will go out by it; and then taking a round-about way, we ſhall ſeem to come from ſuch a diſtance, that it will be impoſſible for any one to have the ſlighteſt gueſs, how we have been occupied.—The lovers are forced to obey.

The princeſs ſoon met with ſome of her attendants. "What are you doing here, ſeparate from thoſe whoſe buſineſs it is to watch over you?"—ſaid Namouna, "what, if ſome miſchief had befallen you? "You had good reaſon, Madam,"

then ſaid ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to Ilſetilſone, "to be afraid for theſe young folks' imprudence." The young ſlaves gathered round their miſtreſs; and the princeſs came up with the whole of her train, without any one daring to boaſt of having gone apart from the reſt.

Haroun and Zobeide were impatiently expecting the return of their daughter. No ſooner did the caliph hear that ſhe was in the palace, than he went before to her apartment, that he might be the firſt to learn from herſelf, what benefits ſhe had received from the amuſements in which he had indulged her. She, at laſt, appeared before him, and he ſaw that he could not congratulate himſelf too much on the change which his own care, as he thought, had produced upon her health. He embraced his daughter with the completeſt ſatisfaction. The pleaſing influence of love and hope had rendered Ilſetilſone, in a manner, a different being; and the overjoyed father went to communicate the news to Zobeide.

"I did not look for ſo much eager attention from the Caliph," ſaid Ilſetilſone to Namouna, "his tenderneſs affects me; ah! did he but know the object of my paſſion!"—"A truce with your complaints, if you pleaſe," ſaid the old woman; "live for the lovely Simouſtapha, and leave me to manage the reſt. Think of him; you ſhall have news from him; and he from you: but no more weeping on either part."

"I will do whatever you pleaſe, my good friend," replied Ilſetilſone, "if you only give me hopes of ſeeing my lover ſoon again, and continue always to talk to me of him. Theſe tears, the value of which you ſo little know,—will be dried up, when I am aſſured of his conſtancy. Should he prove unfaithful,

unfaithful, I could no longer ſupport life."—The princeſs while thus ingeniouſly tormenting herſelf, knew not her lover's heart. Simouſtapha was no ſooner left alone, than he began to conſider, how he might beſt ſecure the poſſeſſion of his lovely miſtreſs. He retired to his cloſet. In it were laid up the precious gifts of the ſage who had directed his education—conſiſting of books of ſcience, receipts for uſeful compoſitions, and, among other things, a myſterious box formed of a ſingle precious ſtone, which he was not to open except on ſome very important occaſion, when it might be impoſſible to accompliſh his happineſs by natural means.

Simouſtapha took out this box. It was wrapped in a piece of paper, on which were written by the hand of his preceptor, the following inſtructions:

"My dear child, beware of miſapprehending the object on which your happineſs may depend.—Examine it in all its relations. Diſtruſt appearances. If at any time, however, you form engagements, the diſappointment of which might render you unhappy, and if your conſcience at the ſame time, approve of the means which you propoſe to employ for the accompliſhment of your wiſhes; then have recourſe to my box: Put it upon the table before you: Waſh yourſelf: Bow with reverence before it, and ſay: "Dear box! my ſole hope! in the name of the friend from whom I received you, grant me your protection: Aid my diſtreſs, I conjure you by the name of your miſtreſs!" The box will then open. Recollect yourſelf with fortitude. Be not abaſhed at the frightful object that will preſent itſelf before you; and whatever it ſhall be, lay your commands upon

upon it. You will learn from itſelf what it can do for you. But, my dear child, the uſe of theſe means is not without danger. The ſlighteſt indiſcretion may involve you in the moſt dreadful calamities: Terrible trials are ſtill to follow; and, if you ſink under them, this gift of friendſhip will become fatal to you."

"Oh! my dear Benalab!" ſaid Simouſtapha, after attentively reading theſe directions, "your diſciple feels, in its fulleſt extent, your kindneſs in leaving him this precious treaſure, and theſe ſage advices. When the flames of love were kindled in my heart, and I had reſolved to brave every obſtacle at the riſk of my life, you, my worthy maſter! came to my aſſiſtance. To you I owe my happineſs. It was by your kindneſs that I was enabled to approach the object of my paſſion. Had it not been for your generous cares, I ſhould ſtill have been ſecluded from her by inacceſſible walls; I ſhould have violated the law of the Prophet by daring to ſcale thoſe walls: and ſhould thus have hopeleſsly loſt the object of my affections.

Hitherto, my dear Benalab, your wiſdom has preſided over my conduct. Your counſels have regulated my actions. Aſſiſt your friend in the dangerous eſſay which he is about to make!—— Dreadful is the trial to which I am preparing to expoſe myſelf. But, ſurely my ſage friend, one who has given his heart only to the moſt perfect of nature's works, who has known to practiſe ſo much ſelf-denial, and to reſpect himſelf as I have done, in the indulgence of his paſſion, merits your confidence. His prudence and his ſucceſs are your work. Finiſh glorioufly what you have ſo well begun.

After

After this invocation to his ſage preceptor, Simouſtapha aroſe with courage, put his hand upon the box, removed the ſeal, and pronounced with diſtinct articulation the words of the formula.—Suddenly the lights were extinguiſhed; a tremendous hollow noiſe, like that of the thunder which precedes a ſtorm, was heard: the box opened of itſelf: nothing appeared to iſſue from it; but a black vapour aſcended through the room; which increaſed gradually till it filled the whole ſpace, from the floor to the ceiling. The vapour at length diſappeared, and a vaſt ſhapeleſs maſs, hideous and frightful, preſented itſelf before Simouſtapha. In proportion as the phantom aſſumed its proper ſhape, the diſciple of Benalab reſumed his firmneſs. "Who are you? Who has ſent you hither?" aſked he of the monſter.—"My miſtreſs," replied the horrid form; "I am to obey the orders of Benalab and his pupil."—"Who is your miſtreſs?" replied Simouſtapha, "I command you to tell me her name." "I may not without her permiſſion," returned the ſpectre.

"Return to her, then," ſaid Simouſtapha, "tell her that the friend of the ſage Benalab deſires to tread in the paths of his maſter; that he aſpires to merit, by his conduct, the high honour of his protection, and to know the name of the Power who ſo beneficently interferes in his favour, in order that he may pay her the homage which he owes her." The genie diſappears, and returns with the velocity of lightning.

"Your requeſt is granted," ſaid he; "you are the only diſciple of Benalab, and he has recommended you to all the kindneſs and ſervices that could have been done to himſelf. My miſtreſs

treſs is queen of the genies. Her names is Setelpidour Ginatille, which ſignifies Star of the ſeven ſeas. She ſends me hither, with powers to execute all your commands. As my figure muſt appear frightful in your eyes, I have orders from her to aſſume whatever form may be moſt agreeable to you. "Take," ſaid Simouſtapha, "the figure of Jemal, the firſt ſlave I had in my ſervice, and whom I have had the misfortue to loſe." "I obey with joy," anſwered the genie.

Then retiring to the bottom of the cloſet, he diſſolved himſelf again into vapours, forming a cloud from which a young man of agreeable aſpect was ſoon ſeen to proceed. "What do you deſire now!" ſaid the friendly genie in his new form, "I am more entirely devoted to your ſervice than ever Jemal was. Whenever you want my ſervices, only touch this box, and call me. I wait your orders."

"I love the charming Ilſetilſone, daughter to the caliph, ſhe returns my ſentiments with equal ardour. But, may I unite myſelf with her, without the conſent of our parents, ſolely under the auſpices of the powerful queen of the genies? Go, Jemal, and think that my happineſs depends upon your anſwer." He ſpoke, and Jemal diſappeared.

Simouſtapha then recollected the leſſons which he had received from Benalab. "In the condition to which you are reduced by your love," had Benalab ſaid to him, "you may perhaps need the aſſiſtance of the genies. But, do not neglect to exert yourſelf for the accompliſhment of your wiſhes. Supernatural aid will not avail you, unleſs you continue to co-operate yourſelf by every means in your power. The riches which I leave you will be more than equal to your wants." Simouſtapha.

ſtapha was in fact maſter of every thing of value that Arabia could afford. Yet he had no female ſlaves to attend upon the princeſs; nor knew he where to find ſuch in Bagdad, who might be ſecret as if without eyes, tongue, or ears, might be prompt to obey at a nod or a glance of the eye, and might be always active by night, and inviſible by day; unleſs he were aided by the wonderful box, the cares of Jemal, and the benevolent protection of the fairy.

While he was in this ſtate of uncertainty, Jemal arrived, and gave an account of his commiſſion. "Our ſovereign lady," ſaid the genie, "recognizes in your conduct the happy effects of thoſe enlightened principles which the ſage Benalab was careful to inſtil into your mind. Your deſign has met with her approbation: and to-morrow evening you may eſpouſe the princeſs Ilſetilſone, invoking heaven to witneſs and confirm your union.—I am ordered to lay all in the caliph's palace ſound aſleep by the cloſe of day, and to take up the princeſs and convey her hither!"—"Firſt of all, Jemal," ſaid Simouſtapha, "preſent yourſelf to my ſlaves under the name of Jemal, whoſe loſs they have often heard me regret. Take with you four of the youngeſt, the only ones among them who could know Jemal. They will expreſs great fondneſs for you. Their careſſes you can return with equal kindneſs. You will find here, upon my table, a written direction how to put every thing in order in the grand apartment. Here is the key of the beaufet in which the effects are contained, which I confide to your diſcernment and care. The four little ſlaves will obey your orders. But when you ſhall have executed mine, can you provide female ſlaves to wait upon the princeſs?"

"Would

"Would you have an hundred," ſaid the genie, "of the faireſt around the throne of Setelpedour "Ginatille? Your orders ſhall be laws to them." "I am confounded at the kindneſs of your miſtreſs," returned Simouſtapha; "ſix will be ſufficient." "You ſhall have them," ſaid the genie.

The new Jemal went next to ſhew himſelf to the ſlaves in the family. Thoſe four whom Simouſtapha had mentioned, loaded him with their careſſes. They readily conceived that this favourite ſervant was reſtored to his privileges, and would be immediately charged with orders from their maſter. They ſhewed an eagerneſs to obey him. He let them know that Simouſtapha was ſoon to occupy his principal apartment, which none of them had yet ſeen; and that he with the four little ſlaves were going to make all ready.

Next day, Simouſtapha was at work before ſunriſe. All the diſhes which were to be ſerved up at his nuptial entertainment, were to be dreſſed by his own hands. He took ſingular pains to give them the moſt exquiſite reliſh, that they might be agreeable to her whom he loved.

The hours ran rapidly on, the luminary of day had nearly finiſhed his diurnal career. Simouſtapha went into the bath. Soon after, he heightened the natural charms of his perſon, by putting on a ſplendid and elegant dreſs. Art and nature joined to embelliſh his fine form. Deſire and love ſparkled in his eyes. Every thing concurred to promote the felicity of his fond miſtreſs.

The ſhades of night were now ſpread over Bagdad. Simouſtapha made his apartment be illuminated, and the preparations for ſerving up a magnificent collation, to be begun. The four ſlaves retired at Jemal's orders. He himſelf ſeemed as if

he,

he were following them. But, the genie had another taſk to fulfil, and repaired ſtraight to the palace of Haroun.

Ilſetilſone was laid down to reſt, but in a melancholy mood. Namouna's ſprightlineſs had forſaken her, and ſhe lay grumbling and uneaſy. The eunuchs and female ſlaves were promiſing themſelves to paſs the night merrily. But all of a ſudden they became heavy; the words died away on their lips; their ſtaggering feet refuſed to ſupport them; they ſank down upon the carpets. The eunuchs of the guard were in like manner caſt into a ſudden and deep ſleep; and the inchantment of the fairy ſoon ſpread ſilence, ſtillneſs, and inſenſibility through the who palace.

No ſooner were things in this ſtate, than the miniſter of Setelpedour's pleaſure, in obedience to the commands of Simouſtapha, took up the princeſs, and bore her ſoftly to the apartment that had been prepared for her.

The quivering of the flame of the tapers, produced by a ſudden guſt of wind, announced the return of the genie. The princeſs was placed on the nuptial couch; and Jemal becoming viſible, ſaid to Simouſtapha, "Maſter, your orders are obeyed; have you any farther commands for your ſlave?" "Where are the women to wait upon the princeſs?"—"All is ready; and if your highneſs will only ſtep into the next room, they ſhall be here."—Simouſtapha obeyed. Inſtantly a ball of fire dazzled his ſight with its rays. The blaze was leſſened by degrees; and as it died away, ſix young women appeared, all equally remarkable for beauty and richneſs of dreſs. They had in their hands muſical inſtruments. They bowed before Simouſtapha. He ordered Jemal to employ them

them in making the neceſſary preparations for the entertainment of the princeſs, returned into the chamber where ſhe lay aſleep, and ſhut the door.

He now approached the dear object in the poſſeſſion of which all the wiſhes of his heart were to be completely gratified. In the impatience of his love, he was about to awaken his miſtreſs. But ſeeing the livelieſt expreſſions of tranquillity and delight in her countenance, he would not interrupt ſuch ſweet ſlumbers. "Ah!" ſaid he to himſelf, "ſhe is perhaps happier in her dream than ſhe will ever be with me!" But, his paſſion again tranſported him. He could not forbear kiſſing her roſy lips. The magic of love diſſolved the ſpell of the genie, and Ilſetilſone opened her eyes.

"Ah! raviſhing dream!" cried ſhe to herſelf. "It is not a dream," ſaid the enamoured Simouſtapha; "you are in the houſe of him who is immediately to be your's by every ſacred tie." "To be my huſband!" returned Ilſetilſone in ſurpriſe; "how can that be?"

"Be calm, thou queen of my ſoul! We are deſtined for each other by the decree of heaven.—At this time we are brought together by a power unknown to you, and almoſt unknown to me; and our union ſhall be for life. But before you enter into ſuch ſolemn engagements, it is proper to inform you of the real condition of Simouſtapha:—know that you ſee before you the heir of the great Hilmar, ſovereign of India.

Simouſtapha, as he ſpoke thus, took his turban from his head, and diſplayed a ribbon, adorned with precious ſtones, and with a diamond of dazzling brightneſs. Upon the mounting of the diamond were theſe words engraven: "*preſented by caliph Haroun-Alraſchid to his dear Simouſtapha, ſon*

*ſon to his brother Hilmar, the great monarch of India.*"

What a diſcovery this to the fond Ilſetilſone!—If her paſſion had before riſen to the utmoſt height poſſible, ſhe now gloried in her choice. Honour and ambition came in to complete her felicity where it ſeemed to have depended ſolely upon love.

Simouſtapha, on his part, had the pleaſure of undeceiving her in a miſtake, which had been naturally occaſioned by his diſguiſe.—"But, why, how," ſaid ſhe, "have you humbled yourſelf to your preſent occupation?" "Love only is accountable for this," ſaid the prince. "But nothing elſe now remains to us, but to call the powers above to witneſs our union, till our parent ſhall give it the ſanction of their conſent. Mahomet, the planets, and the ſtar of the ſeven ſeas," continued he, croſſing his hands upon his breaſt, "be the witneſſes of our vows, and guardians of our union! If we ſhall ever violate the engagements into which we now enter, may we thenceforth ceaſe to enjoy your benign protection!"—A ſudden burſt of thunder from heaven anſwered this invocation; an inviſible arm ſhed darkneſs through the room: The lights were extinguiſhed, and our lovers were left alone.

Silence and darkneſs had now prevailed for a conſiderable time; when, at length, Ilſetilſone, curious to know her lover's hiſtory more particularly, aſked again, what induced him to conceal his illuſtrious birth: Their parents were connected by perſonal friendſhip and political intereſts; and ſurely ſo many favourable circumſtances could not but render the match ſufficiently deſireable upon both ſides.

"Our

"Our rank places us at a much greater diſtance from one another than you imagine," ſaid Simouſtapha. "Of all the princes whom the caliph may have had in his eye, as not unworthy of his alliance, there is not one perhaps with whom he could more ſuitably contract a connection than with us; or a family with which he has had a longer or more intimate friendly intercourſe. Our family were born in the errors of idolatry: But by the pious cares of Haroun, the vicar of God, and right arm of his prophet, Mahomet, we have been brought to the knowledge of the truth, through the enlightened ſtudy of the divine Koran. The ſage commander of the faithful has ever watched over us a parent. King Hilmar, my father, uſed to talk continually to my mother of the caliph's goodneſs to him, and his attachment to the caliph. He has a lovely daughter," would they ſay; "ah! if we could but obtain the charming Ilſetilſone for our daughter-in-law. But other monarchs have aſked her in vain. He loves her too tenderly ever to conſent, that ſhe remove to a diſtance from himſelf."

"This converſation made an impreſſion upon my heart. You became the ſole object of my thoughts. My father had invited to his court a Perſian philoſopher, whoſe name was Benalab, and who had regulated my education, and laboured to inſpire my heart with the love of virtue, while he enlightened my underſtanding with the knowledge of truth.

"Benalab uſed to leave us from time to time, in order to proſecute reſearches relative to his ſtudies, which required his preſence elſewhere. He had gone to gather plants on the mountains of Armenia. My parents continued to praiſe your charms

charms and endowments, and to expreſs their regret at the difficulties which ſtood in the way of ſo ſuitable a match. At the ſame time, they thought of ſeeking out for me ſome other bride.—When I firſt heard of this intention, I retired thoughtful to my chamber. Scarcely had I cloſed my eyes in ſleep, when you appeared to me in a dream, and preciſely ſuch as I ſaw you at our firſt interview. The beautiful viſion ſoon diſappeared, and my ſleep was broken; but not before I had heard your name diſtinctly pronounced in a ſtrange voice.

"Judge, dear Ilſetilſone, by the condition to which I have voluntarily reduced myſelf, and the adventures in which love has engaged me, of the impreſſion which your image made upon my heart; I durſt not avow my paſſion, but gave myſelf up to hopeleſs deſpair. My health was faſt waſted; the aid of medicine proved vain; and I was falling a prey to the fever which ſecretly conſumed me.

"Benalab, in the mean time, returned from Armenia, examined and ſtudied my ſituation. After carefully conſidering the nature of my complaints, he drew near, and whiſpered in my ear, "dear prince, I know the cauſe of your illneſs; it is Ilſetilſone."

"At theſe words, I could not help bluſhing. "Be not depreſſed," ſaid my kind preceptor, "your condition is not hopeleſs; have courage. You and ſhe are made for each other. Leave yourſelf to my direction, you ſhall ſee her, and obtain her hand."

"Hope now renewed my exhauſted ſtrength. Benalab propoſed a ſea voyage to complete my cure. He made a ſhip to be fitted out, of which he

he himſelf was to take the command. To make my parents eaſy while I ſhould be abſent upon my voyage, he called them to remark a roſe-buſh which was almoſt withered; took a ſhovel, and with it gathered a mixture of ſand and earth which he laid to the root of the ſhrub, and poured upon it a few drops of an elixir from his pocket. "This plant," ſaid he, "will revive; the more luxuriantly it is covered with leaves and flowers, with ſo much the more certainty, may you expect the return of your ſon in perfect health. While it does not wither, aſſure yourſelves that he is alive.—Confide in Benalab."

The roſe-buſh reſumed its verdure. Benalab, my governor, took from my father's treaſury whatever he judged neceſſary for the expences of my voyage. To this he added treaſure of his own, ſeveral parts of which you have already admired. We embarked and ſailed to the coaſt of your father, the caliph's dominions, and ſettled for ſome time at Baſſora. Benalab ſent away the veſſel which had conveyed us thither, with all our Indian ſlaves immediately after we landed. We were to concert, during our ſtay at Baſſora, how I might beſt live undiſcovered at Bagdad, and in what occupation I might have the moſt favourable opportunities of ſeeing and becoming known to you, without diſcovering my own real rank and condition. Benalab was perſuaded, upon reflection, that I might ſucceed beſt in the occupation in which you have hitherto known me. We bought at Baſſora ſome very ſkilful cooks; and my maſter had elixirs with which he was certain of giving unequalled delicacy of taſte and flavour to the diſhes we ſhould prepare, and which might ſoon recommend us to a preference no leſs at

court

court than through the city.—To do juſtice to the project of the ſage Benalab, a cook ſoon made a greater noiſe at the court and through the city than any ſtranger of higher rank could have done in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time. My reputation daily increaſed; I had been employed by moſt of the nobles about court, and was in the near expectation of being honoured with the caliph's commands and your's, when I had the misfortune to loſe my ſage preceptor.—With him my hopes died away; till Namouna, who believed herſelf unknown to me, came, by an happy fortune, to aſſiſt in the accompliſhment of my felicity."

Ilſetilſone liſtened with the fondeſt attention to the narrative of Simouſtapha. Now that it was ended, ſhe ſoftly ſaid: "our union is entirely the effect of true love, and of the holy prophet's decree! Ah! how charming it is to ſubmit to the laws of deſtiny, when they are ſo beneficent! But, pray, explain to me, how comes it, that, although I was in my father's palace where I fell aſleep, I awake here in your arms? However lively my feelings, I cannot help thinking the whole a dream; nothing can be more unaccountable." Simouſtapha now explained to the princeſs what uſe he had made of Benalab's box, and what future advantages he hoped to derive from it.

Night had advanced half its career, when, at a ſignal which had been previouſly agreed upon between the Indian prince and the genie, the lamps were all in a blaze, in the twinkling of an eye. The door towards the ſaloon, at the ſame time opened, and a concert of muſic was heard, ariſing from the harmonious ſounds of the ſweeteſt inſtruments, and the moſt melodious voices, intermingled.

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"What new wonder this!" ſaid the princeſs. "The muſicians," ſaid Simouſtapha, "are your ſlaves, who are celebrating my joys." "Can my ſlaves be here! Can they know aught of our love?"—"The ſlaves who are here are unknown to you." Ilſetilſone now aroſe. She found a rich dreſs ready for her to put on. Simouſtapha led her into the hall where a ſumptuous repaſt awaited them.

The ſix ſlaves proſtrated themſelves before the princeſs, and were officious to ſerve her. She had loſt her appetite, ſince her laſt walk in Bagdad. But as every thing here had been prepared by the hands of her lover, ſhe found no difficulty in doing juſtice to the feaſt. Muſic and dancing added to the entertainment; and the ſlaves ſhewed an eagerneſs to pleaſe the happy pair.—The princeſs was ſoon again in need of reſt. Simouſtapha conducted her back into the other apartment; the door was ſhut, and the lights again extinguiſhed. —They were both ſtill aſleep, when the genie, warned of the return of morning by the crowing of the cock, took up the princeſs and conveyed her back to the caliph's palace.—After placing her in the ſame ſituation in which ſhe had lain down to reſt in the evening, he diſſolved the charm by which he had laid all in the palace faſt aſleep, and they went every one to conclude the night's repoſe, in a more commodious poſture.

It was noon, and ſtill Ilſetilſone was faſt aſleep, Namouna had, three or four times, half opened the curtains. "But I dare not," ſaid ſhe to herſelf in a low voice, "I dare not break her ſlumbers. Sleep on, lovely angel."

At length the two ſtars which were to rule the life of the Indian prince, aroſe, ſparkling in all their

their brighteſt luſtre. Namouna drew near.—"How bright you look to-day, my fair princeſs! Have you ſlept in a bed of roſes, that you thus awake more beauteous than the morn?"——"I have had a ſweet dream," anſwered Ilſetil one."—"Have you ſeen Simouſtapha?"—"Yes, indeed, my dear Namouna, much to my ſatisfaction."—"Was he as prudent as uſual?"—"Not quite."—"So much the better for you, my princeſs; you will dine with a good appetite to-day, then. I muſt go bring a diſh from Simouſtapha."

The old woman went in all haſte to the houſe of her favourite. "I am not ſo happy," mutterred ſhe between her teeth, "as to dream like her: ſee what it is to be young!"——"Quick, quick," ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe had reached Simouſtapha, "your princeſs has ſlept all night. She has been thinking of you; ſhe has an appetite for food; give me ſomething for her!"

Simouſtapha ſaw that Namouna had been making no diſcoveries. "Take theſe plates," ſaid he, "tell your charming miſtreſs to eat little this morning; ſhe ſhall ſup the better for it at night. The old woman would have entered into farther converſation, but Simouſtapha excuſed himſelf handſomely, and diſmiſſed her. Things were in this poſture, when a cloud came to convey Jemal to the azure plains. He went to give an account of laſt night's tranſactions. Soon as Setelpedour Ginatille ſaw him, "Speak," ſaid ſhe, "Kauſſak! haſt thou executed my orders in behalf of the dear pupil of my favourite Benalab?"——"Great queen," replied Kauſſak, "I have, with all poſſible diligence and zeal." "Remember," continued the fairy, "for what thou waſt ſhut up in the box, the horrible figure to which thou waſt

reduced, and the grounds upon which ſuch puniſhment was inflicted. Act honeſtly, and ſpeak truth for the time to come. Are the royal pair married? What thinkeſt thou of their union?"

"The marriage is conſummated. The beauty and virtues of the happy pair are unparalleled; but what chiefly diſtinguiſhes them, is the qualities of their heart and underſtanding, both which they poſſeſs in the moſt eminent degree." "Thou knoweſt what is good then, Kauſſak," replied the queen; "admire that thou mayeſt learn to imitate. I recommend the pair to thee. Be faithful in thy care of them. I would ſee them to-night. Bring them both hither as ſoon as they are aſleep. And, while I make farther trial of thy conduct, I permit thee to bear the form and name of Jemal, conferred upon thee by the pupil of Benalab!"

The genie retired well-pleaſed. Setelpedeur felt herſelf uneaſy. "What," ſaid ſhe, "are love and innocence unknown in my dominions, and only to be found on earth? I ſhould not think ſo! How much do I long to ſee a mortal ſo handſome, ſo virtuous, of ſuch charming ſenſibility as Simouſtapha!——Happy Ilſetilſone, who haſt captivated a ſoul like his!"

Thus ſpoke the queen of the genies. Hitherto had her heart been a ſtranger to love. Nothing, till the idea of this lovely mortal, could endanger her liberty. We ſhall ſee her heart aſſailed by the bewitching paſſion, when Jemal executes thoſe laſt orders.

Ilſetilſone underſtood perfectly by the meſſage which Namouna brought, that ſhe ſhould ſee her lover in the evening. Night came on, more wiſhed for by her than the faireſt day. She retired early to reſt, to indulge a pleaſing expectation, the

the diſappointment of which ſhe did not fear.—Sleep ſoon diffuſed its vapours around her. She felt its approach with delight. The ſoporific charm of the genie again produced ſilence and inſenſibility through the palace. Jemal appeared, and bore the princeſs to her huſband, who had prepared every thing for her reception.

The meats are ſerved up; the concert begins; richer magnificence adorns the apartments. But what can all the variety and the delicacies of luxury add to the enjoyment of two young hearts already overflowing with mutual fondneſs and tender joy? Thoſe who would have died for love, if the indulgence of their ſentiments had been denied, could little need any foreign aid to improve the bliſs, when ſo happily joined. The hour of reſt was come. Simouſtapha fondly invited the princeſs to retire; and the young ſlaves made all ready in the chamber.——Many folks imagine, that all the nights of a fond couple, united by love, ſhou'd paſs in the ſame manner. Here follows an inſtance to the contrary. Scarcely were Simouſtapha and the princeſs laid down, when the genie threw them faſt aſleep, and tranſported them to the palace of his queen. Setelpedour was impatiently expecting them. She made them to be placed upon a magnificent ſofa. She looked firſt upon Iſetilſone, to ſee whether her beauty perfectly correſponded with what ſhe had heard, and found it even much above the praiſes of Jemal.

But when ſhe came next to view Simouſtapha, ſhe was perſuaded that nothing on earth could be comparable to, or worthy of him. With admiration ſhe inſenſibly ſuffered a ſofter paſſion to ſteal into her heart: and while ſhe ſtrove to hide her emotions from the genies of her court, they were

concealed even from herſelf. "O lovelieſt of mortals," cried ſhe, "how happy am I that I have employed my power in your behalf!" Saying this, ſhe impreſſed two kiſſes on the mouth of Ilſetilſone, that ſhe might without impropriety, uſe the ſame tender freedom with the lips of Simouſtapha.

The queen of the genies thus experienced what naturally happens to beings like her, when they approach too near the dangerous ſphere of this earth.—She becomes a prey even to the ravages of her native element. But her heart is not yet diveſted of thoſe tender ſentiments which ſhe had conceived in favour of a rival, whoſe felicity ſhe is ſoon to repent of having completed. She binds a necklace of extraordinary magnificence around the neck of the fair mortal, puts a ring upon her finger, the diamond in which ſhines with a blazing luſtre, and within it, to enhance its value, the names of the two lovers are engraven. She then entwines into a treſs of the prince's hair, a ſtring of diamonds, and puts upon his finger a ring ſtill more beautiful than that which ſhe had given to the princeſs. For both ſhe cauſes robes to be brought, which are beſpangled with rubies, ſapphires, and emeralds, ſo diſpoſed as to imitate a beautiful variety of flowers.—Having thus diſtinguiſhed her magnificence and generoſity, ſhe went to ſteal a recompenſe for her favours from the lips of the lovely Simouſtapha. After thus ſatisfying her curioſity and a part of her deſires, ſhe called the genie.

"Jemal," ſaid ſhe, "take what aſſiſtance may be neceſſary; convey this tender pair back to the apartment out of which you brought them, in the ſame ſofa on which they are here laid; take care

to

to remove out of the way that in which they lay down to reſt. Lay theſe robes beſide them; obſerve them till they awake; and then give me an account of what paſſes."

The genie obeyed. The two lovely mortals were conveyed back to Bagdad, and placed again in the apartment of the Indian prince; the blaze of light was renewed, and the magic influence of ſleep removed. Simouſtapha and Ilſetilſone opened their eyes, and were both dazzled with the ſplendour of their dreſs; and aſtoniſhed at the magnificence around them.

Simouſtapha takes up the box; the genie appears at his command: Speak, Jemal, I order you, whence is this profuſion of riches?" From that friendly hand," replied the genie, "which has promoted your union." "To-morrow," returned the prince, "you ſhall bear her our grateful acknowledgments; if it can give the queen of the genies any pleaſure to have two hearts completely devoted to her will, preſent her our ſincereſt homage. Jemal diſappeared. The lovers laid aſide their ſplendid robes: magnificence is cumberſome to ſucceſsful love. Simouſtapha could conſider the kindneſs of the queen of the genies in no other light than as intended to render the caliph favourable to their union. They were ſoon both too agreeably occupied to think of their wealth; and the reſt of the night was paſſed in the raptures of love.

When the laſt hour of the bliſsful interview was come, Ilſetilſone expreſſed to her lover that ſhe ſhould like to ſee him wear the robes which the liberality of their protectreſs had beſtowed.—"I ſhall obey," replied the prince, "the treaſure,

of my ſoul. I need every thing that can contribute to render me agreeable to you: But let nothing here hide from my eyes thoſe charms whoſe influence commands and tranſports me."—Simouſtapha put on the magnificent dreſs. Ilſetilſone was pleaſed with its effect. "As for mine," ſaid ſhe, "it can be of no uſe to me at preſent: if I ſhould diſplay this ſplendour in my father's palace, it might awaken a curioſity which I am not prepared to ſatisfy."

As ſhe ſpoke theſe laſt words, ſleep began to ſeize upon her, Simouſtapha felt himſelf equally drowſy. He had only time to throw himſelf upon the ſofa, without putting off his robes. The princeſs was already aſleep, and the genie conveyed her back to the caliph's palace.——Immediately after performing this ſervice, Jemal haſtened to inform Setelpedour in what manner her gifts had been received, and with what warmth of language Simouſtapha had expreſſed his gratitude. He in fact told the queen more than ſhe wiſhed to hear.

Setelpedour could no longer command her feelings. Since ſhe had gazed on the charms of Simouſtapha, her heart had been the prey of paſſion. She began to be tortured with jealouſy; ſhe was aſtoniſhed at her own ſituation: ſhe, whoſe only care had, till now, been to govern the paſſions of others; who had never before felt the ſlighteſt emotion of love, and had been inſenſible to all the charms of the genies in the empire of Ginniſtan: "ſhall I debaſe myſelf ſo far," ſaid ſhe, "as to indulge a paſſion for a mortal!—But Simouſtapha is the pupil of Benalab, a faultleſs moddel of virtue and wiſdom. Who of my equals would have diſdained the love of the great Solomon? Queen

Nore

Nore went to viſit him, from the remoteſt regions of the north †.

While Setelpedour ſpoke, the genie waited her orders: "return to your maſter," ſaid ſhe, "and whether viſible or inviſible, be ready to obey his commands. If he diſcovers the leaſt deſire to know me, and to pay his homage before my throne, encourage and bring him inſtantly hither. The frontiers of my dominions are guarded by beings of a more uncouth form than your's. Theſe ſhall be removed, and others poſted in their ſtead, whoſe aſpect will have nothing in it to ſhock him." The genie bowed before his ſovereign, and returned to the apartment of Simouſtapha, whom he found upon the ſofa, on which he had ſunk down under the magic influence of ſleep. He awaked the prince and appeared before him, bidding him chuſe a ſituation more favourable for repoſe.

Simouſtapha opened his eyes. Ilſetilſone was gone; only the ſplendid preſents with which he had been honoured, remained beſide him. Had it not been for the reality of them, he might have thought all that paſſed merely a delightful dream. At ſight of thoſe objects, however, he felt a lively ſentiment of gratitude, and became impatient to pay his reſpectful homage to the exalted being whoſe benevolence and power he had ſo much reaſon to admire. He touched his box, and Jemal ſtood ready to receive his commands.

"Jemal," ſaid he, "if there be nothing indiſcreet in the requeſt, conduct me to the preſence of my benefactreſs, the queen of the genies." "I ſhall obey the maſter of the enchanted box, replied the

† It was a prevalent opinion that the queen of Sheba who viſited Solomon was a female genie, and the queen of the Fairies.

genie, the favourite of the bright ſtar of the ſeven ſeas, by which the earth is encompaſſed."

Simouſtapha went to the bath, arrayed himſelf in the ſplendid robes which he owed to the fairy's liberality, and put himſelf under the guidance of the genie. The empire of Ginniſtan is far diſtant from us, yet it ſurrounds and encompaſſes us on all ſides. Its immenſe territories cannot be brought into compariſon with the grain of ſand which we inhabit. In a few minutes, however, the Indian prince had paſſed their limits and was ſet down at the entrance into Setelpedour's palace. The queen advanced to meet him. Although dazzled by the blaze of her beauty, he forgot not what propriety required, but kneeled to the ground before her. She eagerly raiſed him, took him by the hand, and led him into her palace through gardens filled with an infinite variety of objects to excite pleaſure and ſurpriſe. At ſight of ſo many objects of enjoyment, Simouſtapha could not avoid feeling emotions which Setelpedour was pleaſed to obſerve.—"Lovelieſt of mortals," ſaid ſhe within herſelf, "would that the beauties which meet thy obſervation here might make thee forget whatever thou haſt left behind on earth!" At laſt the queen and her gueſt, who had as yet ſcarcely ſpoken to each other, came to a baſon ornamented with figures of three hundred ſixty and ſix different animals, each of which emblematically repreſented a day in the year. They were formed of jaſper and porphyry; and they continually diſcharged from their mouths a variety of the moſt agreeable and exquiſite liquors.

Here ſtood a table under an alcove of roſes and jeſſamines. Around it were ſofas beſpread with flowers; violets and lilies formed a carpet. Amidſt

ſuch

ſuch a profuſion of beauties, it is eaſy to conceive that the repaſt to be ſerved up muſt have been in the higheſt degree exquiſite and ſumptuous. The different ſervices were brought and removed by inviſible beings. Nothing appeared to Simouſtapha but the fair hands of Setelpedour, who, while ſhe was attentive to help him to every delicacy that might pleaſe his taſte, could not forbear often meeting his eye with a tender expreſſive glance.—The Indian prince was diſconcerted; but a more lively ſcene ſoon appeared before him. In an inſtant ſix hundred genies of both ſexes were ſeen ſitting on the turf, upon an oppoſite terrace of a circular form. They began a concert worthy of the queen of the genies, and fit to raviſh a mortal ear. To Simouſtapha it was rapture.

"You ſee, ſaid Setelpedour, what pleaſure theſe ſcenes afford. If any of theſe becomes inſipid to you, my dear Simouſtapha, the heart by which they are offered ſhall ſtudy to vary and enliven them with inceſſant care." The queen, as ſhe ſpoke thus, aroſe from the table and walked towards her palace. Gold and the lively azure of the ſky were there diſplayed in every varied form. She made Simouſtapha to ſit down upon a ſofa, and ſeating herſelf by his ſide, addreſſed him thus:

"Dear prince, reſerve was not made for me. I love you and wiſh to promote your happineſs, for with it my own is continually connected. You were the friend and diſciple of the ſage Benalab, and he firſt drew my regard upon your deſtiny.—From your earlieſt infancy, I, unſeen, have influenced the events on which your happineſs has come to depend. To me you owe the poſſeſſion of Ilſetilſone; I am pleaſed at your union with her, and feel no ſort of jealouſy on account of

it. But ſince I have come to know you more particularly, I have conceived the tendereſt ſentiments for you, myſelf. Your virtues and the charms of your perſon have reduced the queen of the genies to be the humble ſlave of love."

"Oh adorable queen," ſaid Simouſtapha, "I have not the preſumption to aſpire to ſo glorious a conqueſt; permit me only to honour and ſerve you all my life. To you am I indebted for the felicity of being united to the daughter of the caliph.—But if the paſſion which, under your auſpices, I have conceived for her would allow me to offer my heart to you; I am a Muſſulman by the grace of God and of the holy prophet, and by the benevolent care of the worthy commander of the faithful: I ſhould ſeek my happineſs in the accompliſhment of the law."

"Dear Simouſtapha," replied the queen, your ideas of my pretenſions to you, and of the ſtrictneſs of the law are alike extravagant. It is not my wiſh to baniſh Ilſetilſone from your thoughts: love her ſtill; ſhe ſhall be the object of my kindneſs, no leſs than you of my love. Mahomet did not confine himſelf to one woman."

"It is not for me," ſaid Simouſtapha, "to judge of the prophet's conduct, but when Ilſetilſone beſtowed herſelf on me, we contracted mutual engagements, which I muſt hold ſacred and inviolable." "You cannot hold them the leſs ſo for whatever may paſs between you and me: Ilſetilſone can be neither your enemy nor mine: and if ſhe allow me to love you, can ſhe approve of your being ungrateful? In a word my dear prince, you have my heart, and can you refuſe me a ſhare in your's. Think that as my power is great, ſo it ſhall be exerciſed in new acts of kindneſs to you; and

and that ſhe who now implores your favour, is the ſovereign arbitreſs of your fate."—"Oh! queen," ſaid Simouſtapha, "I leave it to yourſelf, to conceive the diſtreſs of your ſlave, who finds it equally impoſſible to comply with, or to deny, what you require."

"Enough, dear prince," returned Setelpedour, "the care of your ſafety muſt ſtill however engage your attention. I have furniſhed you with the proper means. Of ſome of theſe you have yet no ſuſpicion, although you will perhaps hereafter have occaſion to know their conſequence. But I muſt tell you that Benalab's box expoſes you to no ſmall danger. It formerly belonged to Mamouk an Egyptian magician, who made a wicked abuſe of the advantages which he derived from the poſſeſſion of it. By my juſtice he was deprived of what he had uſed only as an inſtrument for miſchief.—I abandoned the wretch to the ſeverity of his fate. I chaſtiſed Kauſſak, now your ſlave Jemal, who, by his baſe compliance with wicked commands, had contributed to the depravity of his maſter. I can hardly think that this ſlave of my laws will forget himſelf while under your authority. Mamouk is ſtill alive, and has brought up a ſon as bad as himſelf, in the practice of his own arts. Although equally abhorred through all Ginniſtan thoſe accurſed wretches ſtill find ſome to take part with them. Mamouk is yet powerful; and is at preſent diligently uſing every means to regain poſſeſſion of the box, which was given to Benalab. Beware of ſuffering either an Egyptian or any thing from Egypt to enter your houſe."

Simouſtapha was at a loſs for words to expreſs his gratitude for ſo many marks of kindneſs. But it now began to grow late, and it was therefore time

time for him to return, that he might receive his wife. He hinted to the queen the neceſſity of his departure, by expreſſing regret at being obliged to tear himſelf away from ſo many objects of pleaſure.

"My favours," replied Setelpedour, "flow from inclination, and coſt me nothing. The ſplendors of this place will have little value in my ſight when you are gone. If you would render them precious to me, come hither with your Ilſetilſone, I ſhall then have nothing here that is not truly dear to me. Come and command here, and I ſhall then be ſure of the ſubmiſſive allegiance of all my ſubject genies."

"Ah! Madam," replied Simouſtapha, "were I to come hither, I ſhould be in danger of forgetting my duty; it behoves me to reflect that I am ſon to the ſovereign of India, dear to my parents, and accountable to their ſubjects for the deſtiny of the preſumptive heir of the crown."

"Adieu! dear Simouſtapha," ſaid Setelpedour, embracing him, "adieu prince, who are formed to be a model to ſovereigns, a luminary in the world, and the genius of every virtue."

Jemal now conveyed Simouſtapha back to his own houſe in Bagdad. His heart was indeed animated with gratitude, but ſtill remained faithful to the lovely Ilſetilſone. He began to prepare for her reception. Delicious fruits were ſerved upon the table. The boxes were filled with new perfumes. The princeſs ſoon arrived. She put on the rich dreſs which had been preſented to her by Setelpedour. Simouſtapha had kept his. The muſic began to play. They ſat down to the feaſt; and joy and happineſs were all their care.

Simouſtapha

Simouſtapha related to the princeſs, how that he had been at the palace of the Fairy, deſcribed the beauties which he had ſeen there, and the favours with which he had been loaded, without omitting a ſingle circumſtance. His relation occaſioned neither jealouſy nor ſuſpicion. The princeſs was pleaſed that her lover ſhould win the homage of every heart; this was a tribute which, in her eſtimation, every created being owed to him. When Simouſtapha ſpoke of the precautions which he had been warned to take againſt Mamouk the Egyptian, the former poſſeſſor of the enchanted box, ſhe wiſhed him to reſtore to the queen ſo dangerous a preſent. But, without its aid, he could no longer enjoy the pleaſure of ſeeing her; for it would perhaps be impoſſible to prevail with the caliph to give his ſanction to ſo happy an union. All conſiderations of fear gave place to ſuch powerful intereſts. "At leaſt," ſaid ſhe, "think how you may beſt guard againſt the approach of thoſe perfidious ſtrangers. Bar your doors and windows, that not even a breath of wind may enter from that quarter in which Egypt lies."

While Ilſetilſone was thus concerned to ſecure their peace, a ſtorm was riſing in Ginniſtan to deſtroy it. The genie who was the ſlave of the box, after tranſporting the princeſs from the palace to Simouſtapha, and from his houſe back to the abode of the caliph; and ſeeing that the Indian prince had no farther orders for him, aſcended to his ſovereign lady, and gave her an account of all he had ſeen. "Never was conjugal union ſo tenderly affectionate! Never were beauty and virtue before united in ſo high a degree, in two earthly beings! Never——"

"Stop, wretch," ſaid the queen, "thy heart is always inflamed with deſire; remember what thou

didſt

didſt when thou waſt Kauſſak, and in the ſervice of that accurſed Egyptian. My finger engraved an indelible memorial of it upon thy guilty forehead. I ſhall do worſe now, if thou art found a ſecond time guilty. All the features of thy face ſhall bear the marks of my anger. I will lengthen thy years, and make thee walk with thy heels foremoſt."

"O ſovereign lady," ſaid the genie, "I am more diſtreſſed by your anger, than alarmed by your threats. The beauty and virtue of Ilſetilſone have impreſſed me with the higheſt reſpect. She well deſerves all the love of Simouſtapha!"—"His paſſion is, however, exceſſive," replied Setelpedour; "it makes him forget the care of his ſafety and even his duty. The only ſon of the monarch of India leaves his father ignorant of his adventures. Were it not for a roſe-bud, which was renewed to life and verdure by Benalab, after it had withered, and which I have from time to time revived, his anxious parents would fall into the deepeſt diſtreſs. Jemal, you muſt free your young maſter from the power of this dangerous enchantment. Place thyſelf inviſibly between the two, and diffuſe an infectious odour around Ilſetilſone."

"Great queen, I ſhall obey," ſaid the genie, and turned to retire.——"Stay, wretch," ſaid Setelpedour, "what a haſte thou art in to enjoy the pleaſure of doing miſchief? Stay," ſaid ſhe, after recollecting herſelf for a moment; "ſhew leſs eagerneſs to ill, and more to good, if thou wouldſt not be again reduced to thy former monſtrous ſhape. I give thee my orders anew, to watch over the ſafety, and to obey the wiſhes, of the lovely pair."

Jemal

Jemal retired. He could not diſcern what was paſſing within the breaſt of his ſovereign, but thought that ſhe had only meant to try him. Setelpedour was ſtill agitated and tortured by paſſion. She conceived that ſhe might make ſome ſacrifices to gratify it, and called immediately for Aſmonchar (or Aſmodæus), her prime miniſter, in order that her views might be ſanctioned by his approbation. He ſoon preſented himſelf. She made him ſit by her ſide, and addreſſed him thus:

"Hitherto, viſier, I have preſerved my liberty, no object having made an impreſſion upon my heart. Deſtiny now interferes, and makes me feel my ſubjection to its laws. A mortal, who excels the reſt of the mortal race, has gained my affections. It is Simouſtapha, ſon to the great monarch of India. I know that my vaſſal genies look upon me with contempt, and make love commonly their ſport. They have forgotten that they bowed the knee before the great Mahomet, who conquered my father, the powerful and immortal Kokopileſobe (or Lucifer), who was by him diveſted of all his radiant glory. The ſphere of our power is limited. Of all created beings, man only can enlarge his. The virtues of Simouſtapha render him worthy of the higheſt elevation. I wiſh to make him the partner of my power and my hopes. If you have my glory and proſperity at heart, as I believe you have, I expect advice from you, conſiſtent with your prudence and your attachment to me."

While the queen was ſpeaking, Aſmonchar fixing his eyes on the ground, ſeemed to be loſt in deep thought. When ſhe had ended, he thus replied: "Great queen, your views are always enlightened and prudent. Your heart is animated

by

by a noble ambition. I ſee only two difficulties that can ſtand in the way of the accompliſhment of your preſent wiſh. You have generouſly contributed to the union of the prince of India with the caliph's daughter. By making them exchange rings, you have given an indiſſoluble firmneſs to the ties by which they are united, which now contradicts your own deſires. Your wiſhes cannot be accompliſhed without their conſent. We have laws enacted by our ſenators, which remain in force. Theſe will determine much better than I can, whether you may accompliſh this union without violating the rights of your ſubjects. I am of opinion, therefore, that it will be better to conſult the laws, and to lay the matter before your divan, than to act ſolely upon my advice. I ſhall, if you pleaſe, aſſemble your council without delay."

Setelpedour was too much abſorbed in meditation on her deſign, and on the beſt means of promoting its ſucceſs, to penetrate the intentions of Aſmonchar. The deceitful viſier had no ſooner received orders to convoke the aſſembly, than he repaired to the palace of the Bahliſboull (or Beelzebub), his grandfather, the eldeſt and wickedeſt of the ſpirits in Ginniſtan. Rage gave ſtrength and activity to his wings. He deteſted Bahliſboull, but his purpoſe was to riſe in oppoſition to his ſovereign, a being whoſe intereſt more than any other's it was to divert her from her preſent project, becauſe he was a genie perſonally malignant to human nature, and the moſt declared enemy of mankind; becauſe he could not hear of the name of Mahomet without foaming with rage, and becauſe the queen propoſed to eſpouſe a Muſſulman. He knew that, by a well-known treaty between Kokopileſubē and Mahomet, the prophet had reſerved

ſerved to himſelf the progeny of all marriages between the children of men and genies.

Old Bahliſboull was ſurpriſed to ſee his grandſon arrive. There had been no friendly intercourſe between them for a long time before. He was ſoon informed of the deſign of the queen. "I ſee," ſaid he to Aſmonchar, "that you are afraid of loſing your influence. The queen is not the only genie that has condeſcended to an unequal alliance. She is daughter to the great Kokopileſobe, and may aſpire to high privileges among us. As to the laws which you know to be depoſited under my care, as I ſigned the convention with Mahomet, it is not for you to contrive means for eluding or limiting them. Aſſemble the divan, this is your duty." Aſmonchar returned. Bahliſboull, full of miſchief and ambition, began to think how he might dethrone the queen, and raiſe himſelf upon the ruins of them all.

The divan was aſſembled; Setelpedour aſcended her throne. All the genies proſtrated themſelves before her. She beckoned with her hand, and each of them took his place. None of them knew why they had been called together. Aſmonchar received orders to declare the purpoſe of the meeting.—The viſier looked around on the aſſembly; he perceived one place unoccupied; it was the ſeat of his grandfather Bahliſboull. He heſitated, therefore, about opening up the ſubject; leſt the queen's propoſal might paſs by the majority of votes. A great part of thoſe who were to vote, were of the ſame ſex with Setelpedour, and conſequently would diſapprove of any law, whoſe object it might be to reſtrain the liberty or contradict the caprice of the ſex. The reſt were unſteady ſpirits who would make a merit of their condeſcenſion in yielding to the

the queen. The miniſter therefore ſaw himſelf on the point of being ſubjected to the pleaſure of a man, and of a Muſſulman. He blaſphemed Mahomet in his heart, and felt his courage and vigour fail. Setelpedour preſſed him to ſpeak. He was going to ſtammer out ſomewhat, when ſuddenly old Bahliſboull arrived, and was ſupported by his ſervants to the foot of the throne.

"Pardon me, my ſovereign," ſaid the artful old politician, "for being ſo tardy in my obedience to your orders. Time has waſted my ſtrength; years have worn away my wings. I was grievouſly wounded by Michael in the firſt great battle in which we were engaged, and in a frame like mine, ſo enfeebled by years, the ſcars and wounds open afreſh." Setelpedour was ſatisfied with the old genie's excuſe, and bade him take his place. Aſmonchar, encouraged by the preſence of his grandfather, began to ſpeak, and opened up the ſubject upon which the queen deſired to have the advice of the divan. The preſence of Bahliſboull was likely to have conſiderable influence with the aſſembly: his inveterate hatred to mankind was well known: His artifices, his power, and his cruelty were feared. He was known to be the author of the law which impoſed ſo ſevere a reſtraint upon the ſubjects of the empire. Setelpedour addreſſed the dangerous old man. "You," ſaid ſhe, "who have ſeen three reigns†, tell me, Bahliſboull, whether there has been more than one inſtance of ſuch an alliance as that which I deſire to contract?"

† This relates to the reign of Lucifer before he was thrown down to the earth: his reign from that period to the time of Mahomet, and the preſent reign of Setelpedour.

"Great

"Great queen, I might adduce many authorities fitted to produce general conviction. I might even mention myself as an inſtance. I am as old as the time of that ſublime genie your grandfather; when we were caſt down from heaven, I fought by his ſide. He regarded me as the eldeſt of his children. Need I remind the deſcendant and repreſentative of our illuſtrious chief, of the æra of our ancient glory, and of our unfortunate degradation, at a time when we ſought to exalt ourſelves higher! When we were enjoying undiſturbed tranquillity and power in our inacceſſible retreats, we were called to bow the knee before Mahomet. That daring upſtart whom we have ſeen aſpire and attain to the higheſt eminence of ſovereign authority, appeared to have been predeſtinated to wield the ſceptre of the world. But, by becoming his diſciples, we loſt our empire. The diſgrace appeared inſupportable; and our ſubmiſſion a mean dereliction of our rights.

"We ceaſed to regard him as a benefactor, who ſubjected us to an unjuſt law, and in our juſt reſentment we took up arms. The great Kokopileſobe maintained, for ſome time, an equal conteſt with Michael and Gibrion. But at laſt our enemies, led by Mahomet, fell impetuouſly upon us; we were vanquiſhed, ſpoiled, and expelled out of our dominions: hardly could we ſave our golden wings, without which we muſt have been cruſhed in our fall. We next ſeized this globe, and to people it, entered into an alliance with the children of men. Mahomet's inveterate reſentment purſued the new race, and deſtroyed them by a deluge. Inexhauſtible in our reſources, however, we ſaw the remains of the race multiplied again, into an innumerable people, and ſubjected them to our laws. The earth

was,

was covered with our altars, ſcarcely could it ſupply victims enough for our ſacrifices, and even human blood was ſhed to propitiate our favour. Mad to behold our ſucceſs, Mahomet became a man; he waged a cruel war againſt us to degrade us again from ſovereign power. He demoliſhed our temples, overthrew our images, ſilenced our oracles, and laid our honours in the duſt. It was determined among us to meet his arms. We were again unſucceſsful. However, we now prevailed ſo far as to obtain a capitulation.

"The illuſtrious Kokopileſobe, diveſted of his honours, retired to the moſt diſtant regions of the ſouth. The throne which you now occupy, was ſtill his, but by an article of the treaty, which I was forced to ſign, and of which I now produce this copy at your highneſs's feet, it was agreed, that all children ſprung from the union of a genie, with a mortal of the race of Adam, ſhould embrace the worſhip of the prophet, and live under his power.

"It remains with you now, great queen, to determine, whether your deſcendants, after being called to independence and glory, ſhall ſink into a humiliating ſlavery, and ſlight the ſufferings of the great Kokopileſobe, the martyr of our faith."

"Genie," replied the queen, "I know not the conditions of the treaty which you mentioned, but you conceal the repeated infractions that have been made againſt it. As to the inconveniences that may reſult from the marriage, which I now wiſh to contract, my prudence ſhall guard againſt its affecting my poſterity. You who are ſo verſant in our laws, tell me whether there be any more ſacred, or more pointed againſt my views, than that which you have cited?"

"Sage

"Sage ſoyereign," replied the genie, "diſpenſe with my referring to it particularly. You would find it a mortifying contradiction to your wiſhes. Your ignorance of the law, may ſerve to excuſe your breaking it."—"Stop!" ſaid Setelpedour, "ignorance is diſgraceful to genies. I deſire the laws to be known, for it is my duty to obſerve them, and I demand you to produce the law to which you allude."

"A genie," ſaid Bahliſboull, "may not marry any woman that is not a virgin; and a man who is already married cannot become your huſband, without occaſioning to you the forfeiture of all your privileges and power."

At this declaration, the queen inwardly curſed the law and its interpreter, and had no difficulty in ſeeing through the malicious artifice of Bahliſboull and the viſier Aſmonchar. But preparing to oppoſe artifice to artifice, ſhe continued thus:

"Sage genie, after what you have now ſaid, I ſhould conſider the object of my wiſhes as abſolutely unattainable, did I not know that your wiſdom and experience render you much ſuperior in intelligence to every other being. If you have ſo often eſcaped the fetters with which you are threatened, it is not one of our laws that can prove too hard for you to elude. I hope that your zeal and attachment to me will induce you to employ your ſagacity in my behalf in the preſent inſtance. Cannot we who compoſe the legiſlative body repeal this law? or cannot we limit its efficacy without violating it? Conſider that the reaſons which induced me to call this meeting of the divan may prompt me to throw off every reſtraint rather than fail in the accompliſhment of my wiſhes."

Bahliſboull

Bahliſboull ſecretly rejoiced at the perplexity of the queen, and her paſſion for Simouſtapha. He ſuppoſed her to be as much blinded by love, as he was himſelf by ambition, and hoped to make her loſe, by his perfidious counſels, the empire of Ginniſtan, and the affection of her ſubjects. "Queen," replied the old hypocrite, "I hope that the confidence with which you deſign to honour me, will contribute to ſecure your glory and happineſs. No law whatever can be obligatory on you from whom all law proceeds. The decree of which you now complain was enacted by Kokopileſobe when he was our ſovereign, and in circumſtances which forced him to yield to it. Were he now ſovereign of Ginniſtan, he would act upon different principles of policy. You are indeed ſucceſſor to his power; but your own judgment and pleaſure are now ſovereign through your empire. Nor have you yet attained the higheſt eminence to which you are deſtined to riſe. You are the ſtar of the ſeven ſeas, which encircle the earth, and had it not been for your predeceſſor's ambition, you had by this time been that fair ſtar which leads in the day. Deſtiny had, no doubt, fore-ordained the defeat of the great Kokopileſobe, but his enterpriſe was certainly an undertaking prejudicial to the empire of the genies. While you reſpect his perſon and courage, you cannot but curſe his fatal imprudence, and acknowledge the wiſdom of the laws of Mahomet; and as you are free to gratify your wiſhes, you will ſurely be induced to eſtabliſh a law, which may not thwart you in the indulgence of your deſires."

All thoſe who did not ſuſpect Bahliſboull's motives were ſurpriſed at the propoſal. Setelpedour affected the fulleſt confidence in the counſels

ſels of the old genie. "The more you ſpeak," ſaid ſhe to him, "ſo much the more do you prove to us the ſuperiority of a mind that has been taught wiſdom by misfortune, over one that has been ſpoiled by continual proſperity. Yes, you have convinced me; I ſhall not ſcruple to curſe whatever it might be that occaſioned the misfortune of my predeceſſor. I am indeed too favourably inclined towards mankind, to refuſe Mahomet the regard due to an extraordinary character. But I require from you the formula of the abjuration which I am to pronounce."

"You muſt declare," replied the genie, impatient to arrive at the object of his traiterous views, "you muſt declare in a firm and diſtinct voice, *Accurſed be thou Kokopileſobe! thyſelf, thine ambition, and thy projects.*—You muſt next abjure your own worſhip, and embrace that of Mahomet, by repeating the following confeſſion of your faith: *Achad. en la. illa. ca'a. bella. Mahomed Raſoud. Alla.*"

The queen ſeemed to be preparing to utter theſe declarations. Bahliſboull looked with an eye of artful meaning upon the viſier Aſmonchar. This was readily underſtood by the divan, and they anxiouſly waited the event. Setelpedour preceeded thus: "You have informed me of things," ſaid ſhe to the old genie, "and communicated a form of words with which I was before unacquainted. It is neceſſary that the formula be reduced into writing by your hand before I pronounce it."—"My hand ſhakes too much," ſaid Bahliſboull.—"Take your time," replied the queen, "and when I ſhall have ſigned it, you and the viſier will bear it to Mahomet."—"I can neither write it out, nor go thither," replied the genie.—"I muſt then repeat it from memory,

memory, in the beſt manner I ſhall be able, adding to it what my heart at the ſame time dictates."— At theſe words, ſhe roſe and ſpoke thus: "For ever accurſed be thou, infamous Bahliſboull, who by thine abominable flattery didſt poiſon the heart of my grandfather, and prompt him to riſe in rebellion againſt all authority. Mayeſt thou be accurſed thou principle of diſcord! Love and tenderneſs are for ever on thy lips, while thy heart is a ſink of malignity and black corruption. Accurſed be thou and thy race for ever! infernal ſource of the miſchiefs, which deſolate the univerſe. Accurſed be thou and thy grandſon Aſmonchar, who feigning to conduct me in the paths of ſafety, would miſlead me to my deſtruction; let your wings be inſtantly torn from you, and yourſelves hurled down to the earth! There live in a filthy ſqualid ſtate! Such is your fate and my decree." At this unexpected diſcourſe, the ſpirits who attended in the divan, murmured applauſe around their queen. She poſſeſſed firmneſs to awe the moſt miſchievous. In her their ancient luſtre ſeemed to be reſtored; her orders were inſtantly executed; the traitor-genies were expelled to the earth; and ſhe diſmiſſed the divan.

Setelpedour now reflected upon the dangers to which ſhe had been expoſed by her love, but could not reſolve to diſmiſs it from her breaſt. "Hadſt thou, my dear Simouſtapha," ſaid ſhe, "witneſſed what I have dared for thy ſake, how many human prejudices mighteſt thou ſacrifice for me! But what ſay I! I love even that ſame virtue which confirms thee in that denial, by which I feel myſelf ſlighted. Hadſt thou ſeen me firſt, I had perhaps obtained thy love; and had not I, in compliance with the wiſhes of Benalab, in order to promote an

alliance

alliance in which he took an intereſt, preſented the lovely Ilſetilſone to thy imagination in a dream, thou ſhould'ſt this day have been my ſlave, and I ſhould have been the object of that faithful attachment, which nothing can ſhake. I will no longer diſturb thy happineſs or the peace of thy wife, but thou ſhalt live for me. Thou ſhalt be mine as well as her's.—We will not obey the articles of the convention. Love and gratitude ſhall preſcribe to us other duties." Thus did the grand-daughter of the criminal, but bold, Kokopeleſobe fondly flatter her paſſion. She had all the elevation of ſoul of the genie her grand-father. But although ſhe was not aware of that, it was not human blood that flowed in her veins. Although her heart was not corrupted, courage and beauty were the only qualities which ſhe poſſeſſed in perfection. She had tranſgreſſed a law which Bahliſboull eagerly explained to her; and time was by and bye to make her feel the conſequences of the tranſgreſſion.

In her impatience to ſee Simouſtapha, ſhe would not wait for him in her palace. This would have been to delay the enjoyment of a pleaſure, which ſhe might inſtantly procure by tranſporting herſelf to Bagdad. She called the ſlave of the box—"You are this evening," ſaid ſhe, to bear Ilſetilſone to her huſband's apartment. You will give me notice as ſoon as ſhe is there. I would add to their happineſs by my preſence." Jemal executed the fairy's orders with the ſame care as formerly.—Setelpedour ſoon received notice that the princeſs was with her lover. She inſtantly ſet out for Bagdad, ſending Jemal before her to give notice to the pair of the queen of the genies' approach. They would have been more embarraſſed at receiving this viſit from the queen, had ſhe not immediately upon her arrival reſtored their confidence

by repeated marks of her favour. She embraced them one after another, and ſeated herſelf between them at the table.

"I riſk nothing," ſaid ſhe, "by coming to ſup with a mortal, who is the pupil of my beloved Benalab. I have contributed, my dear princeſs, to procure you the beſt of huſbands. Permit me at leaſt to ſhare your happineſs. While I ſeek to make you ſenſible of the value of ſo rare a bleſſing, I am at the ſame time diſpoſed to continue to protect both by my power and my advices. Be not alarmed, Simouſtapha, at my exceſſive tenderneſs for you. Its delicacy is ſuch, that it will never occaſion you either trouble or remorſe, unleſs you ceaſe to return it by correſponding ſentiments. Will you, my dear Ilſetilſone, forgive him for having excited it?" ſaid ſhe, embracing the princeſs.—"If my lover," replied Ilſetilſone, with great ſimplicity, "did not love you, I ſhould certainly have good reaſon to doubt of his affection for myſelf. I have given him my heart. He has two then to offer you in return for the favours with which you have loaded us. Your charms and your virtues have made too lively an impreſſion for us not to have the moſt heartfelt ſenſe of your merits." "Charming princeſs," replied the queen "what you yield exceeds my hopes. The ſatisfaction which I feel can only be increaſed by my hearing the ſame declaration from Simouſtapha." "Great queen," ſaid he, "I can expreſs the ſentiments which I feel only by devoting myſelf to your pleaſure."

Setelpedour was pleaſed with theſe aſſurances of their tenderneſs, and continued during the repaſt to expreſs her gratitude. All parties indulged without reſtraint in the pleaſures of the feaſt; muſic,

muſic, dancing, perfumes and liquors, all contributed to its feſtivity. But what ſeldom happens upon ſuch occaſions, they turned themſelves to talk reaſonably towards the end of the feaſt.

"Dear prince," ſaid the queen, "when I ſhall have reconciled the caliph to this match, your happineſs will be complete; yet, not without the greateſt precaution upon your part, and the greateſt care on mine. The enchanted box which you received from Benalab is at preſent an object of ambition to Mamouk, the accurſed magician, who was formerly poſſeſſor of it: you cannot always carry this treaſure about with you; but you received a ring from me which you muſt never lay aſide; for it will warn you of any dangers to which you may be expoſed, and at the ſame time afford you aſſiſtance. The ring which I gave to the princeſs has alſo its peculiar properties, to which, however, ſhe muſt not have recourſe, unleſs you ſhall happen to be threatened with death, and its aid ſhall prove indiſpenſably neceſſary. Remember always to ſhut your doors and windows againſt every thing that comes from Egypt." After giving them theſe advices, ſhe took her leave of the pair, embraced them, and diſappeared.

This night paſſed as the former had done. Days ſucceeded one another undiſtinguiſhed by any remarkable events. Jemal, punctual to his duty, continued to execute the orders of his maſter with due celerity. The princeſs was every evening tranſported to the houſe of her lover, and in the morning was carried back again to the caliph's palace. For three ſucceſſive days Simouſtapha was carried to Ginniſtan to offer his homage to the ſtar of the ſeven ſeas. While his heart thus ſeemed to riot in ſoft delight, that of Mamouk

the Egyptian breathed nothing but vengeance againſt the poſſeſſor of the enchanted box, which he was impatient to regain.

The odious magician had ſeen the ſtar of Benalab turn pale. He followed it with his eye till it ceaſed to appear—a ſure preſage of the death of him whoſe fate depended on its influence The wicked wretch, who dreaded the power of the Perſian philoſopher, might however ſafely enough uſe means to regain the treaſure of which he had been deprived by the queen of the genies. But it was firſt neceſſary that he ſhould hear into whoſe hands the box had fallen.

He accordingly took advantage of the firſt equinox, this being the only ſeaſon favourable to the operation of thoſe who hold intercourſe with ſpirits.—He drew a ſquare within his circle, divided that again by two triangles; calculated the different ſpaces, and theſe giving him the number nine, afforded him the ſame number of chambers to paſs through in ſtudying and purſuing the train of events which he ſought. He penetrated with a green lamp into each of thoſe dark chambers. Its pale light diſcovered to him all the adventures of the Perſian ſage and the Indian prince, from their embarkation till their arrival at Bagdad. He ſaw Benalab's death there, and diſcovered the magic box in the hand of Simouſtapha.

Naraes, Mamouk's ſon, who was as wicked as his father, aſſiſted his enquiries. They together examined the ſign of the box. It appeared to be armed with points of ſteel, and a circle of fire blazed around it. The necromancers were not affrighted. They were blinded by the value of the treaſure which they ſought to regain. The father dug a trench at the foot of a ſmall eminence in his garden.

garden. A ſpring of water guſhed inſtantly forth, which he ſhewed to his ſon, ſaying; "See, here, a faithful repreſentation of the events which await me. While this ſpring continues clear, be you eaſy on my account. If you ſee it become turbid, ſend me aid. If it is tainted with blood, you may then look upon me as dead. Be it then your only care to avenge my death. When you make a new attempt to regain our precious treaſure, endeavour firſt to learn what ſnares were laid for me, and then be on your guard againſt ſuch as may be prepared for yourſelf!"

Mamouk immediately left his ſon, and, for concealment on his journey, transformed himſelf into a ſcreech-owl. He ſoon proceeded from Upper Egypt into Arabia. The ſtar which ſhines on Bagdad directed his progreſs, and it was not long before he reached the end of his journey.

Aurora led in the morn, and the ſun advanced to illuminate our hemiſphere. The owl alighted in thoſe delightful gardens which derive moiſture and fertility from the waters of Ilfara and Aggiala, by which the city of Bagdad is waſhed in different quarters. He ſought a retreat amid thick trees, whoſe dark foliage might beſt conceal the ugly form which he had choſen to aſſume. He knew Simouſtapha's houſe, while it was defended by the genie of the box, to be inacceſſible to him under any form whatever, and reſting in the grove till the ſun ſhould ſhoot abroad his rays, he in the mean time ſet himſelf to conſider how he might ſeduce ſome one whoſe ſervices might favour his ſucceſs. Chance accidentally brought in his way the perſon whom he was ſeeking. The garden in which the magician had ſtopped was cultivated by a poor gardener, named Abairus. He was bent

down under the ſeverity of his labour, and heaved a few ſighs under the oppreſſion of fatigue and heat. Mamouk imagined that a man in his miſerable circumſtances would eaſily liſten to offers which promiſed to alleviate his poverty and diſtreſs.—The only food the gardener had to live upon conſiſted of ſome morſels of bread, and ſuch fruits as he could pick up among the graſs. He filled a ſmall baſket of theſe for his wife and children, and when evening came he returned towards the city with the baſket in his hand. "If this poor man," ſaid Mamouk, "has any home, I ſhall prevail with him to admit me into it, and my addreſs will deſerve little praiſe indeed if I be not then able to employ him as an inſtrument for the accompliſhment of my projects." At theſe words, reſuming his natural form, he advanced with a haſty ſtep to join him.—"A good evening to you, Abairus," ſaid he, accoſting him, "you have had conſiderable trouble in procuring theſe fruits for your family."—"Eh! who are you then, my good Sir," ſaid the gardener, ſurpriſed to hear himſelf addreſſed by name, "who condeſcend to ſpeak to a poor man like me?"

"I am a man," replied Mamouk, "who knows you as well as you know yourſelf. I could name all the trees in your garden, thoſe even of which you take the greateſt care. I love the poor, and in my travels, I always lodge with them, being certain that I ſhall want nothing, as I always take care to make every thing that is neceſſary to be brought to me, and think nothing too good for myſelf when I can ſhare it with them."

"Alas!" ſaid Abarius, "why am I ſo unfortunate as not to have it in my power to receive a

gueſt

gueſt like you! but we have nothing for you to ſleep upon."

"Hold!" ſaid the magician, "here are ten pieces of gold, with theſe purchaſe whatever you want. I know of no more pleaſing enjoyment than that of procuring to good people the comforts which fortune has denied them. This is a ſecret for happineſs which I am not afraid of having ſtolen from me. Luxury and opulence harden the hearts of the rich, and while the poor man eats his bread in the ſweat of his brow, how many children of luxury are there in Bagdad, who need to rouſe their languid appetite with the delicate high-ſeaſoned diſhes of Simouſtapha——Do you know Simouſtapha?"

"Do I know him, my lord! Is there a ſingle poor perſon in Bagdad who does not know that humane and generous man! We live at no great diſtance from him. I often go, by my maſter's orders, to ſell him the fineſt fruits produced in our garden, and he always gives me ſomething for myſelf." In the mean time they reached the city.—Mamouk proceeded with Abairus to his humble dwelling. "Wife," ſaid he, as he entered, "this good lord comes to lodge with us—aſk not what we have to entertain him with; here is a handful of gold; I am going to buy a ſofa for us to reſt upon." Mamouk entered a chamber, the only furniture of which was two wooden ſtools, and a table; the wife and the children were almoſt naked, the whole abode afforded a ſtriking picture of miſery, and if he wiſhed to make himſelf comfortable in that houſe, there was a neceſſity for making an addition to his preſent. "Abairus," ſaid he, "I love to do good; here are other ten pieces with which you may provide all that is

wanting. Conſult your own convenience and my happineſs for the future. At ſight of ſo much money the poor gardener could hardly perſuade himſelf that he was not in a dream—he gave thanks to providence and the great prophet, and went out to make his purchaſes. The wife in the mean time began to put her room in order.—"Leave me to do that," ſaid Mamouk; "it is on my account that you take ſo much trouble, and it is but reaſonable that I ſhould help you.—In the mean time go purchaſe clothes for yourſelf, your huſband, and your children—take theſe twenty ſequins to lay out in this way. Their luſtre will not dazzle the eye, and you muſt take care that you tell no perſon that you received them from your gueſt. If it ſhould become known I would inſtantly leave your houſe. The good which I do loſes all value in my eyes, unleſs done in ſecret. When your huſband returns we will think of proviſions."

The wife of Abarius went out, and for the firſt time reſolved to keep a ſecret in which her own intereſt was concerned. She had ſo often bluſhed for her poverty, that ſhe now found little difficulty in concealing the means by which her preſent wealth had come into her hands. Both the huſband and the wife ſoon returned. The gardener was not a little ſurpriſed to find his houſe ſo much improved in appearance, and his family ſo much better dreſſed. The author of theſe happy changes ſat down at table with them, and ſeemed to enter fully into the ſatisfaction which his beneficence had produced. Among thoſe good people he enjoyed only the ſucceſs of the ſtratagem by which he ſo blinded the ſimple honeſt creatures, ſo as to appear a beneficent being.

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The hour for reſt now came. Abairus and his wife went to taſte its ſweets, while the Egyptian buſied himſelf in contriving how he might raviſh the treaſure from the Indian prince, who was its preſent poſſeſſor. He knew, from having ſeen him in the ninth chamber, which he had marked out by the rules of his cabbala, that Simouſtapha had for ſome nights paſt enjoyed the favours of love in the arms of his lovely bride. How favourable a ſeaſon this to ſurpriſe him! If the genie of the box did not watch over the happy pair, or if the vigilance of the queen of the genies was not exerted to guard them equally from all dangers natural or miraculous.

The magician, in his impatience to begin his enterpriſe, could no longer reſt in the houſe; he reſumed the ſhape of an owl, and flew round the houſe of Simouſtapha. All acceſs to it was however barred againſt him, and in whatever form he approached, inevitable death ſeemed to await him. He was ſeized with terror and returned to reſt and quiet in the houſe of Abairus. Mamouk's ſole concern was to gain the gardener's confidence to ſuch a degree, that he might be induced to co-operate readily in all his inſidious views. He therefore reſumed the human form. Next day he accompanied Abairus to his garden, talked to him of his art, taught him ſome ſecrets, ſhared his frugal meat, and quenched his thirſt from the ſame ſpring with him. "You have a variety of fine fruits here," ſaid he to the gardener: "but if the garden were your own, I ſhould make it produce fruit of ſuch a ſingular quality that no others would be eaten at the caliph's table." "Alas!" ſaid the gardener," I have only two trees in the world, an apple tree, and a pear tree, both from India. I had

planted them in a ſmall ſpot adjoining to my houſe, but the ſoil does not ſeem to ſuit them. The fruits which they bear never ripen."

"Be diſcreet and prudent," replied Mamouk; "don't ſay a word, and I will make your fortune. You and I will work together. Provided that you conceal the matter from your wife and children the two trees ſhall produce finer fruits than they would have borne if they had remained in India, and in the moſt favourable ſituation. But the leaſt act of indiſcretion on your part may cauſe all that we can do to miſgive. We muſt obſerve the ſtricteſt ſilence as to the operation, which we are to perform together. In a few days you ſhall gather fruit from your pear-tree, the beauty of which will ſurpriſe you." Abairus and Mamouk returned to the houſe. A comfortable meal was ready for them, provided by the generous care of the magician, who added every thing elſe that was moſt likely to gain him the good-will of his entertainers.

The Egyptian aroſe next morning a few minutes before day-break, and went to look for the two trees which the gardener had mentioned to him. He had only to open a door fronting a ſmall terrace not twenty feet ſquare. The two plants were decaying, being hid in that ſituation from the ſoftening heat of the ſun. The pear-tree was however in flower. Abairus, when he aroſe, perceived the door open, ſaw the magician, and went up to him: "There are my poor trees. They are overgrown with moſs." "I aroſe ſo early," replied Mamouk, "in order to come hither and clear them of it. But then the inner bark you ſee is beautiful and green, ſhut the door and let us finiſh our work while the reſt are aſleep; I

ſhall

ſhall ſhew you a fine ſight in a ſhort time. However, as your own fortune is concerned, I muſt firſt make ſure of your diſcretion. Bind yourſelf to me by a ſolemn oath; ſwear by the Koran, and upon my ſabre, repeating this form of words after me; "What Mamouk is about to do is for the benefit of Abairus—Abairus will therefore obey whatever Mamouk commands." The good gardener entered without heſitation into an agreement, of which all the advantages ſeemed to be upon his ſide. Mamouk bade him bring a peg, three pieces of cord, and two ſpades. Theſe were brought.—"Take this cord," ſaid Mamouk, "tie one end of it about the tree, and knot the other to the peg. Trace as exact a circle as you can within three feet of the tree. Then bind the tree, and we will ſet ourſelves to dig within the circle, till we have brought moiſture to nouriſh the roots. To ſucceed, we muſt work methodically, and I ſcruple not to tell you that this is a geometrical operation."

The ſmall ſpace round the tree was ſoon turned over with the ſpades. "Is there ever a flower on your tree?" ſaid Mamouk. "Luckily there is;" ſaid the credulous gardener.—"Nothing can be luckier for us indeed," ſaid the magician, "go up to the flower, flatter it. Every thing in nature is animated and ſenſible, althought it does not appear to be ſo; ſay to it, "my good little flower! you muſt produce me a pear larger than any that grows in India, ſo large that a man may hide himſelf in it." Abairus laughed with great ſimplicity, as he pronounced theſe words. "The cup," ſaid he to Mamouk, "will, in this caſe, be as large as the dome of a minaret."—"Take you no concern

about

about that," ſaid Mamouk; "let us only have the pear."

This operation ended, our gardeners ſhut the door, of which Mamouk retained the key, and proceeded together to the garden in which Abairus was to work for the day. The Egyptian aſſiſted him in his labour, and adopted his manner of living and mode of ſpeaking. Any third perſon who ſhould have heard them would have thought them two ſimpletons. The work about the pear-tree, and the hopes of its fruit ſeemed to be forgotten. Abairs thought the whole matter nothing but children's play, and had joined in it only in complaiſance to a man to whom he was ſo much obliged for his liberal preſents and kind attention.

Eight days paſſed without Mamouk's expreſſing the ſmalleſt curioſity to ſee the effect of their operation on the pear-tree. At laſt, upon the ninth day, as Abairus was going out to his daily labour, the Egyptian as he went along with him ſaid, "have you no curioſity to ſee what is become of our fruit?" "I ſhould be glad to ſee," ſaid Abairus, "if it could afford you any amuſement.—But I fear we have loſt our labour in digging at the root of a tree thrice accurſed. I had before wrought there in a very different manner, but all in vain. I did not indeed think of addreſſing any ſoft words to it, let us go in and ſee its appearance." The good gardener having been accuſtomed to daily labour, and to the gradual and uniform products of nature, did not expect to find ſo extraordinary a change upon a branch on which only one withering flower remained. How great was his aſtoniſhment when he ſaw a prodigious pear hang upon it, four times as large as the fineſt fruit he had ever ſeen a pear-tree bear. "I

ſhould

ſhould never have thought it, ſaid he in ſurpriſe.—"To whom ſhall I ſell this pear? If I carry it to the palace the caliph's officers will take it from me for a few ſequins, and keep it to themſelves; if I ſhew it to Simouſtapha, he is a man who will refuſe no price."

"You are right," ſaid Mamouk, "he is the man who will pay you beſt. Reflect, my dear Abairus, that your tree will hereafter flouriſh like a roſe-buſh in May; and none but Simouſtapha can pay you for the fruits. Come, put your pear upon a plate, cover it with a napkin, watch the moment when Simouſtapha comes out before his ſhop, and go up to him in your ordinary way. He will be curious to ſee your fruit, ſhow him this, he will deſire to purchaſe it, and will give you any price, however exorbitant. But I told you before that I was to go into the pear; I mean to do ſo ſtill—theſe are our conditions." "Ah! to be ſure! I have no objection," ſaid Abairus, laughing. "Make yourſelf ſmall enough; you will be a very pretty kernel."—"Would you have me become a kernel?"—"Yes, if poſſible."—"Command me then."—"Well, I command you!"—"Open the way to me then, by breaking the end of the pear."—Abairus, being in a gay humour, was willing to follow out the joke, and ſlightly touched the end of the pear to break it away, but was very much vexed to find it eaſily yield to his hand. "The fruit is nothing the worſe for this," ſaid Mamouk, "had not this happened I muſt have ſtopped at the door, put it as it was again, go, get a plate, ſeek out your merchant, the pear will not ſeem for this the leſs curious to him, it has loſt nothing of its ſize or reliſh; next week we ſhall have others which we can manage more cautiouſly."——The

gardener

gardener went for a plate; when he returned Mamouk was gone. He ſuppoſed that he was gone to ſee the pear-tree, and not needing his aſſiſtance at the ſale of his pear, he went without concern to the houſe of Simouſtapha.

Mamouk had completely abuſed the ſimplicity of Abairus. The impoſtor having been diveſted of half his power, and reduced to a paſſive condition by a higer influence, had been obliged to transform the ignorant gardener into a magician without the poor man's ſuſpecting any myſtery in the matter. He had aſſociated him with himſelf, and had artfully made the other command what was for his own intereſt to be done. Such are the dangers to which ignorance expoſes us!— Scarcely had Abairus turned his back to go for a plate, when the Egyptian, faithfully obedient to the command which he had prevailed upon the gardener to give him, contracted the bulk of his body and entered into the pear, to aſſume in it the form of a kernel. If the pear ſhould be cut without the knife harming the kernel, and eſpecially if the delicious taſte of the fruit ſhould be eagerly reliſhed, the accurſed Mamouk was certain of recovering his loſs, and conſummating his vengeance. Every thing had hitherto proved favourable to the magician's plot. Simouſtapha was at his door when Abairus paſſed, and aſked to ſee the fruit.— The gardener ſaid that he was going to preſent it himſelf to the caliph, from whom he ſhould have two hundred ſequins for it. "Go no farther for your money," ſaid Simouſtapha, "give it to me, here are two hundred ſequins, and fifty more for the pleaſure you do me in giving me the preference." Abairus, tranſported at his good fortune, neglected the plate and the napkin in his eagerneſs

to

to embrace him to whom he was originally indebted for ſo much money. He returned haſtily home, but no Mamouk was there. Suppoſing that he might be in the garden without the city, he next ran thither, but ſtill his benefactor was not to be found. He looked for him every where, and called upon him in vain, while the rivers and groves re-echoed the name of Mamouk.

While the gardener was employed in this fruitleſs ſearch, Simouſtapha was impatiently expecting the hour when he might enjoy the charms of the lovely Iſſetilſone, and preſent her with the pretticſt pear he had ever ſeen. Night came at laſt—the genie did his duty. The charming pair arrayed themſelves in the preſents of their amiable benefactreſs. The robes, the rings, the necklace, the ſtrings of diamonds to be interlaced with the hair, —nothing of all theſe was forgotten. The mute eunuch brought in and preſented the fruit which the Indian prince ſo highly valued. Iſſetilſone admired it, its ſmell was exquiſitely delicious—a ſlight noiſe was heard when they cut the pear; a kernel dropped out and fell to the ground. The fatal pieces had juſt touched the lips of the lovers when Simouſtapha uttered a loud cry, his ring having preſſed his finger ſo as to occaſion an acute pain. Iſſetilſone dropped the bit of the pear from her hand. The prince attempted to pull of the ring, and, as he unavoidably rubbed it with his hand in making this attempt, the genie, who was ſlave to the ring, inſtantly ſtood before him. He was affrighted at the large and ugly figure—the princeſs ſwooned away. "Who art thou? What wouldeſt thou have with me?" ſaid Simouſtapha to the monſtrous apparition.—"I am the ſlave of the ring which you received from my ſovereign

vereign miſtreſs," replied the genie, "I come to warn you that you are at this inſtant in the utmoſt danger; your enemy is in the houſe, that fruit is poiſoned, I fly to preſerve the box, as ſoon as it is ſecure I will return."

Simouſtapha and his ſlave gave aſſiſtance to the princeſs. Jemal in the mean time, who was confined in the magic box, repulſed his old maſter in the beſt manner he could, being greatly afraid of falling again under his power. Mamouk applied an enchanted ring to the lock of the bureau in which the box was laid; the lock burſt open, and that moment the guardian genie ſubſtituted a new bolt; this conteſt had been ſix times repeated, and Jemal was at laſt unwillingly preparing to yield when the genie of the ring arrived.

"Infamous wretch," ſaid he to Mamouk, "thou ſhalt die by my hand." At the ſame time he ſucked up all the air in the apartment, and lifted his arm to ſtrike the Egytian, who fell breathleſs to the ground. He was immediately fettered.—His magic ring and his book of enchantment were taken from him, and he was left on the floor half dead, and deſtitute of all power to do harm. After this victory the genie of the ring went to inform Simouſtapha of the danger to which he had been expoſed from the artifices of Mamouk. "Come," ſaid he, "ſee your fallen enemy, and diſpoſe of his fate, not as the natural goodneſs of your own heart would dictate, but as the incorrigible depravity of his heart deſerves! Simouſtapha followed the genie into the apartment, but Mamouk was gone. "Deteſtable magician, inexhauſtible in miſchievous reſources!" ſaid the genie, "by what power canſt thou have been carried hence? But thou art in fetters, and canſt not have eſcaped

to

to any diſtance." He then adviſed Simouſtapha to take the box, and to call Jemal to aſſiſt them in their ſearch for the villain that had eſcaped. The two genies found him in the garden, where he had begun to work off his fetters. At ſight of his enemies he flung himſelf into the canal. Two mounds were inſtantly raiſed to confine him. He ſprung up like a waterſpout, into the air, but was compelled to fall back again into a baſon which they formed to receive him. He then tried to ſteal away in a flame, but a thick vapour gathered round and confined him. Amidſt theſe conteſts with arms ſo powerful as the elements of nature, the canal ſeemed to be ſuddenly filled with burning quick-lime, the vicinity of which was formidable. The genie of the ring threw into it the two halves of the pear. In a moment they were melted down; the genie then addreſſed Simouſtapha and ſaid, "Prince, pronounce the doom of this wretch. We are ready to execute your ſentence. Say to him—Infamous magician, I encloſe thee in thine own works, and with thy own works, that thou mayeſt be puniſhed by thine own works."

Simouſtapha pronounced after the genie. The magician was ſuddenly transformed into a maſs of marble, figured like an owl, and reſembling thoſe horrible ſtatues which were to be ſeen among the idolators before the coming of the great prophet. The genie bore this ugly figure from the garden. Simouſtapha returned to his wife, who, although ſomewhat recovered from her firſt terror, was ſtill not without alarm, till ſhe now ſaw him ſafe beſide her. They went together into the cloſet where the box lay. Simouſtapha touched the box and Jemal appeared, "My lord, what is your

pleaſure

pleaſure with your ſlave?" ſaid the genie.—"Relate to me the particulars of the event which has now happened." The genie ſat down upon the box and obeyed Simouſtapha's orders. He related the magical labours of Mamouk, his journey from Egypt, his arrival in Bagdad, his deceiving the gardener, his lodging in his houſe, his tranſformation of himſelf into various ſhapes, the enchantment of the pear-tree, and the manner in which he introduced himſelf into Simouſtapha's houſe lurking in a ſeed of the pear which the prince himſelf had brought in, out of which he afterwards made his eſcape when the pear was cut. The genie farther deſcribed his own combat within the box, which he maintained by the ſucceſſive ſubſtitution of a new lock to that which was deſtroyed by the Egyptian's magic ring.—From this box, juſt as his efforts to defend it were almoſt entirely overcome, he had ſeen the genie of the ring approaching to his aſſiſtance. He then related how the enchanter had been laid breathleſs on the ground, fettered and diveſted of his magic, and how, at the moment when the genie of the ring went out of the cloſet, ſpirits ſent from Upper Egypt to the aid of Mamouk, by his ſon Naraes, had ſuddenly carried him off, and had put him in a condition to maintain the laſt combat in which he had finally fallen.

This relation having taken up part of the night, the lovers had hardly been left alone to congratulate one another on their eſcape from ſo many ſnares, ſuch dangerous attacks, and projects ſo well concerted, when Iſſetilſone was obliged to entruſt herſelf to the care of the faithful Jemal, and return to the caliph's palace in her uſual vehicle.

Simouſtapha

Simouſtapha went to the bath that he might there recover his tranquillity which had lately been ſo much diſturbed. He next prepared to ſet out for Ginniſtan. He had recourſe to the box, and invoked the genie. He arrived ſafe in the preſence of the queen of the genies, to whom he was endeared more than ever by the dangers to which he had been expoſed.

She came out to meet him, and expreſſed by her fond careſſes how much ſhe was concerned for his misfortune. She did not trouble the young prince to relate the incidents of an adventure with which he was already fully acquainted. But ſhe took occaſion, from its riſe and iſſue, to warn him to be careful of the ring and box—and to let him know that he had ſtill the attacks of Mamouk's ſon to fear, who was a no leſs dangerous perſon than his father. "It will be in vain for me," ſaid ſhe, "to watch always over your fate, and to place about you ſome of thoſe powers which are ſubject to me; unleſs you yourſelf uſe all due means to guard againſt the ſnares of men: My aſſiſtance reſpects only ſupernatural intervention. Put yourſelf in a condition to depend upon your own virtues and ſagacity, as did your maſter Benalab. My love ſhall anſwer for the reſt."

We need not here enlarge farther upon the ſalutary advices given by Setelpedour, and the lively gratitude of Simouſtapha. He took leave of the queen, and the genie conveyed him back to Bagdad, where political operations were opening up new events which it may be more intereſting to deſcribe.

The caliph had received news that the city of Damaſcus was beſieged by two hundred thouſand infidels, and had iſſued orders for all Muſſulmen to

to take arms, and follow him to the relief of that important city. At this news Simouſtapha felt the ſentiments natural to a brave ſoul. His courage was rouſed—he was inflamed with zeal for defence of the Muſſulman faith. The love of glory, and the deſire of approving himſelf worthy of his miſtreſs, made him aſpire to the palm of military fame, which he followed the commander of the faithful to acquire. He firſt called Jemal. "You have heard," ſaid he to the genie, "the caliph's proclamation. I mean to join him. Bring me inſtantly a horſe and armour ſuitable to my rank and birth. The genie haſtened away through the air to inform Setelpedour of the young prince's intentions. The queen was pleaſed, and reſolved to put her hero in a condition for attaining to the higheſt honours to which ſhe knew him to be deſtined. She ordered one of the fineſt courſers in the three Arabias to be immediately choſen out for him. Her emiſſaries ſtopt at Sardia, a deſert canton, three days journey from Damaſcus, where were horſes of the very beſt quality. Of thoſe one was ſingled out, to which none of the reſt could be compared. He was of the breed of Gilpha, the father of the Mule on which the great prophet had ridden, when after raiſing his victorious ſtandard upon the towers of Medina, he made his way through Paleſtine, and ſoon made all Aſia yield before the irreſiſtible force of his glorious ſcimitar, and the wiſe laws of the divine Koran. The horoſcope of the horſe intended for Simouſtapha had been drawn at his birth by the moſt ſkilful aſtrologers, and it had been found that he was deſigned to ſerve the greateſt prince upon earth, and to become the means of lengthening out the duration, and confirming the felicity

of

of two powerful empires. This animal's diſpoſitions had hitherto juſtified the decrees of his deſtiny. He was manageable, docile, brave and indefatigable. He never was a ſlave to the neceſſities of nature—he could bear hunger and thirſt, without ſuffering any alteration in the vigour of his conſtitution; he could want ſleep and live in a manner upon air. With theſe rare qualities he alſo diſcovered the moſt prompt obedience to command, the moſt ſagacious intelligence, and an attachment to his maſter that could ſtand any trial. How many of mankind are inferior to this horſe!

Setelpedour wiſhed to ſee the horſe deſtined for her favourite. He neighed for joy that he was to appear before the queen of the genies, and to contribute to the glory of the hero who enjoyed her protection. He was conveyed to Ginniſtan, and was beheld with admiration by Setelpedour.—He was ſoon covered with a harneſs befitting his beauty, but not extraordinarily ſumptuous. Complete armour for the prince was laid upon his back. The cuiraſs and other parts of the armour were formed of the ſteel of Damaſcus. Theſe arms were all of a brown colour. Simouſtapha impatiently waited upon the terrace of his houſe for the return of Jemal, till he ſaw that noble warhorſe enter his court. At ſight of ſo fine a preſent the young prince felt a lively emotion of gratitude, and was animated with a new ardour to ſignalize his courage. But love raiſed new obſtacles in the way.

When the genie, under cloud of night, had carried Ilſetilſone from the caliph's palace, and brought the young couple again together, the fair princeſs upon being informed of the intentions of her lover, loſt the uſe of her ſenſes, and when theſe revived,

revived, gave herſelf up to the moſt cruel deſpair, and the night was paſſed in tears.

The caliph however, ſet out upon his expedition. Simouſtapha, ſacrificing glory to the more tender intereſts of love, left his courſer to champ his bridle with impatience, and to fill the air with angry neighing. Jemal could ſcarce confine him. He wiſhed to be always ſaddled and bridled, and, in his eagerneſs for Simouſtapha's departure, he furiouſly pawed the ground with his feet. More than one day paſſed before the prince, who feared the conſequences of his miſtreſs' anxiety, could tear himſelf from her arms. Setelpedour obſerving the ſtruggle in his breaſt, bluſhed for his weakneſs, and being jealous of his glory, haſtened to his houſe. "You are wanting in your duty," ſaid ſhe, "can you be thus indifferent to your glory and to the ſafety of the ſtate in which you live? Why do you thus languiſh here in ſhameful weakneſs of mind? Set out this inſtant. If you heſitate one moment longer, I abandon you for ever. My ſlave will put you on the way to Damaſcus. I ſhall take care of your wife. This diſcourſe made Simouſtapha ſenſible and aſhamed of his weakneſs. He fell on his knees before the fairy, imploring her pardon and the aid of her power. He mounted his horſe, who carried him like lightning along the way to Damaſcus, the genies who were ſlaves to the fairy attending to guard him.—At length from the ſummit of a hill he diſcovered Damaſcus. The city was aſſaulted by infidels.—The caliph's army was engaged by the enemy, and evidently at a diſadvantage—the two wings were broken and falling backwards. The ſtandard of Mahomet appearing in the army, marked the place where Haroun Alraſchid fought in perſon. The

infidels

infidels were preſſing upon his battalions; they ſoon made their way to the caliph, and that illuſtrious ſovereign was within a little of falling by their hand. At ſight of this Simouſtapha paſſed with the rapidity of lightning through the thickeſt of the fight—every blow of his ſcimitar was mortal—at every advancing ſtep his horſe trampled down ſome of the infidels. In a moment he had placed his ſoveregn in ſecurity. The thunder of his voice ſpread terror through the enemy, and reſtored confidence to the hearts of the Muſſulmen. Simouſtapha ſeized the ſtandard of the holy prophet. It waved from his hand in the centre of the battalion which he had muſtered. At this ſignal the courage of the warriors revived—the battle was more vigorouſly renewed, but death had changed ſides. The infidels were now to meet his fury, and fall under his ſtroke. Simouſtapha's high-mettled ſteed conveyed him rapidly through all the ranks. He took upon him the command, and none refuſed to obey. Both leaders and ſoldiers looked on him as an angel from heaven. He detached one part of the army to purſue the flying enemy; while he led the other in good order under the walls of Damaſcus. The ſcaling ladders were inſtantly broken down, the beſieged were daſhed headlong from ramparts, and the gates of the city were opened to admit its deliverer. Simouſtapha marched in triumphant at the head of the victorious army. The multitude crowded upon him as he advanced to embrace his knees, and the ſaviour of Damaſcus received the ardent homage of the people, for whom he had exerted his courage. They proceeded to the high moſque to render thanks to heaven and Mahomet for ſo ſignal a deliverance. Haroun was careful not to

loſe

loſe ſight of the gallant youth. Simouſtapha moved his vizor, and rode on at a ſmall diſtance from the caliph. When they had come to the door of the moſque he alighted from his horſe, and kneeled upon one knee to do homage to the ſovereign, by aſſiſting him when he diſmounted.—Haroun graciouſly accepted the aſſiſtance of the young warrior. But he was concerned to remark, that the hand held out to him was wounded and covered with blood.

"Valiant hero," ſaid he, "are you wounded?"—"Great ſovereign of the faithful," replied the Indian prince, "the wound cannot be dangerous, for I feel no uneaſineſs from it"—"Generous warrior," replied he, "the heat of the action, and the intrepidity of your courage have made you neglect your wound, but we muſt not enter the moſque till it be dreſſed."—"Your goodneſs overpowers me," replied Simouſtapha, "but the ſolemnities in which you are about to engage are of much greater conſequence than any thing that regards the humbleſt, although the moſt devoted, of your ſubjects."

The caliph was charmed with this gallant inſtance of modeſty. "Brave Muſſulman," drawing out from his girdle an handkerchief on which his own name was written in letters of gold, "deign at leaſt to preſerve your wound from the air by wrapping it in this handkerchief till it can be properly dreſſed." Simouſtapha received the handkerchief, and the people proceeded to expreſs their gratitude to heaven by every ſuitable act of religion. The caliph retired after theſe ſolemnities to a place appropriated to him during his reſidence at Damaſcus. Many of his officers, who had made no difficulty of deſerting him amidſt the dangers

dangers of the battle, attended him, however, in the triumph with a jealouſy to maintain their places. Simouſtapha, in whoſe eyes ſuch frivolous advantages were of no importance, retired from the court, mounted his horſe, and haſtened from the city.

He had given to glory all that honour required. It was now time that love ſhould conſole the diſtreſs of his miſtreſs. His horſe ſeemed to ſhare his impatience; and Simouſtapha was ſoon again within ſight of the minarets of the city of Bagdad.

During his abſence, the beneficent queen of the genies, to relieve the anxiety of Ilſetilſone, had made Jemal convey the caliph's daughter to her own palace. Great muſt have been the aſtoniſhment of the princeſs, to find herſelf, when ſhe awaked, in the arms, not of Simouſtapha, but of Setelpedour. "Be calm," ſaid the benevolent fairy, "it was neceſſary that your huſband ſhould do his duty under the banners of the caliph. Your happineſs depends, more than you ſuppoſe, on the ſervices which he may render your father upon this occaſion. It is not merely unprofitable glory that he purſues. I watch over his ſafety, and, if I might, would fight by his ſide. But this is forbidden me. It is with difficulty that I can ſubmit to the reſtraint, eſpecially ſince Simouſtapha's merit has taught me to know the paſſion of love, and my partiality to him has excited the malevolent ſpirits of my empire to rebellion. I have already puniſhed ſome of them, and I am determined to brave them all, even although this ſhould be attended with greater danger than what I have yet found. Make yourſelf eaſy, my amiable

princeſs, and join with me in accompliſhing the happineſs of him whom I love more than life, by avoiding the raiſing of new cauſes to diſquiet him. Blame him not for a ſeparation, which his glory and your intereſt equally obliged him to. You ſhall ſoon ſee him again; confide in his prudence, and in the cares of the queen of the genies," Ilſetilſone was thus comforted, and was ſoon after conveyed back to her father's palace.

The commander of the faithful, as he returned in triumph to his palace in Damaſcus, looked around for the hero to whom he was indebted for his own ſafety, the preſervation of his army, the deliverance of Damaſcus, and a complete victory, he ordered ſearch to be made, but ſtill his deliverer was not to be found. He ordered his heralds at arms to invite the young warrior to the caliph's preſence by proclamations, both within and without the city, but this proved equally fruitleſs.—The warrior and his horſe had diſappeared; and, as he had only lifted the vizor of his helmet, he remained entirely unknown.

The people perſiſted in thinking that heaven had ſent an angel to their aid. But it was the blood of a human being that Haroun had ſeen flow, and it had ſtained the handkerchief which he had given him. The commander of the faithful, aſtoniſhed and mortified at finding his grateful intentions towards his benefactor thus fruſtrated—after aſſuring himſelf that ſuch of the infidels as had eſcaped had betaken themſelves to their veſſels and ſet ſail, provided for the future ſecurity of Damaſcus, and ſet out for Bagdad at the head of twelve thouſand gentlemen on horſeback, having previouſly diſmiſſed his army.

Simouſtapha

Simouſtapha had by this time enjoyed the pleaſure of embracing his fond wife, and thanking their benefactreſs. To the one he dedicated his nights, to the other his days, and what mortal could be happier? He had communicated to Ilſetilſone all the particulars of his expedition.—— They were the more intereſting to this amiable princeſs, for their having contributed to the glory of the caliph. She took up the handkerchief, which had been wrapt about the hand of her lover, and alternately watered with her tears the letters of her father's name embroidered upon it, and the ſtains made by the blood which had been ſhed in his defence. "I will keep this handkerchief," ſaiſh ſhe, "it will be a memorial to me of the moment when the reſpected object of my filial affection was ſaved by the dear idol of my love."

In the mean time the caliph arrived at Bagdad amid the acclamations of his people. Triumphal arches were raiſed to perpetuate his glory. His toils were rewarded by the ardent loyalty of his ſubjects, and the affectionate tenderneſs of his family. Zobeide and her daughter expreſſed their tranſports by warm careſſes. But the caliph, weary of the honours which were ſhown him, and even of the tenderneſs of the deareſt objects of his affection, exhibited in ſo pleaſing a manner, was anxious only for the unknown warrior, whoſe modeſty had eſcaped from the intended demonſtrations of his gratitude. "He has received nothing from me," ſaid the monarch, "except a handkerchief to cover his wound, it was the only mark of my favour he would accept; but I have promiſed ten thouſand ſequins to whoever ſhall bring me certain information of his name, his condition, and the place of his abode. I am anxious to reward him

who ſaved the ſtandard of the holy prophet out of the hand of the infidels, who delivered my people, and to whom I owe the preſervation of my life and crown. It is in vain for him to retire from the honours which he has ſo nobly earned. I will inſtitute a feſtival in honour of him. All Damaſcus who witneſſed the prodigies of valour which he performed, will crowd hither upon the occaſion. I cannot cauſe any picture or deſcription of his features to be prepared, for he did not even lift the vizor of his helmet; but I remember his armour and his fiery ſteed, and theſe I will have painted. Every good Muſſulman in my empire muſt be eager to attend the feſtival of the hero of the brown armour, and he cannot remain long unknown to thoſe who ſhall witneſs this martial ſolemnity.

Ilſetilſone enjoyed the praiſes of her lover and the paſſionate ardour of the caliph's gratitude.—How often was ſhe tempted to ſay to him, "I know the hero who wore the brown arms; the conqueror of the infidels has conquered me too."

The orders of Haroun were carried into execution. The feſtival intended to celebrate the deliverance of Damaſcus, laſted thirty days, on the two laſt of which was exhibited a bloodleſs repreſentation of the exploits of the knight of the brown armour. This feſtival brought about the accompliſhment of the caliph's wiſhes, but by means totally unconnected with thoſe which that prince had in his view.

On the laſt day of the feſtival, while Zobeide and her daughter ſat on a balcony, the young princeſs was ſtruck with a *coup de ſoleil*, and uttering a ſcream, fell down on her mother's boſom. Zobeide, while ſhe was giving aſſiſtance to her daughter, perceived by ſome unequivocal ſymptoms, that

that ſhe was with-child. Alarmed at ſo unexpected a diſcovery, ſhe ran immediately to communicate the important ſecret to the caliph. It was not bare conjecture, but convincing certainty that ſhe had to acquaint him with. The parents went together to Ilſetilſone's apartment in order to draw from her a confeſſion in which their glory and happineſs were ſo deeply intereſted.

"For theſe ſeveral months," acknowledged the princeſs, "I have been every night conveyed unconſciouſly through the air into a chamber magnificently furniſhed, where I found myſelf in the arms of a young man, whom I knew not, but who, I muſt confeſs, has inſpired me with an ardent paſſion." At this relation the caliph readily conceived, that his daughter had been ſeduced by ſome miraculous enchantment, and did not think proper to reproach her for a fault, the circumſtances of which rendered it ſufficiently excuſable.

"Madam," ſaid he to Zobeide, "it would appear that ſome genie has become enamoured of our daughter. Were we to oppoſe his wiſhes we ſhould only provoke his reſentment. Let us recommend both her and ourſelves to the protection of the holy prophet." So ſaying he embraced his daughter as uſual, and left her to take that reſt which ſhe ſeemed much to need. Zobeide followed the prudent example of her huſband. Ilſetilſone ſecretly reſolved to give her notice of what had happened, and to inſiſt that he ſhould bring the handkerchief, and make himſelf known as the knight of the brown armour. It would be proper, ſhe thought, for him to make

his appearance on his gallant ſteed, and completely armed.

The caliph aſſembled his privy council, conſiſting of Giafar and Meſrour. Giafar was aſtoniſhed at the ſtory of the princeſs' pregnancy. Meſrour was leſs ſo, having for ſome time obſerved that it was impoſſible to awake the guard who were ſet to keep watch near the princeſs' apartments.

"How ſhall we contrive," ſaid the caliph, "to diſcover and ſurpriſe the enchanter who has ſeduced my daughter? She is every night conveyed away through the air."——"There occurs to me an expedient," replied Meſrour; "which we may immediately try. I have a phoſphoric ſubſtance which I received from an aſtrologer. It is an oil extracted from an animal called *baſilic*. When raiſed in the air, it becomes luminous, but does not burn. I will pour ſome drops of it upon the princeſs' bed-clothes; it becomes inſtantly dry and diffuſes no ſmell. When theſe are raiſed aloft in the air, they will beſpangle it with ſtreams of glittering ſtars, which may guide perſons ſet to obſerve them to the houſe of the raviſher."

The caliph liked the idea. Meſrour went inſtantly to put it in execution, and Giafar on his part gave notice to the lieutenant of the police that he ſhould cauſe the motion to be followed whitherſoever it ſhould lead, and the houſe at which it ſtopped to be inſtantly inveſted. Five hundred men were immediately poſted to run after this new conſtellation, which was to appear by night. But only the caliph and his two miniſters knew the ſecret purpoſe for which it was intended.

Night

Night came on. The genie not having lately obſerved what was going on upon earth, was unacquainted with the project which had been concerted in the imperial palace. He obeyed Simouſtapha's orders as uſual, and went to bring the princeſs. Hardly was ſhe raiſed above the palace, when the phoſphorus ſhone with all its luſtre. The guards obſerved and followed it; the genie had good eyes indeed, but could not have them every where. He bore his lovely burden to the apartment of the Indian prince, which was illuminated by a hundred lamps. Not a ſpark of the phoſphorus was there to be ſeen; but ſcarcely had they arrived, when the guards pouring out from all the adjoining ſtreets, beſet the houſe of Simouſtapha.

The young prince heard the noiſe, rubbed the ring, and called upon the box. The two genies appeared. They were ordered to obſerve what was going on, and, in the firſt place, to ſecure the houſe againſt the diſturbance with which it was threatened. They walled up the doors and windows in an inſtant. The judge of the police awaked the natives to direct them to Simouſtapha's door.—Thoſe good people rubbed their eyes, but could not ſee the door. More lights were brought, but even theſe did not yet ſerve to diſcover it. The judge went and came till he was at laſt perfectly impatient. Giafar and Meſrour in the mean time arrived. The latter ſince his diſcovery of the ſecret of the baſilic oil, had begun to flatter himſelf that he poſſeſſed no ordinary powers of penetration. Since the door could not be found, he directed them to get up by ladders upon the flat roof of the houſe. The dwelling was ſoon completely inveſted, only battering rams and other

military engines were wanting to a formal ſiege. Forty ladders were ſet up, the top of each of which roſe ſeveral feet above the object which it was intended to reach. The hopes of plunder made the whole crowd willing to hurry up, but their numbers and their haſte actually retarded them.—The ladders too ſunk deeper and roſe higher as they mounted.

"Have done with paddling," ſaid the judge; "are you afraid to get up?"——"We are mounting as ſpeedily as poſſible," ſaid ſome of them, and they were in fact ſweating with exertion and fatigue, but never roſe an inch higher from the ground. The judge, becoming extremely impatient, alighted from his horſe, and called powerfully upon them to mount faſter.—"In the name of Mahomet," ſaid they," mount yourſelf, theſe ladders are certainly bewitched.—The judge having entirely loſt patience, began to climb the ladder in his gown; and, that he might make the better ſpeed, moved his feet over two ſteps at once. But, as the ladder ſunk in the ground as faſt as he climbed up, he ſoon loſt his balance, and fell down entangled in his gown.—This unexpected fall excited general laughter. The night paſſed in a repetition of the vain efforts of this ludicrous aſſault, in which no progreſs was made; but the aſſailants flattered themſelves every moment with the idea of accompliſhing their purpoſe. All the ſtreets of Bagdad were in confuſion; and, as the circumſtances of the affair were not fully known, the people fancied this a continuation of the feſtival of the knight of the brown armour; and ſuppoſed, that the burleſque attempt made to ſcale the houſe of Simouſtapha,

ſtapha was intended as a repreſentation of the ſiege of Damaſcus.

Haroun was in the mean time in eager expectation of the victim of his anger, and had reſolved to gratify his vengeance without allowing the wretch time to ſpeak. His ferocious impatience may be eaſily imagined. The noiſe and rumours which this incident gave riſe to occaſioned various reports to reach him, every one more ridiculous than another. His anxiety was equal to his deſire of vengeance.

Within Simouſtapha's houſe, on the contrary, every thing was ſo quiet that you might have heard a feather fall. No ſooner had the genies diſcovered Meſrour's ſtratagem for detecting the place to which the princeſs was carried, than they, after taking proper meaſures to ſecure the houſe againſt the firſt ſurpriſe, conveyed Ilſetilſone back to the caliph's palace, amidſt a thick miſt, which intercepted the effects of the phoſphorus. They left the miſt hanging over the palace. The minds of all within were ſtupified by its influence, and even the caliph himſelf was deprived of his uſual activity.

The Indian prince conſulted the genies of the box and the ring, concerning the means which he ſhould employ for his ſafety next day, and then retired quietly to reſt under the immediate protection of the ſtar of the ſeven ſeas. When day appeared, Simouſtapha went out upon the terrace roof of his houſe to enjoy the firſt rays of the ſun. He diſtinguiſhed Giafar and Meſrour among the crowd, called upon them and addreſſed himſelf to the latter. "Sublime miniſter," ſaid he, "why have you inveſted the houſe of a faithful Muſſulman, who is diſpoſed to pay all due obedience to

the pleaſure of the commander of the faithful. I deſire you to inform him, that ſince he wiſhes to become maſter of my perſon, if he pleaſes to remove the crowd who have beſet my houſe, I ſhall immediately ſurrender myſelf into his hands."—— Meſrour returned to the palace, and adviſed the caliph to accept an offer which would ſoon enable him to quit himſelf of the enchanter. Orders were given to the judge of the police to retire inſtantly with all his people, and the ladders were thrown down before the walls. When the ſiege was thus raiſed, Simouſtapha went out by one of the doors, which readily opened, and proceeded without fear to the caliph's palace. Haroun was ſurpriſed at the magician's audacity; he would not ſee him, but ordered him to be beheaded in the outer court of the palace, in the preſence of all the people who were there aſſembled. The guard ſeized the Indian prince. He held out his hands to the irons with which they prepared to load him. The executioner laid hold on him, and pulled off his turban before binding the fatal bandage upon his eyes. The caliph's handkerchief was within the turban.

Giafar and Meſrour immediately knew it. The people to whom ſuch another had been exhibited in the late feſtival exclaimed, "The handkerchief of the knight of the brown armour!" A ſtill more remarkable object drew the attention of the grand vizier. Simouſtapha wore on his head the band ornamented with jewels and with a diamond which he had received in a preſent from the caliph. Giafar read aloud theſe words which were inſcribed upon the band, "given by caliph Haroun Alraſchid to his nephew Simouſtapha ſon to the great ſovereign of India." A confuſed noiſe

aroſe

aroſe from all quarters. "It is the ſon of the king of India. It is prince Simouſtapha!"

In the mean time Meſrour had carried the handkerchief to the caliph. "Who gave you that handkerchief?" inquired the ſovereign.—"It was on the head of the man whom you condemned to death."—"Are my orders yet executed?"—"No, Sir, I came to receive your farther orders."—"Fly, run Meſrour, preſerve the life of the generous warrior who ſaved mine, and bring him inſtantly hither." Giafar had anticipated theſe orders. The ſurpriſe and exclamations of the people had induced him to carry Simouſtapha before the caliph. The prince arrived at the foot of the throne, and the firſt object that ſtruck the commander of the faithful's eye, was the diamond which he had formerly ſent to the ſovereign of India.

"What!" ſaid he to Simouſtapha, "are you ſon to my brother the king of India?"—"You behold a proof that I am, moſt illuſtrious caliph." "And are you the warrior to whom I owe my life and honour?"—"This wound I received before Damaſcus, and was honoured with expreſſions of kindneſs from you on account of it."—"And are you alſo the lover of my daughter Ilſetilſone?"—"You behold your ſlave and her's." "A thouſand thanks to the great prophet!" cried the caliph. "You are then Simouſtapha who was dear to me from his infancy, and to whom I had deſtined my daughter's hand! You could have no other rival but the knight of the brown armour; and you are that very knight whoſe ſervices I ſhould have thought inadequately rewarded, even by offering him the hand of Ilſetilſone, and the richeſt of the crowns of the eaſt. I embrace the object at once of my gratitude,

titude, and of my affection! Ah! how could you conceal yourself so long under the appearance of the keeper of a tavern?"

"Most illustrious commander of the faithful," replied Simoustapha, "the charms of Ilsetilsone made an early impression upon my heart. Hardly was I animated by the first breath of life, when I felt myself inflamed with love. The desire of possessing her was the only passion of my heart. A sage Persian, by whom I was educated, encouraged my passion, and proposed to me to come to Bagdad, where I might breathe the only air favourable to my health, which was daily wasting. He enjoyed my father's confidence, and without difficulty obtained his consent, concealing, however, from him the true reason for our absence, on which my repose and felicity depended. Thanks to the resources of his art! the son of the king of India soon settled himself at Bagdad, in a situation to which he was indebted for the pleasure of seeing and being seen by the object of his soul. Death soon deprived me of that enlightened governor, but not of the secrets with which he had made me acquainted. Young, passionate, and inexperienced as I was, I gave myself up without reserve to the sweet enthusiasm of love. If my conduct has offended you, if it has at all wounded the tender heart of a father, my head is in your hands; let your justice be satisfied by the infliction of justice upon me, but restore your paternal kindness to the innocent princess, whose only crime is her love for me."

The caliph, moved by so tender an avowal, affectionately raised the young prince, and embracing him again said, "Come my dear son, let us dispel the chagrin which you have occasioned.—

May

May your preſence remove the ſuſpicions which have clouded the heart of the tendereſt of mothers."

Zobeide was alone with her daughter, and was aſking a more particular explanation of what ſhe had confeſſed on the preceding evening, when the caliph, leading in the Indian prince, came to ſpread joy and rapture through the palace. Simouſtapha wearing the royal band about his head, and having the ſplendid treſſes of his hair uncovered, was in this condition preſented to the caliph's wife and daughter: "Receive from the hands of the great prophet, and from mine," ſaid the monarch, "you a ſon-in-law, and your a huſband. It is Simouſtapha, ſon to the monarch of India, the moſt ancient, the moſt powerful, and the moſt faithful, of my allies." Then turning to his attendants: "let the cadi and the mufti be brought inſtantly hither. Let the moſques be thrown open. Let all my people celebrate our joy. Let alms be diſtributed in my name to the poor. Let all Bagdad ſhare their ſovereign's joy, and let it be ſpread to the moſt diſtant parts of my empire. This is my deliverer, my ſon-in-law, and the ſaviour of the holy ſtandard. The duty of gratitude is above all laws."

Ilſetilſone and her huſband were lodged in the beſt apartment in the palace; Simouſtapha aſſiſted in the labours and amuſements of the caliph. He ſat at his right hand in the divan, and no affair was determined without his advice. Unbounded confidence on both ſides produced the moſt intire intimacy between them. The caliph enquired concerning all the extraordinary means which his ſon-in-law had employed, to accompliſh his wiſhes. Simouſtapha acknowldged that he

enjoyed

enjoyed ſupernatural protection. He ſpoke to him of the queen of the genies, and of the powers of the box and the ring, but concealed the favours of Namouna, and the part which he had acted in the intrigue. His reaſons may be eaſibly gueſſed.

Haroun being already familiar with marvellous adventures, readily believed what Simouſtapha told. He diſapproved not of the uſe made of the cabaliſtic magic, the ſtudy of which he had promoted himſelf in his own court. But he blamed him for having neglected to inform the king of India, from time to time, of the fate of his only ſon. "His uneaſineſs," replied the prince, "muſt be greatly moderated by the frequent inſpection of a roſe-buſh, which my governor Benalab left in the palace garden. It gives a daily account of the good or ill ſucceſs of my adventures; and as I am now honoured with the favours of the greateſt ſovereign on the earth, the ſhrub is no doubt flouriſhing and ſhooting up in ſuch a manner as to give them the higheſt ſatisfaction."

What Simouſtapha ſuppoſed was very true.—The king and queen of India went daily to contemplate the roſe-buſh. As one ſet of flowers fell away, it was ſtill covered with others more and more beautiful, ſo that they made themſelves eaſy in their ſon's abſence, in the perſuaſion that all was well with him. Nay, they were one day agreebly ſurpriſed by obſerving a ſecond flower, of new freſhneſs and luſtre ſpring out of a roſe that was already blown. There was ſomething ſtrange and marvellous in this. But it was impoſſible that they ſhould have underſtood its meaning unleſs they had been at Bagdad.

Ilſetilſone

Iſſetilſone was then delivered of a young prince, to the great joy of Simouſtapha, Haroun and Zobeide. This happy event was celebrated with great feſtivity by all the faithful. The caliph gave his grandſon the name of Haroun-Ben-Alraſchid. The queen of the genies preſided at his birth, and poured upon the ſon of Simouſtapha a liberal meaſure of thoſe endowments which her art enabled her to beſtow, while the commander of the faithful and his ſon-in-law implored more eſſential bleſſings in the high moſque of Bagdad.

Every thing ſeemed to promiſe to the caliph's family an uninterrupted courſe of proſperity; but a ſtorm was in the mean time riſing in Egypt to diſturb the ſcene. Naraes, ſon to the magician Mamouk, having from time to time obſerved the fountain which was to give him indications of the ſucceſs of his father's enterpriſe, at length ſaw the water become turbid; he ſent two ſpirits to his father's aid, but the water was ſoon after tinged with blood; he then perceived that his aſſiſtance had been ineffectual, and that his father was dead, and ſchemes of vengeance filled his breaſt.—— In the laſt chamber of his magic circle he traced the whole train of Mamouk's adventures againſt Simouſtapha. He accordingly furniſhed himſelf with all that ſeemed neceſſary to his ſucceſs, and ſet out for Bagdad. It was not now into the houſe of a private perſon that admiſſion was neceſſary, but into the caliph's palace. Naraes had indeed a great advantage over his father. He was in the full vigour of his ſtrength. He needed not to have recourſe to ſo many artifices for the purpoſe of aſſociating another perſon in his enterpriſe; the firſt that ſhould come in his way might do all that he wanted.

Naraes,

Naraes, after undergoing a great deal of fatigue, and often turning out of his road, arrived at length, as his father had done, near the rivers Ilphara and Aggiala. A fiſherman had caſt his net, and was beginning to deſpair at having taken nothing in the courſe of the day: how ſhould he ſupport his family? The magician, eaſily penetrating into the cauſe of his diſtreſs, went up, and, accoſting him, put a piece of gold into his hand: "Courage, honeſt man," ſaid he, "I have obſerved your fruitleſs labour, and ſhared your uneaſineſs. But you are not well enough acquainted with the proper baits for enticing fiſh. Lay aſide your net, take a line, and under a rock a few paces hence you ſhall find a fiſh of a peculiar ſort. I will here take up a little earth, form it into a ſmall bowl, and water it with a marvellous water. Taking this then for a bait, you muſt drop your line from the top of the rock, and with a ſmall degree of patience you will take a fine fiſh. Thoſe rare fiſhes ſhow themſelves only from time to time in theſe rivers. This is the ſeaſon of their appearance. They are called *Sultan Hebraim* after the patriarch who preſented the ſpecies. When you have taken it, you need not carry it to the caliph, as that illuſtrious prince indulges not himſelf in the delicacies of the table, but preſent it to prince Simouſtapha; he will pay whatever you chooſe to aſk for it; follow my advice. I muſt return to my warehouſe, and may not ſtay to witneſs your ſucceſs. I am the firſt dealer in china-ware on the right hand as you go in by the great gate of the Kan. Come to me to-morrow morning, and I will then give you a glaſs or two of my water, and we may perhaps go out a-fiſhing together." To this he added another piece of gold, ſaying, "here is ſomething

to reward your trouble, if I make you loſe your time; and as an earneſt that I am to employ you to-morrow." With this he left the fiſherman, who had already gone upon the rock, where he was patiently waiting the accompliſhment of Naraes' promiſes.

Simouſtapha and his wife had no ſuſpicion that a dangerous intrigue was forming againſt them by the edge of the water. They had been with the caliph's conſent on a viſit to the amiable queen of the genies, and ſhe had given them many new proofs of her friendſhip. Ilſetilſone had obſerved in the fairy's palace a bird with beautifully variegated plumage. It had been created to inhabit the terreſtrial paradiſe. But refuſing its homage to Solomon, and giving the preference to Kokopeliſobe, it was baniſhed to Ginniſtan. This pretty bird was familiar and confident in its manners, and had a thouſand winning ways with it, ſtill remembering the paſt, miſtruſtful of the preſent, and provident of the future. It ſpoke little, but its language was very intelligible to ſuch as had been accuſtomed to it.

The fair princeſs of India careſſed this bird with great fondneſs. Setelpedour willing to loſe no opportunity of obliging a lady who had gained her favour, begged Ilſetilſone to accept it as a preſent. "I give you," ſaid the queen, "a ſmall but very engaging animal, it ſeems much inclined to attach itſelf to you, and is capable of giving you excellent advice; do not neglect what it ſays, but learn to underſtand it; in your lovely hands it will not think itſelf in a ſtate of exile, for it has got it into its little head, I know not by what means, that it muſt travel to the earth before it can reviſit its native country. Here is its cage, it is impoſſible

impoſſible to confine this little creature, it comes and goes as it pleaſes. But before it parts with me it muſt leave me ſomething here to remember it by—come, my little bird, give me two of theſe pretty feathers of thine." The bird expanded its tail, and two feathers dropped into the queen's hand.

The prince and princeſs, thanking the fairy for her favours, returned with the bird in its cage, towards the caliph's palace. They entered their own firſt. The eunuch Hachim, the chief cook, had bought a beautiful fiſh which was ſtill alive. It was called Sultan-Hebraim, becauſe the prophet had regaled Mahomet with it at Mêdina. The eunuch was an excellent cook, but in this inſtance a bad genealogiſt, although indeed the fiſherman might have given him a confuſed account of this matter. But he had given ſixty ſequins for the fiſh. They were curious to ſee this animal. It was ſwimming about in a large ſilver baſon. The water ſeemed as if it were full of topazes, rubies, and emeralds. On its head ſeemed to be a golden helmet, the creſt of which was ornamented with pearls. Its ſcales were much larger on the upper half of its body, than towards the tail, and had the appearance of a purple robe edged with gold-lace, its fins were of the colour of coral, and beſtudded with azure ſtars.

"What a beautiful, what a ſplendid fiſh!" cried Simouſtapha and Ilſetilſone by turns.

"*Fi, fi, fi, fi!*" cried the bird in its own language, and in a ſhrieking tone, which hurt the ear. "This pretty bird has a moſt diſagreeable voice," ſaid the princeſs, "it gives me a headache.—But what a beautiful fiſh that! obſerve its eye, there is ſomething tender in it."

"*Lie,*

"*Lie, lie, lie lie!*" cried the bird with a more intolerable ſcream than before. "Dear Simouſtapha," ſaid the princeſs, "I cannot keep this bird, if it continues to ſhriek in this manner, I had rather have this lovely fiſh."—"*Worſe, worſe, worſe, worſe,*" cried the bird, aſſuming at each articulation a ſhriller tone of voice. "Oh! the fooliſh bird with its fine plumage!" ſaid Ilſetilſone.—"We have a reſervoir which holds water to ſupply our baths: Let us put my charming fiſh there. I will feed it with my own hand. They call thee Sultan?—Thou ſhalt be my Sultan."

"*No, no, no, no!*" cried the bird again in a tranſport of rage, and at the ſame time darting out of his cage upon the baſon, at the riſk of drowning himſelf in the water, he pecked out the eyes of the fiſh; he ſtruck again at his head, and ſcattered the pearls from the creſt of his helmet. The fiſh made reſiſtance; Ilſetilſone appeared to defend him, but the bird avoided her, and pierced his bill thro' all the moſt delicate parts of the fiſh's body. The princeſs at laſt caught hold of the bird, and, for fear that he ſhould again eſcape, preſſed him till he was ſtrangled between her hands.

Simouſtapha beheld this ſcene without knowing what to think of the bird and the fiſh. The former, though dying, ſtill made a ſtruggling motion, but the baſon was filled with blood, and the fiſh had diſappeared. The prince alarmed and confounded at the prodigy, invoked the genie of the ring, and he inſtantly appeared. "Tell me," ſaid Simouſtapha, whence is all the blood which that fiſh has loſt, and is ſtill loſing?" "The bird," replied the genie, "has delivered you from a man who came hither to aſſaſſinate you; Naraes the Egyptian, ſon to Mamouk, and the laſt of your enemies.

enemies; he had metamorphoſed himſelf into this fiſh, and ſuffered himſelf to be taken by the poor fiſherman who brought him hither." "Bear him in that ſame baſon," ſaid the prince, "to the queen of the genies, that ſhe may diſpoſe of him at her pleaſure." The ſlave inſtantly diſappeared, and went to execute his maſter's orders.

Simouſtapha had not had time to remark how his wife was employed. He now ſaw her mournfully labouring to revive the bird which ſhe had ſtifled. She was warming it in her boſom, and her eyes were bathed in tears. "What is the matter?" aſked the prince, "I am miſerable;" ſaid the princeſs, "I have ſlain that charming, that excellent bird, which ſacrificed its own life to preſerve mine, and which the queen deprived herſelf of to give it to an unreaſonable and capricious being—to a murderous hand. I ſhall not dare to appear again in the preſence of our benefactreſs. I cannot but weep for you my dear Simouſtapha. The queen, your box, your ring, and your prudence might ſecure you from the malice of your enemies, but who ſhall deliver you from my caprice?"

"Your wiſe reflections," replied the prince, more affected by the pain which he ſaw her ſuffer, than by the ſenſe of the danger to which he had been expoſed. "How can I blame you for this miſtake? am not I myſelf to blame for not aſſiſting you with better advice? In our preſent ſituation, expoſed as we are to unforeſeen dangers, ought I to have lent ſo ready an ear to the eunuch's ridiculous ſtory? eſpecially as I had been before deceived and impoſed upon by the beauty of a pear, which I brought into my houſe? Why had not I immediate recourſe to my box, inſtead of joining

you

you in your admiration of the beautiful ſcales of the monſter in diſguiſe. Calm your uneaſineſs my dear Ilſeilſone, that I may appear to myſelf more excuſable. Let me go caſt myſelf at the feet of the queen of the genies to implore her pardon for that culpable degree of negligence of which I have been guilty."

"You ſhall not go far," ſaid Setelpedour, ſuddenly diſcovering herſelf to the pair. "You ſeem ſo ſenſible of your faults that it would be cruel to reproach you for them. Come both, embrace me, and let us be wiſer in time to come."

"But this lovely bird!" ſaid the princeſs mournfully.—"I had taken my precautions," ſaid the queen, "here are two feathers, which I reſerved to be employed in caſe its courage ſhould hurry it into two great danger; fairy birds are not without a reſource. Setelpedour then, taking the creature in her hands, reſtored its two feathers; it was immediately upon its feet, ſpread out its wings, waved them, fluttered about through the apartment, uttered a note of joy, and pitched itſelf by turns upon the ſhoulder of the fairy, the finger of Simouſtapha, and the boſom of the princeſs, prattling in its own language of the pleaſure of its reſurrection. It then returned into its cage, began to eat, and ſoon after filled the room with its melodious ſong.

Joy by degrees returned to Ilſetilſone's heart: "My good friend," ſaid the queen, "we will ſup and paſs a part of the night together. I cannot ſtay long from Ginniſtan, but I would make the moſt of the time I can ſpare. Simouſtapha will order Jemal and his little mute to ſerve us. Let us leave pomp to thoſe who know not the value of liberty. Beſides, I muſt beware of ſhewing myſelf

myſelf to all the world. My ſubjects begin to complain that I concern myſelf too much about this world, and we have to talk of things which requires ſecrecy and ſilence.

Setelpedour ſat down between the pair and renewed her careſſes, and other marks of friendſhip. She related how ſhe had puniſhed the magician Naraes. She had made him to be coupled with Danſouk, a deteſtable genie, who had been the aſſociate and accomplice of all the Egyptian's crimes. They had been caſt together into the lake of bitumen, wher Narae's father had ended his days. "You will henceforth be in leſs danger," replied the queen, "but you are not yet in abſolute ſecurity. While I am delivering you from your enemies my partiality conſtantly raiſes up others to purſue you.

"Hitherto I had nothing to dread but the malice naturally inherent in the hearts of my ſubjects; at preſent I muſt prevent their artifices—they affect to neglect my orders, and conceal dangerous conſpiracies among themſelves. I muſt examine them—my penetration may poſſibly ſee through their dark deſigns. I ſay no more at this time. I muſt provide for my own ſecurity, and ſtrive to detect the unſeen dangers which threaten me. But my chief concern, my dear Simouſtapha, is to aſſure myſelf of your heart."

"It is your's, Madam," ſaid the prince, in a firſt emotion, while he was not maſter of himſelf—"I can never baniſh dear Ilſetilſone," replied Setelpedour.———"I ſhall remain with him," returned the young princeſs, "to aſſiſt you to complete your conqueſt; may Simouſtapha keep poſſeſſion of your throne, and my joy ſhall be full."

"What

"What ſay you, prince?" reſumed the queen. —"I belong to Ilſetilſone, ſhe alone has power to diſpoſe of me," added Simouſtapha. "Charming pair!" cried Setelpedour. "One of you has inſpired me with an ardent paſſion for a man, the other conciliates my favour to all her ſex. You teach me to know the power of merit over virtuous hearts! And you," ſaid ſhe, riſing, "be mutually affectionate, noble and generous in your ſentiments. You have given me the ſweeteſt of enjoyments. No indiſcretion on my part ſhall ever diſturb your felicity." With this Setelpedour departed, leaving the lovers faithfully attached to her, but nor for that the leſs dear to one another.

We ſhall not enter into a farther detail of the feelings with which our three lovers were affected at parting, or at their daily viſits, whenever it was poſſible for Setelpedour to withdraw herſelf for a few moments from the tumult and anxiety of her court.

A number of months now ſucceeded one another without bringing on any remarkable events, or producing any ſenſible change in the paſſions or intereſts of theſe parties. Simouſtapha ſaw his lovely family growing up about him, and augmented with the addition of a daughter. He was buſied in the affairs of the ſtate, the burden of which fell in a great degree upon him, and in his leiſure hours he either went to Ginniſtan, or amuſed himſelf in following the chaſe.

He forgat the dangers to which he had been expoſed, and, by conſequence, ceaſed to be on his guard againſt future artifices. He was perhaps too proud of not depending always on the aſſiſtance of his box and ring. Armed with his ſcimitar,

tar, and mounted on his generous ſteed, he choſe rather to truſt to the ſtrength of his arm and the energy of his courage. He had read a maxim among Benalab's inſtructions, which confirmed him in theſe ſentiments; when man is able to act for himſelf he ought never to have recourſe to ſupernatural aid. The ſage might have added, when ſupernatural aid ſhall have beſtowed new energy on your powers, do not, for that, ever lay aſide your arms!—But Benalab could not foreſee nor write every thing.

When Simouſtapha was one day out a-hunting, he perceived a fallow-deer. It fled from his attack with great velocity. He followed upon his horſe, gained ground upon it, launched his weapon, and fixed it in the animal's ſhoulder. The dart had however pierced it in ſuch a manner as not to impede its motions, and it redoubled its ſpeed after receiving the wound. The courſer preſſed after it, without loſing an inch of ground; it was like one flaſh of lightning purſuing another. The prince loſt breath, but his keenneſs in the purſuit renewed his ſtrength, and he was ſoon ſeparated from his attendants.

At laſt towards the cloſe of day the object of his purſuit ſtopped and ſuddenly diſappeared. A ſudden blaſt of wind threw the prince from his horſe, and he found himſelf at the feet of a monſtrous beaſt. Its ears hung down upon its breaſt; its yawning mouth extended from ear to ear; a noxious ſmoke exhaled from its flattened noſtrils, it was enlightened only by one eye in the middle of its broad forehead, for the place received a faint gleam of light, like that which is produced by the ſulphurous flame of a volcano.

Simouſtapha's

Simouſtapha's firſt emotion at ſight of this awful genie, was to lift up his ſoul to God, through his prophet Mahomet; his next to preſent himſelf boldly before the fiend. The genie ſtood confounded at his boldneſs, yet was not the leſs ſure of victory over a man alone and almoſt unarmed.

"Vile Muſſulman," ſaid the phantom, "ſlave of a ſlave! thou ſhalt undergo the puniſhment which was formerly denounced againſt thy maſter Benalab, the puniſhment due to thy pride for preſuming to command genies, whoſe orders thou art even unworthy to obey; thou ſhalt here anſwer for the inſolence, the injuſtice, the tyranny of thy falſe queen Setelpedour, towards my maſter the great prince Bahliſboull. Fall, die, her victim and her ſlave! At theſe words the frightful monſter raiſed his enormous club, the knots of which were pointed diamonds, and prepared to cruſh Simouſtapha to the ground. The brave prince avoided the ſtroke, and with his ſcimitar clove the genie to the middle. His ears were inſtantly aſſailed with frightful cries and roarings, which the pitchy darkneſs in which he was wrapped rendered doubly horrible. But the conqueror of the genie, was a ſtranger to fear. His horſe now came up to him, and with his neighings congratulated his maſter on his victory. The howlings ceaſed; the illuſion vaniſhed; but unfortunately the Indian prince was left alone to dangers in which illuſion and magic had no ſhare. Under the ſhades of night he had not diſtinguiſhed whither he was borne by the rapid purſuit of his horſe; he knew not now where he was, and could not poſſibly judge how far he was from Bagdad; being beſides exhauſted with fatigue, he lay down upon

the graſs. Here determining to wait, till the return of morning might direct his ſteps back to Bagdad, he left his horſe to graze at liberty beſide him. The prince now became ſenſible of his imprudence in adventuring out without his box and ring. But the power who had enabled him to overthrow the monſter, and given him ſtrength to part into two a ſpiritual ſubſtance, continued to encourage him in his preſent difficulties. He fell aſleep, under the guardianſhip of that all-powerful being, who can deſtroy the monſters of hell, by the operation of the meaneſt atom in the creation.

Simouſtapha had, however, not the leaſt apprehenſion of his being at ſuch a diſtance from his princeſs, that journeying at an ordinary rate, it would take ſome years to rejoin her. He had been tranſported by a powerful charm, to the ſummit of Caucaſus. The genie who had received orders from Bahliſboull to deſtroy the Indian prince, having transformed himſelf into a fallow-deer, had enticed him away in the purſuit. He had ſuffered himſelf to be wounded by the weapon that was diſcharged againſt him, and immediately inchanted the hand, from which it had been launched. Thus the huſband of the fair Ilſetilſone, was hurried onward under the influence of this charm with the ſame celerity as the author of this enchantment.

While Simouſtapha was indulging in the ſweets of repoſe, thoſe ſpirits which had witneſſed their maſter's fall, ſpeedily returned to the regions of Upper Egypt, whither their prince had retired. So haſty a return, and the confuſion in which they appeared, ſtruck Bahliſboull with conſternation; but when he heard the particulars of the combat, and how Raſtras had been cloven by the Indian prince, he abandoned himſelf to the tranſports of ungovernable

ungovernable rage. He next revolved in his mind various ſchemes of vengeance to wipe away the affront by which his power had been diſgraced.—Since inchantment could ſo little avail him, he reſolved to involve the hero in difficulties and dangers of a more ordinary nature, by leading him aſtray through an intricate and almoſt impaſſible line of road in his journey homewards, by exhauſting his ſtrength and courage through fatigue and want, by depreſſing him under deſpair, and by expoſing him to ſavage animals when he ſhould be too much enfeebled to reſiſt their attack. But it was neceſſary that Setelpedour ſhould remain ignorant of the place where, and the time when ſuch cruelties were inflicted.

Immediately the old genie aſſembled the exiled ſpirits who were ſcattered through the country which he now inhabited; for they had acknowledged him their chief at the moment of his arrival.—"Go," ſaid he, "and raiſe around the Indian prince, whom you will find on the ſide of mount Caucaſus a thick miſt which may conceal him. The genies joyfully obeyed the orders of their malevolent prince; and, while they prepared to hide Simouſtapha from the view of the genies his protectors, Setelpedour ſaw all the cavalry in Bagdad ſcouring the country, paſſing through the cities, towns, hamlets, and foreſts, demanding him of all nature. The caliph put all in motion to recover his ſon-in-law, who was as dear to him as if he had been his own child. He had hinted among the ladies that Simouſtapha had been ſent abruptly upon a ſecret commiſſion of the laſt importance. Zobeide and her daughter were eaſy, but Setelpedour was not to be thus impoſed upon.

The queen of the genies immediately ſent out her moſt active and intelligent ſpirits, thoſe whom ſhe ſuppoſed to be the moſt faithfully attached to herſelf, to ſave a favourite whoſe ruin they ſecretly wiſhed. They traverſed the whole earth, but returned with no ſatisfactory information to quiet the uneaſineſs of the queen. They had ſeen the miſt on mount Caucaſus, but none of them took the trouble to examine it. Setelpedour was inconſolable.

Among the genies of the court was an old gnome named Bakbak; ſhe was friendly to mankind and had no malice in her. Her only fault was, that ſhe had a deſire to know every thing, to talk inceſſantly, and to tattle of every thing. She had not for a long time appeared in the divan, becauſe none were permitted to ſpeak there, except in turn. She had a little nephew who was very young, and was named Jazzel. She brought him up, as well as it is poſſible to bring up a child, whom you are continually either praiſing or ſcolding, from morning to night. This gnome had taken no part either for or againſt Setelpedour; and therefore ſhe could judge of her conduct upon every occaſion without partiality or prejudice. She now heard mention made of the parties ſent out to the four quarters of the globe, in ſearch of the Indian prince. "Go," ſaid ſhe to Jazzel, "thou haſt great need to learn ſomewhat; thou haſt new wings fit for an excurſion; move through the air; take thy ſtand occaſionally upon the ſummits of mountains whence thou mayeſt ſee to a diſtance; ſkim all over the ſurface of the earth, and be ſure to bring me news: liſten to the converſation of men as they paſs thee; they know not themſelves what they ſay, but a genie may always learn ſomething from it. Thou muſt return ſoon again to tell

me

me what thou haſt heard and ſeen; and if I am then pleaſed with thee, I will give thee a ſecret to win the genie whom thou loveſt beſt. Come hither, let me pour a balſamic oil upon thy wings, which will make thee fly four times as faſt as any other."

Jazzel flew away with the other genies to try his wings. He roſe above them all, and ſaw them part and proceed different ways to diſcharge their commiſſion. None of them went near enough to the earth to gain any information. When they halted it was to take their eaſe, when they drew near to mankind it was to play them ſome frolicſome tricks; they uſed no pains to acquire the leaſt information.

Chance led Jazzel to follow thoſe who were to ſearch Mount Caucaſus. He obſerved the miſt, and tried to look through it; but it was too thick to be pierced by his inexperienced eyes. Setelpedour's ſcouts paſſed far above, without attempting to examine it. He at length diſcovered ſome men, who ſeemed converſing at the foot of the mountain, and ſtopped to liſten.

"What a thick infectious miſt!" ſaid they; "how could it ariſe from dry ſand, deſtitute of water? It is a very extraordinary phœnomenon; it is ſurely the bearer of ſomething malignant; and certainly forbodes ſome miſchief."

Jazzel laid up this little obſervation, and purſued his route till he gathered ſome other particulars of an indifferent nature to be communicated to the old aunt, for the ſecret ſhe had promiſed him.—When he ſaw Setelpedour's emiſſaries return, he flew back to Bakbak, and gave her a more faithful account of his journey than the others gave of their's to the queen.

The gnome conſidering all thoſe circumſtances, "ſee," ſaid ſhe, "how our queen's affairs go ſince love has turned her head!—Is that ſo great a fault? Methinks I could pardon it in myſelf.—But, no, no, no, no.—A man! Fye, a man!—well there is both the one and the other.—But Jazzel doſt not thou tell me that thoſe peaſants were talking of that thick miſt, and that there was ſomething miſchievous in it? I muſt mention this to our queen." And inſtantly the old woman went away to relate to Setelpedour what diſcoveries the young genie had made in his journey.

The queen had patience to hear her; at length when ſhe could gather from the babbling of old Bakbak, how negligent her emiſſaries had been, ſhe naturally began to ſuſpect the exiſtence of a plot among them, and conjectured that there was ſomething extraordinary in the miſt. She armed herſelf immediately with all her powers, and with every means of maintaing her authority, that ſhe could command. Although a great part of her ſubjects might have betrayed her, ſhe was ſtill to them and to the elements of nature, the grand daughter of Kokopileſobe.

The caliph, for his part, now more and more alarmed by the ill ſucceſs of the ſearch which he had made, and not chooſing as yet to communicate his fears to Zobeide and her daughter, took advantage of the high anniverſary feſtival of Haraphat, (a hill in Arabia, upon which the pilgrims to Mecca perform ſacrifices, ſlaying the victims and daſhing their bodies down its ſides), and offered, with unuſual ſolemnity, thoſe ſacrifices by which he ſought to draw down upon faithful Muſſulmans the favour of heaven, and the ſignal protection of their great prophet. Haroun, attended by the mufti and the other principal miniſters of religion, ſacrificed

ſacrificed with his own hand two yellow heiffers, and two ſheep of the largeſt ſize. To theſe expreſſions of devotion he added alſo the moſt fervent prayers for the ſafe return of Simouſtapha. All the people anſwered with their wiſhes.

Yet the palace was overcaſt with ſadneſs. Zobeide no longer concealed her uneaſineſs from her daughter. This princeſs was alone, and had none now to conſole her; the queen of the genies no longer viſited her; ſhe ſaw none but a group of melancholy countenances around her; all were in tears; Namouna was ſobbing; Ilſetilſone could no longer reſtrain herſelf; ſhe lay down upon a ſofa, and wept aloud.

"*Peace! peace! peace!*" cried the pretty bird. —"Peace?" ſaid ſhe, "alas! there is no peace for me; Simouſtapha is dead."

"*No! no! no!*" cried the bird.—"How! charming bird, is he not dead? does he ſtill live for me? ſhall I ſee him again?"

"*Yes! yes! yes!*"—"When will that happy moment come, tell me?"—"*Soon! ſoon! ſoon!*"—"What comfort thou giveſt me! Weep no more then my good Namouna, we ſhall again ſee Simouſtapha." She then took her lovely bird and fondled it; "thou didſt ſave my life, dear bird!" ſaid ſhe, "and I took away thine; can I ever forgive myſelf?"

It is to be obſerved that all the princeſs' uneaſineſs was entirely unmixed with jealous ſuſpicion.—She had not ſeen the queen of the genies ſince her lovers abſence, but did not ſuppoſe *her* capable of depriving her of him. Zobeide was not ſo eaſy upon this head, but ſhe kept her fears to herſelf.—The caliph derived confidence from his religion, and from the piety of his ſon-in-law.

The ſtar of the ſeven ſeas ſoon deſcended to the top of Mount Caucaſus, where ſhe obſerved the miſt that had been raiſed by Bahliſboull's malice.—She immediately made a wind blow which ſuddenly diſperſed thoſe vapours. She then ſaw the idol of her heart pale, fatigued, dejected, and in a ſituation to affect the moſt unfeeling heart.

Simouſtapha had, for ten days wandered thro' ſtrange and frightful deſerts, having no guide to follow but the direction of the ſtars. He knew not in what quarter of the earth he was; he had no other means of ſuſtenance but the roots which he could dig up with his ſabre, and the wild fruits which he plucked from trees with the nature of which he was unacquainted. He travelled on all the day impatiently urging the ſpeed of his gallant ſteed. He had paſſed an immenſe deſert, and another, and of ſtill wider extent, opened before him. He ſpent the night lying upon the ground, and by day had to bear the fatigue of travelling, and the ſcorching influence of a torrid and inhoſpitable climate.

The Indian prince, exhauſted by his toils, had ſtopped beſide a ſpring to quench his thirſt. As he was ſtooping to drink, a lion, ruſhing ſuddenly from an adjoining foreſt, ſprung upon the hero's horſe. Simouſtapha drew his ſcimitar, and, by the very firſt blow divided the lion's ſcull, and laid him dead at his feet. The horſe leaped for joy; but the prince was exhauſted by this laſt effort, and fell down fainting on the turf. In this ſituation he was diſcovered by the queen of the genies.

At ſight of the dangers to which the Indian prince had been expoſed by Bahliſboull's dark enchantments, Setelpedour, animated alike by love and

and vengeance, felt herſelf prompted to gratify both theſe paſſions. But the former prevailed: ſhe deſcended to the ground, and with the tenderest careſſes recalled him to life over whom the ſhades of death were hovering.

No other magic than that of love was needed to revive her fainting lover. She ſoon ſaw thoſe eyes ſparkle whoſe luſtre ſeemed preferable to the glare of all thoſe ſplendid objects with which ſhe was continually ſurrounded. She ſought to improve her joy by waking them to ſtill higher animation. Speech and ſenſe were reſtored to Simouſtapha; he ſaw himſelf in the arms of her, whom, but a few minutes before, he had in vain invoked, in conſequence of having neglected his box and ring when he left his palace.——He was yet too faint to expreſs his gratitude in words.

"I underſtand you ſufficiently," ſaid the benevolent queen, "but our only preſent care is the reſtoration of your health and ſtrength." So ſaying, ſhe aroſe. From the next ſhrub ſhe cut a rod, and drew a circle with it around Simouſtapha. She found at hand the neceſſary plants for the enchantment which ſhe was preparing to perform, and completed the charm by pronouncing words of unfailing efficacy. Immediately the Indian prince found his health reſtored; in a moment after he recovered his ſtrength, aroſe, and with tranſport kiſſed the beneficent hand to which he was ſo much indebted. All the overflowing emotions of his heart were ready to pour themſelves forth at once; the tenderneſs of his gratitude could not be otherwiſe than pleaſing to her who was the object of it. At the ſame time, however, he

expreſſed the moſt anxious uneaſineſs with reſpect to Ilſetilſone.

"Be eaſy, dear Simouſtapha," ſaid Setelpedour, "ſince you were in danger all my concern has been confined to yourſelf. I was afraid that if I ſhould have gone to two great a diſtance from my palace, plots might have been framed in my abſence to favour the malicious views of your enemies. Beſides, your wife was conſtantly with her mother, and I was ſatisfied with leaving her my little bird, an intelligent being that would not fail to give her ſome conſolation. His advices are never impertinent, for he never ſays a ſingle ſyllable that is not true. However, now that you are recovered, we may take the way to my palace; you muſt be in need of refreſhment after ſo long abſtinence, and I will then conduct you to your lovely wife." So ſaying, the queen called for her chariot. Three clouds, reſplendent with the colours of the rainbow, deſcended to where they ſtood, and preſented two ſeats to receive them, more commodious each than the beſt-contrived ſofas could poſſibly be. Setelpedour and the prince ſeated themſelves. The latter expreſſed ſome concern about his horſe, but ſhe had foreſeen his fear, and prevented his wiſhes. He ſaw his horſe riſing on golden wings through the air, and flying cloſe beſide the delicate ſeat on which the fond couple had taken the way to Giniſtan.

By the way Simouſtapha began to relate his adventures. Setelpedour interrupted him. "Let us forget the ſnares which have been laid for you; I know all the perfidy and baſeneſs of your enemies, and all the diſtreſs that you have ſuffered from their machinations. But as we are here, Simouſtapha, alone, in the midſt of the univerſe, I ſhould

ſhould wiſh to remain here with you, were not the wiſh to prove injurious to the mutual felicity of two hearts, in whoſe happineſs I am not leſs intereſted than in my own; ſpeak of your love, and let us forget the fraudulent ſtratagems which you have fruſtrated, and even the vengeance which it becomes you to inflict."

"Ah! who would not forget thoſe?" ſaid the prince, tranſported with love, "if placed beſide the moſt charming object under heaven, who is content with being beloved, when ſhe deſerves to have altars raiſed to her, whoſe only care is to oblige, and who ſacrifices her own pleaſure to promote the ſatisfaction of others."

The clouds now ſtopped before the palace-gate. Eſſences were ſerved up to Simouſtapha in the moſt inviting forms. Theſe ſerved to revive and ſtrengthen without overloading his ſtomach, and thus prepared him for more liberal indulgence in the pleaſures of the table.——"Let us now begone," ſaid Setelpedour, "let us go ſup with our dear Ilſetilſone. Let us carry theſe diſhes to her; ſhe will find their flavour and reliſh agreeable; I would willingly ſhare with her every thing I poſſeſs, even my power, if I thought it of any conſequence." "Let us go," replied Simouſtapha, "but tell me why you make light of a power which affords you ſo many enjoyments?"—"Let us mount the chariot," replied Setelpedour, "the anſwer to your queſtion can only be whiſphered in your ear.——It is becauſe power hinders me from marrying a man whom I paſſionately love."—The prince and the fairy did not ſteal into the caliph's palace without being previouſly announced. The lovely bird undertook this taſk. Zobeide had juſt left her daughter's apartment, when

when the pretty creature began to cry "*Simouſtapha!*"

"*Simouſtapha!* repeated Namouna.——"What ſayeſt thou, my dear bird!" ſaid the princeſs.—But the little prattler only anſwered "*Simouſtapha! Simouſtapha!*"——"Where," ſaid Namouna, running like a mad creature to the door.——In the mean time the company announced by the bird came in at the window. Simouſtapha was in the arms of Ilſetilſone, and was covering her countenance with his kiſſes, and bedewing it with his tears. The queen of the genies likewiſe embraced her, and the little bird, clapping its wings, cried, "*Brave! brave! bravely done!*"

The tumultuous rapture of the firſt meeting by degrees ſubſided. The company ſat down, chatted, and told each other their adventures; ſometimes all the three ſpoke at once. To have ſeen them one would have thought that they had been parted for an age. At length an entertainment was ſerved up. On ſuch an occaſion, even although ſomething had been wanting to render the feaſt complete, it could not have been greatly miſſed.

Namouna, who had taken ſome fruitleſs trouble, ſoon heard the noiſe, and returned. As ſhe ſtopped to liſten at the door, "Come in, good woman, come in!" ſaid Setelpedour, nowiſe ſurpriſed or diſobliged at her curioſity;—"are you not ſurpriſed to ſee me here?"—"Yes, madam, I ſee that you are equally good and beautiful."—"You are obliging, Namouna; I ſhould wiſh to be of ſervice to you."—"Ah! madam, you very eaſily may, you who have ſo much in your power. Make me young again."—"I can do you a better ſervice—give you conſtant good health; my little bird has more

ſkill

ſkill than I, and will give you the ſecret by which you may obtain it."

"I know that as well as he, Madam; and yet I am no conjurer."—"But, what if I give you a ſyrup to reſtore your youth while you are aſleep, and renew your bloom?"—"Give me but the hundredth part of your's, and I ſhall think myſelf more beautiful than the full moon."—"Go, Namouna, be eaſy, you are fond of a jeſt; it is my pleaſure that you become now more charming than you ever were in your life; you ſhall have dimples in your cheeks, a ſlender waiſt, and a little foot."——"Grammercy, madam." Ilſetilſone, with this, diſmiſſed her nurſe, the repaſt ended, and the queen of the genies returned to Ginniſtan!

Before Simouſtapha entered the palace the caliph had already retired to reſt. It would have been improper to diſturb his repoſe. And the communication of the good news to him was therefore deferred till next day. But the joy upon the young prince's arrival ſpread through all his own apartments. The eunuchs awakened all the female ſlaves; they aroſe and made Namouna give an account of all that ſhe had ſeen—they gave themſelves up to one common tranſport of joy. The little mute was near to having his tongue looſed by the ſtrong emotions which he now felt.

By the time the caliph awaked Simouſtapha was at his feet. They tenderly embraced one another. The caliph immediately ſent to inform Zobeide of a piece of news which ſo nearly concerned her peace and happineſs.

All the muezzins were without delay ordered to the tops of the minarets to call the people to the moſques, to render thanks to the Almighty, and

and to his great prophet for the reſtoration of the hero to whom the Muſſulman empire was indebted for its glory, and even its exiſtence. The joy of the commander of the faithful was expreſſed by an abatement of the taxes, the diſtribution of alms, the enlargement of the priſoners, the ſound of military inſtruments, and feſtive entertainments to the officers and ſoldiers of the army, and to his people in general, whoſe ſatisfaction was complete, now that they again enjoyed the ſight of their favourite hero.

The Indian prince gave his family an account of the unlucky adventures which had removed him to ſuch a diſtance, and detained him ſo long from Bagdad. He acknowledged that he was wrong in having neglected to ſecure himſelf by the ſupernatural means with which the fairy, his protectreſs, and the Perſian philoſopher, his governor, had furniſhed him; and related how the benevolent fairy had delivered him out of thoſe ſnares into which he had fallen by his own imprudence. He dwelled upon the ſlighteſt circumſtances, and ſpoke with a degree of warmth which alarmed Zobeide.

She took the firſt opportunity of ſpeaking of this to her daughter. "Are not you uneaſy," ſaid ſhe, "at the attachment which the queen of the genies has formed for your huſband, and the exceſſive gratitude which he appears to feel for her favours?"

"I! Madam!" replied Ilſetilſone, "can I be jealous of the favours with which the queen of the genies honours us? Ah! even without her power and amiable qualities, had ſhe no other merit, but that of diſtinguiſhing the perfections of Simouſtapha, ſhe would ſtill be dear to my heart.

Were

Were but one of the ſtars of heaven ſmitten with the charms and virtues of my huſband, it ſhould become my ſun."—"Either love has produced a ſtrange effect upon my daughter," ſaid Zobeide to herſelf, "or ſhe reſembles me much leſs than her father, for I ſhould not be content in her place."

The caliph had heard the recital of Simouſtapha's laſt adventures with great attention. He now made that prince repeat all the incidents of his life previous to his marriage with Ilſetilſone, and ordered the narrative to be committed to writing, and to be depoſited among the imperial archives.

The Indian prince reſumed his place in the caliph's privy council, and in the divan. Beſide his ordinary employments he continued to do himſelf the pleaſure of going frequently to pay his homage to the amiable queen of the genies. Whenever ſhe was viſited by the charming couple, ſhe always returned the viſit on the ſubſequent night, and inceſſantly ſtudied to load them with new marks of her kindneſs. She wiſhed Ilſetilſone to ſpend a few days in her palace. The caliph's permiſſion was aſked, and he granted it with pleaſure.

Haroun did not chooſe that his daughter, after being ſo much enriched with preſents from the queen of the genies, ſhould appear before her empty-handed: neither did he chooſe that ſhe ſhould ſuddenly leave his court, as if carried away by inchantment, which might have given uneaſineſs to the people, and might have opened their eyes to ſome things, of which it was better for them to be ignorant. The caliph therefore, ordered his treaſury to be opened to Simouſtapha, and ſuitable preparations to be at the ſame time made for the

departure

departure of his daughter, to paſs the ſpring at Caſſer-il-Harais, his country-houſe, which was three days' journey diſtant from Bagdad.

Caſſer-il-Harais is a noble building, ſituate on the banks of the river Aggiala. The great prophet laid the foundation-ſtone. The front, facing the gardens, diſplayed three hundered and ſixty-five windows. The walls were coated over without with alabaſter, and oriental marble, and were ornamented with the moſt precious jaſper. The doors were formed of aloes and ſandal wood, and turned upon golden hinges. The pannellings and partitions were of the moſt beautiful ſpecies of wood, and finiſhed in the moſt elegant manner. Nothing could equal the beauty of the furniture, or the rich decorations of the apartments. Rubies, emeralds, and topazes were diſpoſed through them in the moſt laviſh abundance. Mahomet began and finiſhed this building upon the occaſion of the marriage of his daughter Fatme with Omar-Ilalab. In the latter days of the prophet's life upon earth he ſpent much of his time in this palace, and was here favoured with inſpiration from on high, thro' the miniſtry of the angel Gabriel. The pen with whice he wrote the four laſt chapters of the alcoran is ſtill preſerved here in a box of cryſtal, garniſhed with diamonds.

The garden belonging to this palace was the moſt beautiful on earth. In that abode of bliſs the air was always pure, and the ſun ſtill ſhone with unclouded luſtre: The trees were ever green and flouriſhing; no moſs corroded their ſmooth bark; no ivy entwined about the trunks to divert the ſap from nouriſhing the branches; the leaves, the flowers, and the fruits, all ſhared the immortality of the ſtems, and were continually renewed without withering

withering or falling off. The flowers were not exhauſted by the balmy exhalations which they conſtantly diffuſed around; no deſtructive inſects, no venomous reptiles ever approached them; rills of freſh and limpid water maintained verdure and fertility in this inchanting receſs. The birds which haunted it were arrayed in the moſt gaudy and ſplendid plumage, and filled it with the varied melody of their ſongs. The perfection of all theſe wonders was, that they were ever changing, and ever new, without undergoing any derangement in ſituation, or any alteration in kind. None but the lawful ſucceſſor of Mahomet and his family were permitted to enter this garden. Any profane perſon who ſhould have intruded would have ſeen, inſtead of the real beauties of the place, nothing but a frightful deſert, and would have been terrified by the howlings of ſavage animals.

Hither were Simouſtapha and his charming wife to retire. They might go hence to viſit the queen of the genies, without being known to be out of the palace. They would naturally be ſuppoſed to be enjoying the delightful garden, feeding on nectar and ambroſia.

Setelpedour was, in the mean time, buſied in preparing for their reception. Yet ſhe had reaſon to fear that Bahliſboull might maliciouſly ſtrive to diſturb the happy interview. She had driven him down to the moſt ſequeſtered deſerts of Upper Egypt. But ſhe could not diveſt him of all his power. Having been born a prince no unworthineſs of his could ſubject him to be deprived of the privileges of his high deſcent.

Upper Egypt is peopled with wicked ſpirits, the diſgrace of Ginniſtan, abhorred by heaven and earth.

earth. They rejoiced to unite under the authority of a leader who ſeemed born to command ſuch ſubjects as they. The firſt expedition they had made under his orders was the unſucceſsful adventure on mount Caucaſus. But had that even been a total defeat, ſtill they were not to be diſcouraged.—Rage gave them vigour, and rendered them blind to danger. Formed for action, the very principle of their nature forced them to unwearied activity in miſchief.

Setelpedour, knowing the new reſources of her enemy, bethought her of an artifice to counteract his malice. She deprived the place of his retreat of every remaining particle of moiſture, and added new horrors to a deſert before thrice accurſed.—He was forced to remove from it, and paſſed into a different region, which, however, he found ſtill more arid, and ſuch as to afford him no reſt.—At length he perceived a ſmall ſpot of green turf, ſhaded by a pillar of granite from the ſcorching rays of the ſun. He drew near, and ſat down, Six feet from the ground, on the baſe of this monument, he obſerved an hieroglyphic inſcription, and read, "*Column, execute the order of Setelpedour.*"

Scarcely had he read this inſcription, when an iron chain faſtened round his body, and confined him to the pillar. The deſert ſoon re-echoed with his roar; the monſters inhabiting it were terrified by the ſound, and abandoned their dens. The genies of his train fled affrighted, and he was left alone in that diſmal ſolitude. A fixed and ſtupid calm ſoon ſucceeded in his breaſt to impotent rage. He at laſt caſt his eyes on the chains which bound him, and on the fatal inſcription. Before he could read over all the hieroglyphic

hieroglyphic characters, he learned enough to reduce him to the utmoſt extremity of deſpair. The terrible decree was—"*Thou canſt be delivered by none but a genie more wicked than thyſelf.*" Were the world to be reduced to a ſecond chaos, ſhould the depths of the great abyſs be opened up, could they poſſibly pour forth ſuch another as he? could another Kokopileſobe be found, and he not the grandfather and protector of the ſtar of the ſeven ſeas?

Setelpedour having thus ſecured her tranquillity, remembered the ſervice which ſhe had received from the old gnome, ſhe therefore called for her, and ſaid, "tell me Bakbak, what can I do for you?"—"Queen," replied the old fag, "you can do much, and yet it may happen that what you do ſhall be of more harm than advantage.—Nobody doubts that it was I that gave you the information; for it is well known, that, however talkative I may be eſteemed, I am at bottom very diſcreet, and tattle either nothing, or at leaſt next to nothing. Yet, there is one ſmall favour which you may do me, and which can be attended with no diſagreeable conſequences; for want of teeth I ſtutter in ſpeaking to ſuch a degree that I cannot have the ſatisfaction even of underſtanding myſelf. Would you but give me two-and-thirty teeth?"—"Such a preſent might give your enemies too much room to talk, and would be likely to provoke them all more bitterly againſt you.—I can in prudence give you only four, which ſhall be fixed very firmly in the roof of your mouth."—"Aſſure yourſelf," ſaid the old fag, "that theſe four teeth ſhall never be exerted againſt yourſelf."

Let us now leave old Bakbak to ſupply to herſelf by enchantment for the ordinary aids of the

the toilet, and turn our views to Simouſtapha, preparing to ſet out with his wife on their viſit to the fairy's court.

The caliph's treaſury was open to the prince. The united riches of all the monarchs on earth would not form ſuch another. Yet even here the Indian prince ſaw nothing comparable to the ſplendid diſplay of magnificence which he had beheld at Ginniſtan. He found, among other things, a ſcimitar, the hilt of which was adorned with diamonds, ſo perfect, and ſo well mounted, that they ſeemed to form all but one piece. He was not ſo much ſtruck with its brilliancy as with its proportions. It ſeemed to be a weapon greatly above the common ſize. To try whether he could wield it, he drew it from the ſcabbard, and made ſome puſhes with it, the glittering of the blade ſtruck his eye like the flaſh of lightning, ſuch was the bright poliſh of the ſteel. He looked on the mark, and perceived it to conſiſt of ſome hieroglyphic characters which he could not underſtand. Upon this he inſtantly called the genie of the box, to give him the explanation. Jemal appeared.

"Look upon theſe marks," ſaid the prince.—"None but our queen can explain theſe figures," replied the other, "they are ſigns of power; but we know the ſcimitar, it fell from the redoubtable hand of Kokopileſobe, in the great battle in which he was routed by Mahomet. The latter muſt have left it to his ſucceſſors.

The Indian prince took the ſcimitar, and preſented it to Mahomet as the only gift worthy to be offered to the queen of the genies.

The arrival of the guard who were to attend the royal pair to the palace of Caſſer-il-Harais, was now

now announced by the ſound of martial inſtruments beſore the gates. It was a body of two thouſand ſelect cavalry, the braveſt and handſomeſt youths in Haroun's army. Theſe were followed by ſix hundred knights in complete armour, having each a lance in his hand, and a buckler on his arm, who were to march immediately around the princeſs' litter. This carraige was borne by ſix elephants, the fineſt that had ever been ſeen in India. Twelve camels carried the baggage, and the eunuchs cloſed up the rear. The arms which he wore were lackered over with gold, with diamonds inchaſed.——Two grooms led out his ſteed, who neighed and ſhook his mane for joy, to ſee his maſter about to aſcend his back. Ilſetilſone admired the grace and dexterity with which her huſband managed the generous high mettled animal.

This ſplendid train proceeded from the palace. The roads had been opened and repaired, ſo that there was no obſtacle to retard their march. The vaſt extent of the buildings belonging to the palace afforded convenient accommodation for the whole party. Only Simouſtapha and the princeſs might enter the garden. They beheld its beauties with aſtoniſhment and delight. But one object which it had preſented attracted the princeſs' notice in a particular manner. This was the tree, the fatal fruit of which occaſioned the fall of the human race. A ſerpent lay entwined about its trunk, from which ſituation the reptile can never remove, for its eyes are veiled in thick darkneſs.—An azure-coloured bird, having its head and wings gilded, flutters round the tree, and hops inceſſantly from branch to branch; he has no peculiar note,

but

but expreſſes himſelf very diſtinctly in correct Arabic.

The bird had no ſooner perceived the royal pair than he ſpread out his tail in token of his joy, and ſaluted them in the uſual manner:—"Health to the race of man; there is but one God; and Mahomet is his prophet."—Iſſetilſone was charmed with his correct pronunciation, and elegance of phraſe. She eagerly began to queſtion him. "Charming bird," ſaid ſhe, "are you pleaſed to ſee us here?"—"You are children of the prophet; you have come in by the right gate, and you are to go out by that which leads to heaven."—"But we are going to Ginniſtan."—"It is a journey that man goes every day upon earth."—"Do you diſapprove of my going it?"—"No, for you will bring me back my wife, and we may together call back our ſon, whom you have left in the palace."—"What! are you the father of that charming bird in my poſſeſſion, who is ſo very good?"—"He muſt become more ſo."—"Why does he not ſpeak ſo well as you?"—"Becauſe he would not have patience to learn, but turned his back on the light, and refuſed his homage to the great elect of God."—"And what of your wife!"—"She is in Ginniſtan; ſhe was too curious, and ſhe *ſuffers* for it. One may go thither at pleaſure, but it is leſs eaſy to get back."—"She is with Setelpedour then?"—"Yes."—"Do you love Setelpedour?"—"I love whatever has proceeded pure from the hands of the Creator; I ſhall ſee Setelpedour when ſhe ceaſes to be a fairy."—"Can ſhe ceaſe to be ſo?"—"When ſhe pleaſes."—"Do I wrong in going to ſee her?"—"You unconſciouſly obey a decree of fate."—"You charm me, ſweet bird, let us

bring

bring your ſon?"—"He is a fairy—I ſhould kill him. I cannot ſee him till the proper time be come, and then in the company of his mother."—"Permit me to eat of the fruit of this tree."—"You have the ſame capricious fancy as the reſt of your ſex; it was thus your firſt mother drew upon herſelf and you the indignation of heaven. Beſides, this fruit is viſionary; you would find nothing to eat, and the ſerpent would bruiſe your heel, ſo that you would ſuffer a real evil without receiving any enjoyment."—"This muſt be the tree of knowledge then?"—"It is a ſymbol of that tree." "Where is the tree of life?"—"In the great prophet's garden."——"My pretty bird, ſince you know every thing, tell me at what time, and for what reaſon, the ſea was created."—"No creature knows every thing. The ſea was created on the day of Kokopeliſobe's rebellion and puniſhment. The rebels were condemned to hollow out the baſon which contains it."—"Lovely bird, may I eat of the other fruits which are here?"—"Enter the pavilion, at the end of that avenue you ſhall be there ſerved with a collation. It was there Mahomet uſed to ſay his prayers, and perform his ablutions."

From this converſation Simouſtapha was ſorry to learn, that the amiable Setelpedour as ſhe was queen of the genies could not be agreeable to the great prophet, and felt in his heart a ſtruggle between his love for religion and his affection for that queen.

He entered with his wife into Mahomet's pavilion. They there found all imaginable variety of the moſt beautiful and delicious fruits. After they had taſted of them, Simouſtapha leaving Ilſetilſone in converſation with the bird, returned to the

the palace, and informed the chief of the eunuchs that he and his wife were to remain for ſix days in the pavilion, during which they would need nothing. Motives of devotion are always laudable, and the ſlaves were far from ſuſpecting any other.

Simouſtapha now returned to his wife, who was under the tree. He was deſirous to conſult the bird concerning their journey. "Shall I call upon the genies of the box or ring!" ſaid he. "He who is at beſt of a doubtful character," replied the ſagacious bird, "can have no ſort of power here. Either of thoſe could only become a ſlave in this place. Take but one of my feathers, and it alone will convey you to Setelpedour. Give it to my wife. It will bring her to remember me, and will afford her means of returning hither.—But ſhe muſt conceal it carefully in her tail. Every thing from me gives umbrage where you are going. You may think ſuch a trivial matter as one of my feathers very unfit for the purpoſe for which I recommend it, but there is nothing uſeleſs in the hands of the Creator."

The divine bird expanded its beautiful tail. A feather fell, and it was inſtantly transformed into a commodious and ſplendid chariot. The royal pair aſcended in it, and were ſoon conveyed to the feet of Setelpedour's throne. She haſtened to embrace them, and diſmiſſed her divan, with whom ſhe had little reaſon to be ſatisfied. The genies, as they retired, darted looks of indignation and diſdain on the earth-born pair. The queen perceived them, but reſtrained her anger.

"I would ſeat you on my throne," ſaid ſhe to her lovely viſitants, "were I not afraid that you might find it as uneaſy a ſituation as I do. My

ſubjects

ſubjects have rebellion in their hearts. My predilection for you provokes them. To it they impute all thoſe deciſions which are the unbiaſſed dictates of my own reaſon.

"If I prevent them from gratifying their miſchievous diſpoſitions in ſpreading devaſtation thro' the earth, if my prudence prevents ſtorms and wars—all is charged to the account of my love for Simouſtapha. I have confined Bahliſboull in chains in the midſt of a deſert, and even there his reſtleſs ſpirit is buſy againſt me. Yet nothing of this kind can leſſen my regard for you. I am going to break through all the ties which now connect me with them; after their violations of their duty what is there to maintain our union? I am impatient for the time when I may be more cloſely united with you, my heart has already freed itſelf from every other tie. But you muſt aſſiſt me in ſubduing my ſpirit. Come, let your tender and unaffected careſſes cheer and revive a ſoul weary of the diſorders I behold around me, and the oppoſition I meet with. I know that you come from Caſſer-il-Harais. The illuſive verdure of this place cannot compenſate for the pure delights you have left behind you there. The companion of the bird, which you have lately left, frequently entertains me with its account of the wonderous garden of Caſſer-il-Harais.

"Thence," ſays ſhe, "proceeds that light which enlightens the world; there it ſtill ſhines under a great variety of emblems. Why can I not ſet out with you this very day, and return to that delightful place? Whenever I ſpeak of happineſs to my bird, it repeats to me the name of Caſſer-il-Harais. But it tells me that the garden opens only to Muſſulmans allied to God's vicar upon earth. It

will not be enough, therefore, that Simouſtapha give me his hand, unleſs the generous Ilſetilſone will alſo receive me into the cloſeſt alliance with her, I can never know the light of truth, happineſs, or peace."

"Can I refuſe to adopt you for my ſiſter?" anſwered Ilſetilſone, "your doubts diſtreſs my heart, you have conquered it, and it is no leſs your's than Simouſtapha's. With what delight do I give you a ſhare in my heart, knowing, as I do, how juſt a right you have to the whole?" "My dear friends," replied Setelpedour, "we have gone a great way, but not yet far enough. I ſtill reign; I have not yet broken either the rod which I uſe for a ſceptre, or the taliſman which has been tranſmitted me from my grandfather.—I muſt here abdicate my power, and trample my crown under foot. Were I to chuſe any other ſcene for this act it would then be without the eclat which I deſire to give it; and I ſhould be covered with confuſion, reduced to the neceſſity of replacing Bahliſboull upon the column to which I have chained him in the depth of the Thebais—and expoſed to the vengeance of all my ſubjects.—But when I ſhall have accompliſhed theſe intentions, who can convey me hence out of ſo dangerous an abode, and bear me to Caſſer-il-Harais?"—"I," ſaid the princeſs, ſhewing the beautiful feather of the bird. "Here is the car upon which we aſcended hither. This feather was given me by the huſband of the bird which is with you, and which I have not yet ſeen.—

"She is here indeed," ſaid the queen, "ſhe poſſeſſes no leſs information than her mate whom you ſaw in Caſſer-il-Harais. I know not what could

could be the occaſion of their parting. Their ſon, whom I preſented to you, came hither after his diſobedience; I was amuſed with his prattle, which was always very laconic, but never falſe.—Did he not know every thing, he would not poſſeſs the characteriſtic talents of his family. However, although his knowledge comprehends things paſt, preſent, and future, he knows only a ſingle word of each different matter. His mother muſt, to be ſure, have come hither to find him out and inſtruct him, for ſhe was continually talking to him. I remarked their converſations, but did not underſtand them. They ended always with this reply upon his part, ſignifying that he had not comprehended what his mother ſaid; "*Nothing, nothing, nothing*;" from which it ſhould ſeem, that they are liable to be darkened, in conſequence of a revolt againſt the light of truth.

At laſt the mother became impatient. I preſented the ſon to you, and in his ſituation he was very capable of doing you ſervice. She diſcovered no ſorrow for his abſence. Since I have become attached to you, I have been deſirous of receiving inſtruction, and have aſked this divine bird to give me leſſons. "When your brow ſhall ſhine with leſs ſplendour," would ſhe ſay, "and I ſhall have recovered the beauties of my tail, we ſhall then converſe together upon ſubjects of knowledge and truth."

"I hence concluded that my crown awed her, and held her ſilent. And as to her tail I had obſerved when ſhe flew that it did not terminate in a point like the tails of other birds, and I wiſhed her that improvement of beauty which ſhe ſeemed to deſire. The feather which you bring may pro-

bably be that which ſhe wants. Let us preſent it to her, and try to make her ſpeak."

It will naturally be ſuppoſed, notwithſtanding this long converſation, that the queen had by this time attended to the refreſhment, and to all the wants of her gueſts; there were interruptions in her ſpeech; a part was ſpoken in the hall of the divan; part while they were at table; and the reſt in the gardens, in which Setelpedour no longer enjoyed the ſame pleaſure as formerly. At laſt thin fleecy clouds ſpread over the ſky announced the return of night.

"This is the hour which my bird loves," ſaid the queen; "elſewhere it uſed to avoid darkneſs, here the ſplendour of day gives it pain. But I begin to conceive its reaſons." The bird's cage was brought, and Ilſetilſone approached it.

"My pretty bird," ſaid ſhe, "your huſband has ſent you by me the prettieſt feather which he had." —"Health to the daughter of the prophet!" ſaid the bird, "health to the deſcendant of him who was ſent from God! health to her who is heir to the virtues of God's repreſentative upon earth!—The birds of heaven muſt ſerve her.—My huſband has done nothing but his duty. The pretty feather which he ſends is to me what a crown is to a queen." So ſaying, the bird received the feather with its bill, and fixed it in its tail, which thus became longer and more beautiful.

"Why are you not with your huſband?" enquired the princeſs. "Each of us has a particular part to perform. Will your's be ſoon accompliſhed?—You three are here—Will you now anſwer the queen if ſhe interrogate you upon ſubjects of ſcience?—Only half is as yet done.—On whom depends the other half?—On him who is above,

and

and him who is below.—Will you tell me, ſage bird, what I ſhall aſk you?"—"It is my duty to tell you all the truth I know."—Your huſband told me when the ſea was created; but pray, when were the ſtars formed?"—"At the ſame period to ſupply the place of thoſe rebels who were then driven out of heaven." "What bright ſtar is that I ſee, having ten ſmaller ſtars about it?"—"The greateſt is Mahomet, the others are ten eminent prophets."

Setelpedour, far from being offended at thoſe anſwers from the bird, ſmiled, and ſeemed to hear them with pleaſure. Simouſtapha remarked her good-humour, and ventured to offer her the preſent he had brought—the ſcimitar of Kokopileſobe.

"Dear prince," ſaid the queen, "when I was miſtreſs of my heart, and truſted in myſelf, I would have given the value of an empire for the weapon which you offer me. But it is only in your hands that it can now ſerve for my protection, and I ſhall value it the more while it is the guardian of your welfare. Keep it till leſs troubleſome times than thoſe which now threaten us.—O my charming Ilfetilſone! When ſhall we three know nothing but the delights of mutual love?"

Our lovers paſſed three days in the moſt delightful intercourſe of ſentiments. But thoſe agreeable moments were diſturbed by fears which were by no means imaginary.

Setelpedour, though very powerful as queen over the legions of Kokopileſobe, yet reigned only in his name. Her conduct was now contrary to the fundamental laws of the empire of Ginniſtan. None could command there without having firſt profeſſed entire ſubjection to Kokopileſobe or Bahliſboull.

liſboull. She had, of her own proper authority, inveſted the Muſſulman Benalab with power, although he had never vowed nor profeſſed obedience to any, ſave God and his prophet. However, ſhe reigned ſo glorioufly, and was diſtinguiſhed by ſo many brilliant qualities, that the genies in the enthuſiaſm of their admiration called her the ſtar of the ſeven ſeas, and ſet her in oppoſition to the reſplendent ſtar of Mahomet. They ſaid in their pride: "Kokopileſobe is king of kings; Setelpedour the repreſentative of his power."—But the ſage Benalab had made a cautious uſe of her favour. She had not fallen in love with him, admitted him to her feſtivals, acquainted him with the ſecrets of her court, or made him her maſter. But all this ſhe had ſacrificed for Simouſtapha, and had even done one thing more extraordinary than all. She had received a woman into her palace, whom ſhe not only treated as her equal, but even obliged her upon all occaſions to ſit on her right hand. To the high triumph of mortals ſhe had baniſhed Bahliſboull and Aſmonchar, and had confined in chains him who was next after Kokopileſobe, the moſt powerful among all the genies.—Theſe news had been conveyed even into the deep receſſes where the great ſovereign of the genies lay in torment. All was ripe for a revolution.

Setelpedour had too much penetration not to foreſee and prevent it.———She embraced the young pair, who were terrified at her purpoſe.—"Go," ſaid ſhe, "return to Caſſer-il-Harais. I ſhall quickly join you there, and we ſhall part no more. But Simouſtapha muſt be ready to haſten to my aſſiſtance at the very firſt ſignal. Uſe the bird's feather upon the journey, and let us no farther employ the power of Kokopileſobe." Simouſtapha

mouſtapha and his wife returned to the garden of Caſſer-il-Harais, and there impatiently waited the iſſue of this great event. They returned the feather to the bird. "My wife," ſaid he, "has done her duty, and my feather is always at your ſervice; keep yourſelf in readineſs, Simouſtapha, you will ſoon again have occaſion for it."

The prudence of the queen of the genies induced her to diſſipate the gathering ſtorm before it ſhould become more alarming. Old Bakbak and her nephew Jazzel, having already been terrified by ſome indirect threats, which had been imprudently thrown out againſt them, came to ſeek protection of the queen, and ſhe ſaw that ſhe had not now a moment to loſe. Next day after the departure of her royal friends, ſhe ſummoned her divan to a general meeting, and ſent Jazzel upon another of the bird's feathers with the following billet to Simouſtapha.

"Dear prince, come hither without delay in the carriage which I now ſend you. Bring with you the Koran and my grandfather's ſabre. You may have ſome previous gueſs of my deſign, and my conduct ſhall explain the reſt. Our dear Ilſetilſone may wait for us beſide the tree which ſhe mentioned to me. The ſagacious bird will not ſuffer her to diſtreſs herſelf with imaginary terrors."

Simouſtapha had too great a ſoul to heſitate one moment. He took the holy book, armed himſelf with his redoubtable ſcimitar; and if the feather had not conveyed him ſpeedily enough, he would have ſoared to Ginniſtan, upon the wings of love. The divan were aſſembled. Setelpedour was ſeated on her throne. The turbulent genies ſurveyed the emotions in her countenance, and were

aſtoniſhed to behold her firmneſs. She ſpoke as follows:

"I know that my conduct is blamed, and that conſpiracies have been formed againſt me. I have openly inflicted ſome very ſevere puniſhments, but I diſdain all ſecret treachery. If ſome have thought it humiliating to obey my pleaſure, I have found it ſtill more ſo to be ſubjected to laws, which I cannot acknowledge as wiſe. I had rather be the ſlave of truth than reign by falſehood over corrupt ſubjects. Simouſtapha then appeared to the great aſtoniſhment of the whole aſſembly. She called him and made him ſit by her ſide, "Come aſſiſt me," ſaid ſhe with greater firmneſs, "behold the laſt divan in which I ſhall ever preſide. And you rebels hear me. I reproach you not for your rebellion. You have only followed the natural propenſities of your hearts. But if you would have me forgive you, join me in abjuring the power which we hold from Kokopileſobe. Let us withdraw ourſelves from my grandfather's guilt, and from the criminality in which he has involved us by our unhappy relation to him. Swear, as I do, upon the holy Koran, that you will be the ſlaves of God, and of his great prophet Mahomet!"

Had a thunder-cloud burſt in the midſt of the divan, it would have produced a leſs powerful effect than this unexpected language from Setelpedour. Terror held them ſilent. A ſulphureous flame ſeemed to iſſue from every mouth, and the infectious ſmell filled the hall. Suddenly an alarming noiſe was heard. It was occaſioned by the arrival of Bahliſboull who had been delivered from his chains by Kokopileſobe himſelf.

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That redoubtable genie, clad in burniſhed arms, awfully gigantic in ſize, and in the moſt hideous form, entered abruptly, and raiſed a fiery lance to ſtrike Setelpedour. Simouſtapha drew his ſcimitar and parried the awful ſtroke. The luſtre which blazed from the bright weapon of the Indian prince inſtantly blinded his adverſary and his accomplices. They fell down as if they had been thunderſtruck.

All Ginniſtan was inſtantly wrapped in gloomy darkneſs. That abhorred country was never illuminated by the ſun. The light which it enjoyed was the effect of a continued enchantment, which depended upon the magic virtue of the crown that Setelpedour now trampled under her feet.

Simouſtapha and Setelpedour groped their way through the darkneſs to the apartment of the bird of paradiſe, whoſe brilliant creſt enlightened all around her, and emitted a brighter blaze each time he happened to move or ſhake his wings.

"Let us begone, my dear miſtreſs," ſaid the lovely bird, "my feathers are all at your ſervice.—But bring with you old Bakbak and her nephew. They are both almoſt lifeleſs for fear. I know not who has bidden them ſeek refuge under my cage. But they have been well adviſed." Bakbak and Jazzel lay in a ſwoon. They were both bound to the back of the chariot, which was compoſed of ſeveral feathers of the bird; and our victorious lovers, now out of all danger, ſet out without delay for Caſſer-il-Harais. The fairy feather which had before conveyed Simouſtapha, now went before to warn Ilſetilſone of the return of her friends. It aſſumed the form of a white pigeon, and placing itſelf on her ſhoulder, whiſ-

pered, "Madam, Simouſtapha and Setelpedour are coming. But you cannot receive the queen in the garden, for ſhe may not yet enter here. Come to the great hall of the palace, and you ſhall there find her."

The princeſs ran thither to meet the arrival of her huſband and her dear protectreſs; the bird followed; the three lovers embraced. It is impoſſible to deſcribe their tranſports. The thought that they were now re-united, never to be more divided, ſeemed to have raiſed them to the higheſt pitch of happineſs.

Another ſcene of joy and gratitude paſſed upon a table where Simouſtapha had laid the Koran.—The two birds had each left its cage, and had flown to meet each other upon the holy book. After reſpectful ſalutations with their bill and wings, they gave the tendereſt mutual careſſes. Suddenly the ſmall bird which Setelpedour had given to the caliph's daughter, and which not having been admitted into the garden, yet remained in the caſtle, approached his parents, and although he durſt not reſt upon the Koran, pitched upon the table till its father and mother ſhould invite him to themſelves. They aſſiſted him to get upon the book, careſſed him, and the little bird exclaimed in his own language, which had hitherto been very indiſtinct, "*Truth! Truth! The ſole Truth!*" The curſe pronounced againſt him, had been removed, and now that he was inſtructed by his father and mother, and had become a believer like them, he entered upon the enjoyment of all the privileges of the birds of paradiſe. This little intereſting ſcene drew the pleaſed attention of our lovers. But it was time that they ſhould begin to ſpeak of their own private concerns.

Setelpedour

Setelpedour related to Ilſetilſone the circumſtances of her abdication, and the valour of the hero who had defended her againſt the menaces of Bahliſboull. The remembrance of that ſcene gave new animation to her looks; her face appeared to be irradiated with glory.

Ilſetilſone begged her new companion to ſhare with her the pleaſures of the palace-garden.—"Dear princeſs," replied Setelpedour, "neither you nor Simouſtapha can open to me the gates of that bliſsful retreat. Even the wife of Simouſtapha may not enter it, unleſs the vicar of God upon earth, the great caliph Haroun-Alraſchied ſhall have adopted her for his daughter, and thus admitted her to a participation of the peculiar privileges of his family. To Simouſtapha I owe the happineſs of becoming a Muſſulman. It remains with you to uſe all proper means to complete the converſion of her who was a queen among idols, that ſhe may henceforth become the ſlave of God, and the apoſtle of the deſtroyer of idols. I will meditate upon the ſacred book, from which I have hitherto turned away my eyes. The angelic voice of the bird will be my interpreter. Return you to the parents whoſe delight you are, and to the children who are impatiently expecting you, and ſtretching out their little arms to receive you.—Speak of me to the caliph, tell him that Setelpedour languiſhes, like a vine torn from the elm, round which it was entwined, till ſhe can become the wife of Simouſtapha: that the Indian prince may marry none but an acknowledged daughter of the commander of the faithful. She will count herſelf highly honoured in obtaining this appellation, although ſhe muſt always be much inferior in

in virtue and in charms to the amiable Ilſetilſone.

"Great queen," replied the princeſs, "I fall at your feet.—"I am no longer a queen," ſaid Setelpedour, raiſing her, "my throne will henceforth be in your heart, and in Simouſtapha's."—Theſe declarations were ſealed with the tendereſt careſſes among the three lovers, at ſight of which the young bird was greatly pleaſed, and cried "*Encore! Encore! Encore!*" At length Simouſtapha and Ilſetilſone ſet out for Bagdad with the ſame train who had attended them hither. After their return to the palace their firſt care was to entertain Haroun and Zobeide with the ſtory of the wonders they had ſeen and the ſentiments which they had felt.

The generous princeſs perſuaded her father to adopt Setelpedour for his daughter, that ſhe might become the wife of Simouſtapha. Zobeide could not well enter into her daughter's turn of thinking, who ſeemed thus to ſolicit a rival, of whom ſhe might rather have been afraid. "Ah! madam," ſaid Ilſetilſone, "a woman who loves Simouſtapha as much as I do, cannot be my rival, ſhe will only aid me to promote his happineſs."

The caliph, more enlightened than Zobeide, readily comprehended the reaſons for his daughter's requeſt. Having, beſides, the higheſt eſteem for Setelpedour's character, he determined to repair to Caſſer-il-Harais as ſoon as ever the buſineſs of the ſtate would permit.

In the mean time Setelpedour began to prepare her mind for embracing the law of the holy prophet. She ſought to enlighten her underſtanding with ſure principles, of which ſhe had hitherto been ignorant; ſhe moderated her lofty overbearing

ing ſpirit; ſhe was already generous and beneficent, but now ſought to acquire a ſimpler and purer virtue, which diſdains all intereſted motives, and baniſhes that ſelf-love, which is ſo injurious to ſociety, the virtue of charity. Charity exerts itſelf towards many objects, and employs a great variety of means: barely to open the hand is often to beſtow a great deal.

Setelpedour had withdrawn Bakbak and her nephew Jazzel from the wrath of the genies.—But what was to become of theſe ſtrangers upon earth, excluded from Ginniſtan, rejected of heaven? She reſolved to put them under the ſame protection with herſelf. The old woman ſeeing the queen always reading, obſerved, "it is the Koran you read, Madam."—"Yes, Bakbak, I wiſh you could likewiſe read it. Do you and your nephew wiſh to know, and to receive the truths which it contains?"—"Nobody is fonder of truth than I. I have hurt my reputation by ſeeking it every where, and ſpeaking it from night to morning. I never ſuffered any one to diſpute it with me. It is true, that, in what is called truth, much may always be ſaid on both ſides; but one needs only to ſay what may be ſaid on both ſides, and then all is told."—"Can you read, Bakbak?"—"Yes," Madam, "if the writing be not too ſmall." With this ſhe caſt her eyes upon the firſt page.

The language of Ginniſtan is well known to have greatly declined from its original purity.—The Arabic ſpoken there is corrupt, and it was, to be ſure, a very corrupt dialect that the old woman uſed. Setelpedour took the trouble of making her ſpell all the letters in the firſt line. *There is but one God, and Mahomet is his Prophet.*

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When Bakbak had got theſe words by heart, "Ah! how fine," cried ſhe, "they ſhall hear me ſpeak; I ſhall make a noiſe I warrant them. In an anti-chamber below are thoſe two raſcally genies of the book and the ring, walking about in a melancholy mood, with their arms croſſed over their breaſts, and who have never looked into a book; ah! let me talk to them.——Let us ſee, let us read it over together.——*There is only one.*——Oh! Well ſaid.——*There is only one*——Very well! I will keep them all the day to their talk till they learn to read it with me." Setelpedour ſmiled at the gnome's zeal; the latter went down to the anti-chamber.

"Come hither! Come hither, miſcreants! who love Devils only becauſe ye are two of them yourſelves! Here is the book which rendered our queen ſo great, ſo good, ſo gentle, and at the ſame ſo formidable, that all the genies wondered at her, and in full day were ſuddenly wrapped in darkneſs. See how it is written. The quill was pulled from an angel's wing! You could never have furniſhed the like, you bats that you are! and the ink was made from the jet of the raven's eye that came firſt out of Noah's ark. But all this is nothing at all. You muſt read like me every word that is written.——*There is—There is but one God*————*One God only*——*And Mahomet is*——*is his prophet.* What have you to ſay to that, you ſad dogs, that you are? You have never done any thing to purpoſe; you may chuſe to go on as you have done; yet think, what muſt happen at laſt, for as this book ſays, *There is only one God, and one Mahomet, that are prophets.*"

Jemal,

Jemal, who was abſorbed in gloomy reflections on his preſent ſituation, and on the ſtate of inſignificancy in which he muſt live in conſequence of the queen's abdication of her power, inſtead of giving any direct anſwer to the old woman, only replied, "I find you are greatly failed ſince your coming hither; you have done wrong to forget your falſe teeth."

"I fail!" replied ſhe, "what does the jackanapes ſay? It well becomes thee truly to ſpeak of falſe, thou who haſt nothing of thine own about thee, not even that viſage of thine. Beware, for, if I once curſe thee, thou ſhalt become Kauſſauk again, and ſhalt go on in thine evil courſes. But think that theſe muſt have an end one day or another, ſince if *God is God, Mahomet is his prophet.*" So ſaying, Bakbak carried back the book.

"Well!" ſaid Setelpedour, "have you effected a converſion?"—"Oh! madam," replied the old woman, "I cannot bring thoſe fools to hear reaſon; It was in vain that I repeated to them—*There is only one prophet, and one Mahomet who is God.*"—"Stay Bakbak, you are abuſing the language of the Koran, *There is only one God, and Mahomet is his prophet.*"

This converſation was interrupted by the entrance of an agreeable viſitor, the charming Simouſtapha on horſeback. He had left Bagdad in the morning before any perſon could be ready to attend him. He found Setelpedour with her book and her birds. She learned from him, with a degree of ſatisfaction which appeared by the bluſhes that overſpread her countenance, that the caliph purpoſed to acknowledge her for his daughter, Ilſetilſone to receive her as her ſiſter, and they

they both to make her the wife of the happy bearer of ſuch agreeable news.

They aſked the birds whether any thing was likely to ariſe to diſconcert the intended marriage. Setelpedour's bird replied that ſhe had gone to Ginniſtan of purpoſe to favour it. He of the tree ſaid, that the happy accompliſhment of the marriage would make ſufficient amends to him for the long time he had been deprived of his wife.—Their ſon ſaid, with a very clear and diſtinct articulation, that a marriage which contributed ſo much to his felicity could not be other than happy. The lovers made them repeat theſe things an hundred times.

Simouſtapha was ſoon obliged to leave Caſſer-il-Harais. Love and duty recalled him to Bagdad, where he paſſed another month before the wiſhes of Setelpedour were accompliſhed.

However the deſired period came at length.—The caliph with his wife and daughter ſet out for their country-ſeat, attended by four thouſand gentlemen on horſeback, with twenty thouſand cavalry, preceded by inſtruments of military muſic, and with all the pomp befitting the important purpoſe upon which they went.

On the morning of the laſt day of their journey Simouſtapha puſhed forwards to give Setelpedour previous notice of this viſit, which ſhe was juſt about to receive. The charming queen went out to the outer court of the palace to receive her illuſtrious gueſts, and was honoured with their homage before ſhe could prevent it. Her beauty aſtoniſhed the caliph, alarmed Zobeide, charmed Ilſetilſone and Simouſtapha, and formed the admiration of the commander of the faithful's court.

We

We need not dwell upon a deſcription of the ceremonies or feſtivals on this great occaſion. All the expences were defrayed out of the caliph's treaſury. The fruits of the garden formed the choiceſt delicacies of the entertainment. We need not detail the ceremonies performed by the mufti, or the perplexities of the people of the law, nor deſcribe the felicity of a marriage, which, for the firſt time united three tender and faithful hearts. Neither muſt we extend our reflections upon the mutual happineſs of the caliph's houſehold, the Indian prince, and the inhabitants of Caſſer-il-Harais. We have been ſo led away by the variety and multiplicity of events which we have had to relate, and by the vaſt extent of ſpace which we have had to traverſe, that we have abſolutely loſt ſight of time, who regulates all here below. Let us turn now to objects on which he impreſſed ſuch plain marks, that, while we ſee theſe, we cannot poſſibly be miſtaken with regard to his progreſs.

Haroun Alraſchid's beard was by this time become much more venerable. His features ſtill retained all their animation, but his auguſt brow was by this time furrowed with deep wrinkles.—For the laſt ten years he had diſcontinued his nocturnal rambles through Bagdad, by which he had before obtained ſo much information concerning the conduct of his miniſters, and the proper means to be uſed in promoting the happineſs of his ſubjects. However, while he ſaw the angel of death approaching with haſty ſteps, he had at the ſame time the pleaſure of ſeeing himſelf revived in his amiable poſterity.

At ten years of age his grandſon Haroun-Ben-Alraſchid poſſeſſed all thoſe perfections which we have admired in the prince of India and his wife.

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He had other progeny alſo in whom he was little leſs intereſted, to afford conſolation to his old age, and by his adopted daughter he had ſoon another grandſon, a little Simouſtapha, as lovely as his father.

But all parents were not equally happy. The father of the Indian prince, inſtead of participating the felicity of the caliph, believed himſelf unfortunate, and his wife ſhared his diſtreſs. Twelve years had paſſed ſince they had laſt ſeen their dear ſon, who was their only hope. Happily for them the roſe-buſh which Benalab had left them had not withered. It had flouriſhed ſtill more and more, and had continued to ſpread out new beauties.—This ſhrub ſerved to conſole them in the abſence of their ſon, and as it was a pledge of his proſperity, it kept them in conſtant expectation of his return.

Simouſtapha had been unwilling to acquaint them with his projects while the ſucceſs was doubtful, fearing that they might have interfered to prevent him from proſecuting them. When he had ſucceeded to the height of his wiſhes, he delayed from day to day to ſend them notice of the ſtate of his affairs; and, although aſhamed of his fault, unaccountably perſiſted in it. How dangerous is it to put any thing off till to-morrow!—However, a time at laſt came when the ſilence of Simouſtapha left his family to be overpowered with affliction, the inſtant Setelpedour ſubmitted to the law of the great prophet, and finally abjured that of Kokopileſobe, all her enchantments, and all that had been performed in her name were deſtroyed. The king of India's beautiful roſe-buſh withered, the inhabitants of his palace were overwhelmed with the deepeſt diſtreſs, and aſſumed the garb of mourning.

mourning. The death of the royal pair was likely ſoon to enſue.

A bird, which was the courier of ſome beneficent ſpirits, coming from India, paſſed over Caſſer-il-Harais. He told this news to the birds of paradiſe. The bird that had been mentioned as ſeated on the celebrated tree, ſaid to his mate, "go, bring me from the apartment occupied by the princeſs a very ſmall glaſs, which thou muſt fill with water from the pond in the garden. The glaſs you muſt tie about my neck with a bit of ribbon; I am going to India; our ſon muſt accompany me; if it be aſked where we are, tell that I have taken my ſon upon the tree to inſtruct him." The good little female did as ſhe was bidden. Away flew the birds with all ſpeed. Simouſtapha's parents when they aroſe next day found the roſe-buſh renewed, and more beautiful than ever. It was adorned with a new branch, which ſeemed to grow out from the former. The two branches united, and it could hardly be diſcerned which of the two ſupported the pretty flowers that covered them.

This prodigy revived their hopes. The king and queen of India ſent for their aſtrologers to explain the wonderful phœnomenon of the decay and the ſudden renewal of the roſe-buſh. Thoſe ſages without heſitation declared that the prince's life had indeed been in the greateſt danger, but had happily been preſerved. All the roſes with which the ſhrub was decorated they repreſented as ſo many virtues and accompliſhments which he had ſucceſſively acquired; one virtue ſeemed to give birth to another, and thus were thoſe fortunate acquiſitions intermingled; ſuch was their account of the double branches. And they knew not

better

better to which of all his good qualities the fruits thoſe branches had produced ſhould be aſcribed.

All theſe interpretations, which ſeemed to be no leſs clear than juſt, agreed perfectly with the firſt horoſcope that had been drawn at the birth of our great prince Simouſtapha, who was one day to become a model of an accompliſhed monarch, worthy of the imitation of all the ſovereigns upon earth. What a comfort this myſterious emblem of the roſe-buſh! Ah! how greatly was the reality above even this magic repreſentation!

The king of India and his wife, weary of ſending fruitleſs embaſſies through the four quarters of the world in ſearch of their ſon, determined at laſt to ſet out themſelves upon the ſame errand, as they made no doubt that he was ſtill alive in ſome region or other.

Should any perſon diſpoſed to cenſure ſhew ſurpriſe or diſapprobation at Simouſtapha's extraordinary ſilence to a family which muſt have been dear to him, and at the obſtinacy with which fate continued to fruſtrate all their endeavours to diſcover him; it is to be obſerved reſpecting theſe circumſtances, that if the Indian prince had made himſelf more generally known, he might have been recalled into his father's dominions before his marriage with Ilſetilſone; that Setelpedour, ſo worthy of a better fate might have remained queen of the abhorred Ginniſtan; and here we cannot but wonder that divine wiſdom ſhould chuſe to accompliſh its important decrees by the blind and undeſigned actions of men.

At Bagdad and Caſſer-il-Harais all was ſtill proſperity and happineſs. The ſenſible Zobeide forming now a much truer and more favourable judgment of her daughter's happineſs ſince ſhe had

had ſhared the heart of Simouſtapha with Setelpedour, at laſt agreed that the union of one man with two women might be productive of great happineſs to all the three, provided that one of the ladies were a fairy.

This domeſtic happineſs was, however, to be interrupted by a rumour of war. News was brought from Baſſora that a fleet of innumerable ſhips was threatening a deſcent upon the coaſt. The caliph conjectured that they might be the infidels coming to revenge themſelves for their defeat before Damaſcus, and ordered a muſter of ſoldiers throughout his empire. Two hundred thouſand men were to march to the aid of Baſſora, and any other cities that might be attacked. Of theſe Simouſtapha took the command.

The army aſſembled and began their march.—They ſoon arrived at Baſſora. Fortifications were raiſed wherever it was poſſible for the enemy to land. The direction in which the fleet ſailed was carefully obſerved. The winds ſeemed to favour its approach to the land, and the whole might poſſibly anchor in the road of Baſſora. The veſſels of which it conſiſted bore a formidable aſpect, yet they had not hitherto committed any act of hoſtility; the fiſhing-boats had not been ſeized or interrupted by them, and it ſeemed evident that they were not infidels. They hoiſted the flag of India.

At this ſignal the heart of Simouſtapha felt an emotion. A ſhallop was diſpatched from the largeſt ſhip in the fleet, and rowed to land. Simouſtapha, with his young ſon Haroun went out in one of his own to meet the Indian ſhallop. When the two veſſels were within hearing of each other, an Indian officer demanded permiſſion to land at Baſſora,

Baſſora, repreſenting that the king of India, who was on board one of the ſhips of the fleet, was in ſearch of his ſon Simouſtapha, and wiſhed to pay his compliments to his friend and ally caliph Haroun Alraſchid. He at the ſame time mentioned, that the Indian monarch was accompanied by his queen.

Simouſtapha endeavoured to command his joy, and refrained from tears, "return to the ſhip," ſaid he to the officer, "I ſhall come on board and accompany you." He at the ſame time ordered his ſon to prepare the caliph's ſhallop without delay, and with it all the others in the harbour. He then went into the Indian boat, and was conveyed to the ſhip from whence it had been diſpatched.

The king of India was in the mean time obſerving what was paſſing in the interview between the ſhallops. He ſaw a warrior in bright armour enter that which was returning. Some of his ſervants were ready with ladders to aſſiſt that warrior to come on board, and the king himſelf waited on the deck to receive him.

Simouſtapha, before he was known, had thrown himſelf at his father's feet, and bathed them with his tears. The monarch, aſtoniſhed at ſuch ready homage in a ſtrange land, raiſed the man who was thus proſtrated before him. The profuſion of tears which covered the countenance of the youth could not hinder the father from recollecting features which he ſo well knew, and ſo dearly loved. Nature ſpoke within him. The ſurpriſe was too great for the ſtrength of his ſenſes. He ſtaggered and fell againſt the maſt of the ſhip, crying out "He is my ſon."

This expreſſion, and the accident with which it was accompanied, called up the queen. She embraced

braced her ſon and huſband, and mingled her tears with theirs. They all three experienced the ſweeteſt ſenſations of nature.

Theſe feelings were enlivened by the ſight of the young and charming Haroun, who ſoon arrived. He was now eleven years of age, and was clad in complete armour; innocence and grace marked his figure, he was conducted on board by the chief officer of the Muſſulman army, and ſoon found himſelf in the arms of thoſe of whom Simouſtapha had ſo often ſpoken. Who can deſcribe the joy of the happy family? The king of India landed at Baſſora, the caliph was relieved from his uneaſineſs reſpecting the fleet, and the hopes of ſeeing his ancient friends cheered his old days.—The news was carried to Caſſer-il-Harais. The princeſſes and their children felt the higheſt ſatisfaction. Even the birds ſeemed to ſhare in the general joy.

The caliph's army was diſmiſſed. The monarch of India's fleet remained at Baſſora. He himſelf was conducted by his ſon to Bagdad, under an eſcort of four thouſand gentlemen on horſeback, and the caliph came out to meet them with a ſplendid train. The two monarchs were ſoon together.

Bagdad aſſumed a new appearance. The Indian monarch entered that city thro' triumphal arches. The caliph diſplayed all his power and magnificence in giving a noble reception to his friend and ally. The moſt ſolemn acts of religion conferred a degree of ſanctity upon the ceremonies that were now celebrated, and public rejoicings crowned the whole.

The king and queen of India had yet one intereſting journey to make. This was to Caſſer-il-Harais,

Harais, where were the two princeſſes, Simouſta-pha's wives, with their charming family.

The caliph ordered preparations for this journey to be ſpeedily made, and every thing was conduct-ed upon this occaſion with no leſs ſplendour than had been diſplayed in their reception in Bagdad.—The princeſſes received previous notice of the ap-proach of their royal viſitants; and it was not long till they perceived the flags of the caliph and the king of India waving in the air. Couriers had gone before the van-guard. The company ſoon arrived, and thoſe two families had the de-light of indulging mutually in the moſt pleaſing ſentiments of natural affection. The queen of In-dia now recogniſed, with inexpreſſible pleaſure, all the flowers of the firſt roſe-buſh, viewed them again and again, and, with the tendereſt fondneſs, preſſed them to her boſom. After a ſumptuous re-paſt, they entered the enchanted garden, where an entertainment no leſs raviſhing than unexpected waited for them. By order of the three birds of paradiſe all the reſt were aſſembled, and joined in one melodious concert. Sometimes they would pitch for a moment on the turf, and exhibit an animated parterre. At the hearing of this muſic the gazelles and other little animals ſeemed to leap about in correſpondent meaſures, ſo as to form a ruſtic dance. The ſilver fiſhes in the ponds riſing from the ſandy bottom, reflected, from their party-coloured ſcales the glittering radiance of the ſun. The water ſeemed a liquid rain-bow, the varied ſhades of which charmed the eye. Our lovers wandered through thoſe delightful bowers, talked of their happineſs, and ſhared all the delights of virtuous love.

But

But it was now time that the king of India ſhould communicate to his ſubjects the ſucceſs of his voyage. He was to carry with him Simouſtapha with his two wives. But the caliph would retain young Haroun-Ben-Alraſchid, to whom he gave in marriage the only daughter of a ſon whom the commander of the faithful had loſt, in conſequence of which the young prince was deſigned his ſucceſſor.

Simouſtapha, Ilſetilſone, and Setelpedour were now to embark with their family for India. They parted with tears from young Haroun. He accompanied his parents to the ſhore, and, after embracing them, ſaid to his father, "Raiſe an army, father, I ſhall aſk one from the caliph; and we will together ſubdue and convert all the infidels. I ſhall have the pleaſure of ſeeing you again; I will bring with me my little wife Yalide. We ſhall ſee one another, embrace one another; I ſhall careſs my mother and ſiſters, and we ſhall all be happy."

The ſhips had now ſailed out of the Perſian Gulph; a fair wind carried them ſoon and ſafely to the ſhores of India. They were received by the people with every demonſtration of the higheſt joy, Setelpedour there found peace and happineſs greatly preferable to all the crowns of Ginniſtan; and Simouſtapha reaped the full fruits of thoſe virtues which the Perſian philoſopher had firſt implanted in his heart.

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Scheherazade having ended the ſtory of Simouſtapha, pauſed a moment.——"Is this all your ſtory?" ſaid the Sultan. I have been greatly in-

tereſted in it, eſpecially in ſo far as the birds were concerned. I am not a little diſappointed that they did not all three ſet out for India, where they might have contributed greatly to keep peace in the family; my fancy would be to have thoſe birds; you have told me of a fiſherman who wiſhed to fiſh with ſilken nets. I, for my part, ſhould like to go out a hunting thoſe birds of paradiſe with nets of ſeed-pearls."

"You might find that a dangerous fancy to try, O magnanimous Sultan," replied Scheherazade; "the birds of paradiſe are not to be ſo eaſily enſnared; you might thus, indeed, take thoſe of Giniſtan, which to you would ſeem as beautiful, but which, within as well as without, are all perfidy and falſe ſemblance. As it is not yet day-break, I might tell your highneſs the ſtory of Alibengiad, Sultan of Herak, which is ſhort but tragical, and might ſuggeſt to you to beware of any intercourſe with thoſe marvellous birds."—"I ſhall hear it with pleaſure," replied the Sultan. Scheherazade proceeded thus.

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## *Story of* ALIBENGIAD *and the* FALSE BIRDS *of* PARADISE.

ALIBENGIAD, Sultan of Herak, and a deſcendant of Ali, made war on caliph Moawias. He ſought to enſnare the caliph by enticing him into a ſtrait between heights of which he was himſelf maſter. Moawias led his army ſlowly on, ſo as to make the enemy believe that he had no ſuſpicion

ſuſpicion of the ſtratagem employed againſt him. But Alibengiad was ſoon defeated, his army cut in pieces, and himſelf made priſoner. He was confined in a fortreſs upon the Aggiala, ſome leagues from Caſſer-il-Harais. This priſoner, being a man of a bad heart, had been a curſe to his ſubjects during his reign, and now wanted firmneſs of mind to ſupport his own misfortune. His time was ſpent between tranſports of paſſion, and fits of weak deſpondency. His only ſociety was an eunuch fifteen years of age, who had been ſhut up with him, and with whom he uſed often to hold the ſillieſt and moſt childiſh converſation. He expreſſed his ſurpriſe that ſuch a man as Moawias, who paſſed his time in praying, ſhould in war be able to take ſuch ſudden ſteps for diſconcerting his enemies, and ſhould foreſee their deſigns without ſeeming to have enquired after them.

"Our caliph," ſaid the eunuch, "needs not to employ ſo many ſpies, or to take ſo much pains. When informed that enemies are coming againſt him, he mounts his camel, taking with him ſome ſmall ſupply of proviſions; his bird of paradiſe goes before him, and acquaints him with thoſe circumſtances where the enemy lies open to an attack, their ſtratagems, and all their manœuvres."—"What bird is that?" ſaid Alibengiad.—"Have you never heard," replied the eunuch, "of the birds in the gardens of Caſſer-il-Harais, not far from this? They were firſt placed in that garden by Mahomet, nor do they ever leave it, except on ſome errand in the ſervice of the prophet. There is much talk of them in the palace, becauſe the women have ſeen them. Thoſe birds are ſaints. They are perfectly acquainted with the Koran, and ſpeak very diſtinctly. They are ſaid to be capa-

ble of doing almoſt any thing. I have heard an hundred ſtories of them, ſo that I have often even dreamed of them; but, unleſs in a dream, I never ſaw them. They have a moſt beautiful appearance when moving through the air; one would think it a parcel of green ſilk flying, ſo light and fine are their feathers.

"Our great caliph has certainly one who always ſerves and ſpeaks to him, although neither ſeen nor heard by any perſon elſe, and he accordingly knows all that is done in the palace. We had a black among us, who ſaid he had one of theſe bird, who helped him to recover whatever was loſt; but his bird did not hinder him from drowning himſelf in the Ilfara."

The folly and extravagance of the Sultan, which were great enough before, were raiſed to a ſtill higher pith, by the account of theſe wonders, and others with which the eunuch was conſtantly entertaining him. "If I had a bird," ſaid he to himſelf, "ſuch as Moawias has, it might help me to eſcape from this confinement. I might, by its aid, recover my own dominions. I ſhould raiſe an army, and come againſt the caliph; our power, conſiſting in advantages natural and miraculous might thus be balanced, and we ſhould ſee which of us two was to have the victory. Caſſer-il-Harais is not far from this. If I could make them hear me I might perſuade one of the winged inhabitants of that garden to come to my help. "*Come! come! come to me!*" cried the Sultan, in the heat of his fancy. "*Come, celeſtial and powerful birds! The throne of Herak, and the nobleſt empire that I can conquer ſhall be your cage.*"

Alibengiad

Alibengiad was ſo full of this idea, that he forgot his evening and morning prayers, in which, although a heretic, he had hitherto been very exact. But the marvellous birds now occupied all his thoughts, and he addreſſed his vows to none but them. "I ſaw one of them laſt night," ſaid the eunuch to him one morning; and I thought in my dream that it ſpoke to me."——— "Ah! happy thou," replied the Sultan; "I would give half my blood only to ſee them in a dream. When night came, this thought kept the Sultan awake, which was not the way to have the dream that he wiſhed. But at midnight he heard a ſudden tapping at his window, which was on the outſide about an hundred and twenty feet high. He looked and ſaw the window illuminated as if it had been day. He examined it carefully, and ſaw a beautiful bird perched on the grating without.

At this ſight Alibengiad was raviſhed with joy and ſurpriſe. He invited the bird to come in.— "*No*," ſaid the wonderful animal, but with ſuch diſtinct articulation, that it ſeemed to whiſper in his ear, "*if, however, thou art curious to have me, we may make our terms.*" After uttering theſe few words the ſplendid bird diſappeared, and Alibengiad ſuppoſed himſelf on the point of becoming one of the happieſt of men.

The eunuch had been aſleep, and had ſeen or heard nothing of all this. Alibengiad acquainted him with his good fortune. Next night they kept both upon the watch, but had only the pleaſure of paſſing a ſleepleſs night. Several days paſſed in the ſame ſtate of impatience and watchfulneſs. At laſt, the bird appeared again at midnight. "I was inclined to you," ſaid he to the

Sultan, "by my own private ſentiments, as well as attracted by your prayers, which I heard in the garden of Caſſer-il-Harais. I have now obtained permiſſion to ſpeak with you. Are you willing that we make a mutual agreement?" "With all my heart," replied Alibengiad.—"Ariſe then, and let me in."

The Sultan aroſe. "Stand in the middle of the room," ſaid the bird, "and repeat, word for word, after me, what I am going to ſay. *Open chamber, I order thee in the name of Mahomet.—Bird, come in to me, I command thee, in the name of the God of the earth.* Alibengiad, quite tranſported, repeated thoſe words, and the bird immediately perched on his ſhoulder. The blaze of light which ſurrounded him illuminated the chamber; the eunuch was terrified, and fell proſtrate on the ground.

"What wouldſt thou have of me," ſaid the bird, "and of the maſter to whom I belong?"—"Deliver me from this confinement," replied the Sultan; "convey me back to Herak; re-eſtabliſh me on my throne, and avenge me of Moawias." "All this ſhall be done, but we muſt begin with getting out. Order the iron grate which oppoſes our paſſage to fall down, by the name of Mahomet." Alibengiad obeyed without heſitation.—"Order me in the name of the great God of the earth to make thee a chariot, which before next night may convey thee within ſight of Herak."—Alibengiad full of joyful hope gave this new order with pleaſure, having already ſeen the grating of the window diſappear.

"Keep the cap of the turban," ſaid the bird, "but give me the muſlin ſaſh. Of it will I make a chariot to convey thee and the eunuch hence."

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The Sultan readily complied with this demand. "You ſhall have your chariot inſtantly," ſaid the bird. So ſaying, he took the faſh by one end in his bill, and carried the whole piece out of the window. Almoſt inſtantly after Alibengiad ſaw through the aperture a very convenient chariot in which the bird was yoked by light ribbands of crimſon, and ſilk gold. He advanced boldly to the window himſelf, ſtooped to paſs through it, and ſeated himſelf in the chariot. "Within a few minutes," ſaid the bird, "as he put his foot on the chariot, thou muſt repeat after me the confeſſion of faith which I ſhall dictate." "Moſt readily replied the Sultan, who was very impatient to begone.—"If thou faileſt but in one word, thou ſhalt plunge into the river Aggiala, there to perform thy laſt ablutions. But get into the chariot and repeat diſtinctly what I ſhall bid there before thou ſitteſt down. *In the name of the great Kokopileſobe the only God of the earth, I deſire to ſet out for Herak.*"—"What ſayeſt thou then bird," ſaid Alibengiad; "*There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet.*"

Hardly had he uttered theſe words, when the chariot diſſolved, and became muſlin again. The bird flew away, and the body of the man having nothing to ſupport it but the ſlight ſtuff, fell down upon the rocks at the foot of the tower where it was waſhed by the river. Yet he eſcaped unhurt, for ſo much of the miraculous virtue did there ſtill remain in the muſlin of the turban. Alibengiad was, however, ſo ſtunned by the fall, that he now loſt the ſmall ſhare of common ſenſe which he had before poſſeſſed, and fell into a ſtate of fatuity.—The fiſhermen took him up, and carried him to Moawias.

The caliph being informed of the adventure by the eunuch who had not as yet ſet his foot upon the chariot, when it was diſſolved, conſidered the unhappy accident which had befallen the Sultan of Herak, as a judgment inflicted by the ordination of heaven, and the will of Mahomet; and gave corporal liberty to him, who by the decree of the moſt high had been deprived of freedom and energy of mind.

The eunuch led him about through Bagdad as an object of curioſity, and ſhewed him to ſtrangers in the kans *as the Sultan of the bird.* Alibengiad being now perfectly ſtupid, anſwered only by an unmeaning laugh to all queſtions that were put to him.

"Have you done," ſaid the Sultan to Scheherazade; "your ſtory is an impertinent one, and the more ſo, becauſe you have in more than one place addreſſed yourſelf to me. Do you think that I am wrong in the head becauſe I am fond of birds?"—"Invincible Sultan," replied ſhe——"Well! Well! This is enough. But remember that I will ſuffer no one to ridicule any of my own fancies, and be more diſcreet in the choice of your ſtories. If I remember right there is another in which mention is made of birds which were ſent to the king of Egypt."—"Your majeſty," ſaid Scheherazade, no doubt thinks of a narrative that relates to a very ancient period long before the Koran enlightened the univerſe. I ſhall relate it if your highneſs pleaſes." "Speak," ſaid the Sultan, "I ſhall hear you, but remember——" The amiable Sultana underſtood the hint, bowed and thus proceeded.

## *Story of* SINKARIB *and his two* VIZIERS.

IN the times of which I am going to ſpeak, ſire, Sinkarib reigned at Niniveh, and over the kingdom of Aſſyria. That prince came very young to the throne. He was not without virtues, but the love of pleaſure occaſioned his neglecting his affairs. Buſineſs was burdenſome to him; a miniſter who could relieve him of the weight might be ſure of governing him. This young prince had, happily for himſelf, retained, as his grand vizier, Hicar, who had directed the adminiſtration of the Aſſyrian government in his father's reign, with equal popularity and ability. Of all the men of his age he was the moſt ſkilful in every branch of knowledge. His prudence and ſteadineſs, the fertility of his mind in expedients, and the high reputation which he enjoyed, inſured the happineſs of the people, and the ſecurity of the ſtate.

Hicar's wealth was immenſe. His palace was of the extent of a conſiderable city. A deſire of heirs rather than miſplaced vanity, had led him to eſpouſe one after another, no fewer than ſixty wives. To theſe he had built ſixty Makſſuras †, in which they lived each by herſelf. He had no progeny by any of theſe marriages, and un-

† Makſſura is a ſmall ſeparate palace, where a ſingle wife lives apart from her rivals.

luckily made himſelf more uneaſy at this circumſtance than ſo wiſe a man as he might have been expected to do.

Zefagnia, his firſt wife, who ſtill retained her influence over his heart, in vain, exhorted him to reſignation. "Children are not always a bleſſing," ſaid ſhe, "you know that I had a ſiſter who died of her grief, occaſioned by the miſconduct of her ſon. Submit, my dear Hicar, to a decree by which you are perhaps delivered from much uneaſineſs, although at firſt view it has a contrary aſpect with regard to you." Hicar had a high reſpect for his wife; ſhe was aunt to Sinkarib, and had never ſhown any degree of pride, on account of the accidental advantage of her birth. Her conduct had been always blameleſs; and ſhe had every right to his tenderneſs and eſteem. Aſhamed of the ſtep which he was going to take, he did not inform her that he had ſent for aſtrologers in order to conſult them concerning the means which he ſhould uſe to have a ſon.

The aſtrologers, flattered with the confidence of a perſon of his rank, ſoon gave him an anſwer, and adviſed him to offer ſacrifice to Bilelſanam or Bel, from whom he might expect the bleſſing he deſired.

Hicar had been born in the country of Haram, and had brought thence with him the knowledge of the true God. However, being hurried away by his paſſion for children, he went to find the high prieſt of Bilelſanam, and ordered a ſacrifice, after which he conſulted the oracle. The oracle was dumb, and the high prieſt was ſeized with terror, and made the vizier retire.

Scarcely was he out of the temple, ſcarcely had he caſt his eyes on the wonders of nature around

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when he felt his heart agitated by remorſe, and ſaw in its true light the offence of which he had been guilty againſt the author of the univerſe, by placing his confidence in a vain idol, and laviſhing upon it the adoration and ſacrifices due to the Supreme Being. He raiſed his eyes to heaven.

"Oh! Sovereign Creator," cried he, "Bilel-ſanam is mute, and is formed to be ſo; he can grant nothing, becauſe he has nothing to give — But thou, in whoſe hands is almighty power, who haſt hitherto refuſed this requeſt which I have ſo often repeated; Oh! hear me this laſt time! Grant me a ſon!"

After this invocation the vizier caſt his eyes upon the ground, and croſſing his hands over his breaſt, ſunk back into reflection. Suddenly a celeſtial voice was heard. "Hicar," ſaid it, "ceaſe from thine importunity; thou ſhalt have no ſon; but thou mayeſt adopt Nadan thy ſiſter's ſon."

Hicar returned to his houſe, and inſtead of mentioning to Zefagnia the ſacrifice which he had made to the idol, informed her of the order which he thought he had received from heaven. His virtuous ſpouſe was ready to pay due obedience to God and her huſband. From that moment Nadan became their adopted ſon, and they laviſhed all their care and tenderneſs on him whom the moſt High ſeemed to have deſtined to be theirs.

Nadan, the favourite of all nature, was diligent and ſtudious, made due returns for the kindneſs of Hicar and Zefagnia, and promiſed to exceed the hopes which they had conceived of him: his wit was quick and piercing, but all his virtues and other good qualities were mere ſemblance; he was ſuch a maſter in artifice, that whatever he affected

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to appear ſeemed natural unto him. He was beſides very reſerved, and was conſtantly keeping a watch upon others, without ever once unboſoming himſelf.

"I ſhould wiſh our child to commit a fault," would Zefagnia often ſay, "were it only that I might know how he would extricate himſelf. In truth I find him but too perfect."

Nadan was now near five and twenty, and was accompliſhed with knowledge of all ſorts, as well as conſumately ſkilled in affairs of government and policy, in which his uncle took a pleaſure to inſtruct him. His ſoul was ſecretly inflamed with ambition, but not one ſpark of that did he diſcover, ſo well did he reſtrain all his paſſions that it was never ſuſpected that any of them could have the maſtery over his mind.

Hicar, deceived by ſuch fair appearances, and deſiring to paſs the remainder of his days in peace and reſt, determined to aſk the king for leave to reſign, and at the ſame time to recommend his nephew Nadan for his ſucceſſor.

"Sire," ſaid he, "full ſeven and forty years have I now had the honour of dedicating my ſervices to your auguſt father and yourſelf. Old age brings on frailties and infirmities; I feel that I am no longer equal to the place which I ſtill occupy. Having foreſeen ſeveral years ago that a time was coming when my ability would no longer keep peace with my zeal, I adopted my ſiſter's ſon. I have given him an education by which he is prepared to ſerve your majeſty with credit.—His natural abilities and diſpoſitions have happily ſeconded all my views, and I believe I have formed in him an abler miniſter than myſelf. Gratefully ſenſible as I am of the kindneſs with which

your

your majeſty has uniformly honoured me, I ſhall never ceaſe to remember it, and although I beg your permiſſion to reſign, yet, believe me, Sire, I ſhall remain faithfully devoted to your ſervice for life. However, with ſuch a grand vizier as Nadan, I cannot ſuppoſe that you will ever have need of my advice; his talents are above my experience."

Sinkarib deſired to ſee the man whom Hicar ſo highly praiſed. No exterior aſpect could be more attractive than that of Nadan. He anſwered to the queſtions which the king thought proper to put to him, with apparent modeſty, and at the ſame time, with a degree of good ſenſe and propriety, which ſhewed a maturity of underſtanding that charmed the king.

"You crown your ſervices," ſaid he to Hicar, "by providing ſo worthy a ſucceſſor. Nadan ſhall be appointed to the poſt you reſign, and which I cannot without pain ſuffer you to retire from. But you muſt ſtill continue the firſt prince of my empire, and retain all the honours of the eminent ſtation which you have ſo long held. You ſhall have free acceſs to my perſon at all times, and my ears ſhall always be open to your wiſe advice."

At the ſame time the king ordered that Hicar ſhould be arrayed in a rich veſtice, and put a chain of gold about his neck, having his name engraven upon it, and enriched with diamonds of great value. A feſtival of eight days continuance was at the ſame time held throughout his dominions, in honour of his old vizier, and to celebrate the inauguration of the new.

Nadan was immediately inveſted with the inſignia of his office; he received the king's orders upon

upon different affairs, and returned to Hicar's palace.

"Dear Nadan," ſaid his uncle, "you will no longer have time to receive your mother's advice or mine, forget not what we have already given you; by your obedience to it have you riſen to your preſent condition. I muſt forewarn you that its difficulty is proportionable to its dignity, and at the ſame time intreat your attention to ſome inſtructions, which, before this day, would have been premature, but are now of the higheſt conſequence to you.

"You are going to be inveſted with great power; employ it all for the advantage of him who entruſts you with it; remember that he will watch over you with a jealous eye. Let reſpect prevent you from intruding your familiarity upon your ſovereign; and let your reſerve keep inferiors at a due diſtance. You have no longer an equal, and can therefore have no longer a friend. Be not the dupe of the courtiers about you. A tree covered with fruits invites the birds of the air to perch on its branches, and to flutter about it; when the fruit is deſtroyed, it is then deſerted; it becomes the ſport of the winds, duſt covers it, and all fly away.

"Flattery will ſtrew flowers in your way: Incenſe will ſmoke before you, and ſandal, aloes, and amber burn around you. Beware of prizing theſe things above their juſt value. A man who praiſes you to your face, can no more be dangerous; beware rather of him who can artfully ſwell your pride without ſeeming to admire you.

"Fortune will bring about you thoſe who covet her favours; leave her thoſe followers; they will be one day obliged to part from her.

"Keep

" Keep yourſelf detached from the crowd: look upon them, but follow them not.

" After your labours retire to ſolitude; you will there meet reflection, the beſt company for you.

" You will find yourſelf in a ſtate of affluence; ſuffer it not to become burdenſome to you, otherwiſe it will deſtroy enjoyment.

" Not to be able to live without ſuperfluities, is to be dead. Pleaſure of whatever ſort blunts and enfeebles the powers of ſenſe.

" Intemperance reduces man to a level with the brutes; it renders him firſt weak, and then baſe.

" Be courteous to all, but familiar with none. Your preſence ought ever to impoſe reſpect.

" Put babbling talkers to ſilence: the ſun has run his courſe, and ſtill they are prating, but ſaying nothing; they are thieves of time.

" Never talk in a high tone; it is a ſure mark of ignorance.

" Liſten with patience: encourage the timid: be not frightened from your point by confident anſwers. If any man reſiſt you to your face, recollect yourſelf leiſurely, in order that you may judge with coolneſs, whether to be firm or obſtinate.

" Never expect good from the corrupt. A river may as ſoon flow back to its head, the water of the ſea ceaſe to be bitter, or a raven become white, as innate wickedneſs become productive of good. Be merciful. Man is often under ſubjection to circumſtances, and to peculiarities of character.

" When you deal out puniſhment upon the guilty, ſhew even in your looks a degree of tenderneſs

derneſs mixed with gravity; remember that you are the organ of the law, not the executioner.

"Be kind to the poor, but drive far from you him who comes to aſk you alms in a pompous dreſs. You might ſooner ruin the ſtate than ſatisfy his avarice.

"Put covetouſneſs far from you. She always miſunderſtands her own intereſts. Avoid prodigality; ſhe ſows by handfuls, and reaps nothing but ſorrow.

"When the torrent is exhauſted, the traveller paſſes by and deſpiſes it. Even the earth that has drunk it up is little the better for it.

"Be paſſionately concerned for nothing but the public weal; you will then ſerve all the world and yourſelf.

"When you intend any enterpriſe, ſhut your lips. When you ſet out to carry it into execution line your ſandals with linen.

"The ſecret which is blabbed burns the tongue. The rumour which precedes or marches along with a project diſconcerts it.

"Reſpect the life of men; they are your brethren.

"Shew your modeſty in your firſt ſetting out; you will afterwards ſhine with the greater brilliancy.

"Of all trees the almond tree is the firſt covered with flowers, but the laſt to yield its fruit.—Imitate the mulberry-tree, it yields its fruits before the leaf appears. (There is a mulberry-tree of this kind in Arabia.)

"Endeavour to foreſee obſtacles. A cock-boat at ſea may ride over the firſt billow it encounters, but will ſoon be ſunk by a ſucceſſion of waves."

Hicar

Hicar after giving theſe ſage advices to the young miniſter, which he preſumed that he was to follow, preſented him to Zefagnia; they both embraced him, and expreſſed the warmeſt wiſhes for his proſperity and honour. The gates of the palace were opened, and he received the uſual compliments upon his elevation to the glorious poſt to which Sinkarib had raiſed him.

Nadan was not of a character to be dazzled by thoſe firſt flattering marks of the royal favour.—His defects had eſcaped the diſcernment of his uncle, and he had too much depth to diſplay himſelf ſo readily. On this occaſion he received his new orders in ſuch a manner as to prove himſelf not unworthy of them. He went immediately to the royal palace to take his ſeat in the divan, amidſt a court at once brilliant and numerous. In the eyes of Hicar he appeared fully worthy of the honours to which that great old man's intereſt had raiſed him.

Sinkarib, ſunk as he was in the ſoftneſs of luxury, had need of a vigilant and enlightened miniſter, and ſuch a one he found in Nadan. He ſoon came to prefer the young vizier to him who had retired. Nadan willingly joined in his amuſements, and ſhewed himſelf no enemy to the pleaſures of the palace. The monarch and his vizier ſoon became inſeparable, and buſineſs was neglected.

Murmurs and complaints began to ariſe.—Hicar was diſturbed in his retirement, and was obliged to expreſs his alarm to his nephew.

Nadan heard him reſpectfully, promiſed to correct every thing, but paid no regard to what he had promiſed.

New

New diſorders ſucceeded. The old vizier became more anxious and more importunate. He went to communicate his uneaſineſs to the king himſelf but found the monarch prepoſſeſſed againſt him. Nadan had palliated the evil in his ſovereign's eye, and had begun to repreſent his uncle in an unfavourable point of view.

"Old age had," he ſaid to the king, "rendered Hicar peeviſh and timid. He can no longer enter into the detail of buſineſs, yet would ſtill conduct it: although now too feeble and languid to hold the reins of authority, yet he daily regrets that they have been removed out of his hands. His ſtrange humour diſtreſſes me, and if I were to follow his direction, it would be impoſſible for me to terminate any one affair to your majeſty's advantage."

When Hicar preſented himſelf to Sinkarib, he ſoon perceived the effect of the prejudices againſt him that had been inſtilled into the royal boſom. The king received him coldly, and when the vizier mentioned buſineſs, adviſed him to confine his cares to his own health. "I know perfectly what you would ſay, added he; the complaints of thoſe turbulent ſpirits are abſolutely groundleſs. Your nephew Nadan has only obeyed my orders, and has perfectly done his duty. However, receive my acknowledgments for theſe new proofs of your zeal, and above all things have a care of your health, which begins to decline very faſt."

Hicar went away mortified, and in confuſion. He threw himſelf weeping into the arms of his wife. "Dear Zefagnia," ſaid he, "that Nadan, that ſon whom we looked upon as a gift from God, beſtowed for our conſolation, and for a bleſſing to

Aſſyria

Aſſyria has robbed me of the confidence of the king. He will ruin all, and I ſhall be the cauſe."

"Let us not diſtreſs ourſelves Hicar," replied Zefagnia. "I, no leſs than you, was ſeduced by ſpecious appearances; I contributed to your deceiving yourſelf with reſpect to his character.—But we muſt not ſay that divine goodneſs has been an accomplice in our folly. That voice which ſeemed to come down from on high was not the voice of heaven. But you have been permitted to impoſe upon yourſelf, becauſe you went to the temple of Bilelſanam, to aſk that progeny which was denied you by the eternal decree. I have ſince meditated upon that unfortunate circumſtance. If the Moſt High had intended you an heir, it was as eaſy for him, to give you one from your own body, as to ſtrike your ear with an unſubſtantial ſound. Impoſture has been permitted to puniſh you for idolatry, which in a man of your knowledge, was abſolutely unpardonable, and hence have you been conſtrained to adopt Nadan. Heaven grant that he ſtop here. The maſk of hypocriſy by which we have been ſo long deceived, may conceal yet more odious and dangerous practices.

Theſe reflections of Zefagnia were wiſe and profound. But Hicar, whoſe heart ſtill retained a tenderneſs for his nephew, would not ſuffer himſelf to ſuppoſe that the young man could be ſo wicked as to entertain any ſuch deſigns, as thoſe his wife hinted at.

Nadan already felt the ſtings of remorſe for his ingratitude, continued to purſue the ruin of his benefactor, whoſe looks and remonſtrances he dreaded, whoſe fortune he conſumed, and whoſe reputation he envied.

He

He contrived to draw up an anonymous libel againſt himſelf, but in ſuch a ſhape, that it appeared to be the work of his uncle. He filled it with falſe and groundleſs imputations, yet the whole had a ſpecious appearance, and the air of being dictated by zeal. Sinkarib received this piece, and communicated it to Nadan.

The artful miniſter in a moment removed the effect which might have been produced by his own impoſture. He, however, failed not to ſuggeſt that only Hicar could be the author; at this thought he pretended to be moved even to tears, and beſought the king to pardon the age and weakneſs of his uncle, not however without taking proper meaſures to remove from his councils a man who had given ſo many proofs of what he was, and who made himſelf the tool of intrigue.

"You have left him," added he, "a numerous guard. That pomp of attendance gives him an appearance of weight in the ſtate which encourages mal-contents to gather about him, and to diſturb him and us with their vain complaints.—They perſuade him to exert all his credit, and reſume his office, nor will they ceaſe to diſturb us till he have loſt all favour with your majeſty."

"I might indeed dare the people's cenſures," replied Sinkarib; as to them I owe no account of the reaſons of my conduct; and I ſhould enter into your views if I had not very ſtrong reaſons to prevent me; but I am unwilling to mortify Zefagnia, to whom I owe reſpect as my father's ſiſter; and were it only for her ſake, I cannot deprive her huſband of his honours.

Nadan was too good a courtier not to approve of the reaſons which Sinkarib alledged. But determining

termining to purſue his purpoſe, he ſaw himſelf obliged to employ more dangerous acts.

A treaty was at that time pending between the courts of Aſſyria and Perſia, for the exchange of two places on their common frontier. Every thing was concluded and agreed upon. Nadan had received the laſt expreſſes from the Aſſyrian plenipotentiaries. A courier was ſoon to arrive to carry the news to the king.

Hicar received a letter from Perſia, which was ſuppoſed to come from a man of known attachment to him. It informed him that the Perſian monarch did not honeſtly intend to fulfil the treaty, but that as ſoon as the troops ſhould have occupied the place, which was to be given up by the Aſſyrians, he intended to ſend another body, thro' a ſecret ſubterraneous paſſage into the fortreſs given up to Sinkarib's people, and to aſſaſſinate them. The execution of this intended treachery ſeemed to be delayed till hoſtages ſhould have been given on both ſides.

To this narrative, which had been contrived by Nadan himſelf, nothing was wanting, that could ſerve to render it plauſible. Hicar felt the utmoſt indignation, at hearing of ſuch atrocious perfidy.

Nadan reſided in the royal palace, from which he very rarely abſented himſelf. He now received a preſſing invitation from his uncle, to come and ſpeak with him immediately. He haſtened to wait upon him with the appearance of the utmoſt eagerneſs and concern.

"What has happened uncle?" ſaid he, "By the way in which your laſt orders were delivered to me, I was alarmed leſt I might not arrive here ſoon enough to receive your lateſt ſighs!—

But

But I am now eaſier ſince I have the happineſs of ſeeing you ſtill in ſuch good health. Pray what was the occaſion of ſo urgent a meſſage?" "It was a matter," replied Hicar, "of the higheſt importance to you, to Sinkarib, and to all Aſſyria; look upon that letter."

Nadan willing to pique the old man ſtill more by his behaviour than his words, read the letter with a cold contemptuous air, and, when he had ended, ſpoke thus:

"You ſhould make yourſelf eaſy, my dear uncle, and not intermeddle in the buſineſs of the ſtate; your correſpondences ſerve for no other purpoſe, than to diſturb your peace. I can depend upon the wiſdom of the meaſures which I have taken with his majeſty, and upon the fidelity of our agents. Deny yourſelf to thoſe reſtleſs turbulent people who beſet you. The king is alarmed for you, and will certainly thank you to be ſilent; affairs will go much better on thus." After holding this inſulting language he took his leave, and returned to the king's palace.

The virtuous Hicar, petrified at what he had heard, went to pour his complaints and tears into the boſom of Zefagnia. The princes endeavoured to calm his grief, and by degrees learned that his preſent affliction was owing to the imprudence and ingratitude of Nadan. The raſh and giddy youth refuſed to liſten to wiſe and ſalutary counſel, and was haſtening to expoſe Aſſyria to all the horrors of war, to the loſs of many ſubjects, and to laſting ſlavery.

"Go to my nephew Sinkarib," ſaid Zefagnia, "carry him the letter which you have received from Perſia. However blind he may be to the demerits of Nadan, his own intereſt cannot but

open

open his eyes. You will not ſuffer all to periſh when it may be ſo eaſily prevented."

"I ſhall go," replied Hicar, "notwithſtanding the averſion which I feel to take ſuch a ſtep."—He accordingly repaired to the royal palace, and demanded a private audience of the king.

"I will hear what you have to ſay in the preſence of Nadan," replied Sinkarib. "He has already informed me of the ſubject of your uneaſineſs. You are entirely miſinformed; happily I had not ſuffered myſelf to be alarmed by your advices. A meſſenger has this moment arrived from Perſia who has brought me the happieſt news.—The ſubterraneous paſſage, of which you ſpeak, has no exiſtence; and the pretended treachery of the king my brother is a baſe fabrication, for which your correſpondent ſhould be puniſhed as he deſerves, did not his death, the news of which has been received by the meſſenger, render that no longer poſſible. I ſhould wiſh that all thoſe ſhared the ſame fate who ſtrive to give you uneaſineſs concerning the preſent adminiſtration; for, in all Aſſyria there is none but yourſelf that does not highly approve of it. Return to your palace, and live there in peace. This is all I have to aſk of you." Thus did the monarch, regardleſs of Hicar's age and paſt ſervices, diſmiſs him with contempt. He returned home to his virtuous wife, and to her gave an account of the reception he had met with.

"The ſtar of Nadan," ſaid ſhe, "is very fatal to you; it corrupts your benefactors and friends, and even perverts my beſt advices to your prejudice. It unfortunately predominates over Aſſyria, which to me appears at preſent in the greateſt danger. But if it be fated to periſh under its preſent

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ſent government, why ſhould we make ourſelves uneaſy at what the rulers of the ſtate refuſe to ward off. Let us be reſigned; others may either exert themſelves to remedy the evil, or ſhut their eyes from perceiving it. Sinkarib bids you be quiet and conſult your eaſe; in my opinion no command can be eaſier obeyed by a perſon at your time of life. You have a paſſion for knowledge, cannot you indulge yourſelf in its purſuit, and no longer waſte a thought on kings or their viziers?"

Hicar reſolved to follow Zefagnia's advice. To avoid giving any farther uneaſineſs to Sinkarib or renewing the jealouſy of Nadan, he ſhut his gate to all who could be ſuſpected of ſpeaking to him about public affairs, and confined his intercourſe to thoſe men of learning, from different countries, with whom he had always been connected. The cheerfulneſs and equability of his temper made all about him happy. He lived in contented tranquillity. Nay, he even began to forget his nephew, when the latter, who could not be eaſy while that great man was alive, ſought to deliver himſelf from one whom he hated as an enemy, and dreaded as a rival, by the moſt criminal intrigue that could be formed.

Sinkarib, after diſmiſſing Hicar, as above related, began to feel ſome degree of pain for having ſo harſhly treated an old miniſter, who had performed ſuch a ſeries of important ſervices to the ſtate. The very aſpect of the venerable old man had counteracted, in ſome meaſure, the invidious inſinuations of Nadan. But a look from the latter eaſily prevailed over the returning virtue of a maſter, who ſo eaſily ſuffered himſelf to be led by an unworthy confidant. Yet the king of Niniveh,

niveh could not help being diſſatisfied with himſelf.

He paſſed ſeveral days in the anxiety of remorſe, and was at laſt induced to mention to Nadan what he felt. "We ſent your uncle away very ill ſatisfied. How think you did my behaviour affect him? What does he now?"

"He has haughtily and angrily ſhut himſelf up at home," replied Nadan, "and no perſon is now admitted into his preſence. Yet, although he is inacceſſible to the inhabitants of Niniveh, he has not renounced all intercourſe with ſtrangers. Couriers from Perſia are daily coming and going about him." "What can be his views!" interrupted Sinkarib, with a degree of earneſtneſs.

"As he has ſtill ſuch a fooliſh paſſion to direct the affairs of the ſtate, it is hard to ſay what means he may not be tempted to employ," anſwered Nadan, "in order to effectuate his purpoſes. It is a ſtrange madneſs in the old man, but your majeſty may eaſily obtain farther intelligence upon this head. I ſhall give you notice when his next courier ſets out; you can order him to be arreſted; and his diſpatches may then be ſeized and examined."—"Well! I will enter ſo far into what you propoſe; but were it not better, that the courier ſhould ſeem to have been robbed, leſt we give unreaſonable and unneceſſary offence?"—"There is great propriety and wiſdom in what your majeſty ſuggeſts; for it is very poſſible, that the letters of a man of his years, may contain nothing but harmleſs reveries; and, in that caſe, the arreſting of his meſſenger, might only vindicate a weak and groundleſs jealouſy."

Nadan was well acquainted with the nature of his uncle's correſpondence. He uſed to write to

one of the Perſian Magi with whom he was in habits of friendſhip, and to one of the prieſts of Oſiris in Egypt, upon ſubjects of ſcience, which he was curious to inveſtigate. But it was neceſſary for his nephew's purpoſes, that a correſpondence of a very different nature ſhould be attributed to him. What did the perfidious miniſter? Having procured his uncle's ſeal, and having a great facility in counterfeiting his hand-writing, he wrote a letter to Akis, king of Perſia, the greateſt enemy Sinkarib had. The letter contained an invitation to that monarch, to invade and take poſſeſſion of a kingdom which was oppreſſed by an effeminate tyrant, who had become an object of hatred and contempt to his people. It perſuaded him to put himſelf at the head of a choſen body of troops, and to appear in the plain of Nerrim, where Hicar himſelf would meet him with his guard, in the beginning of the month Niram. It farther informed Akis, that one of the principal gates of the city, ſhould be betrayed to him, and that he would find the nobles, and the nation in general, diſpoſed to ſhake off the yoke of a tyrant, and to put themſelves under his protection.

The information in this letter, proceeded upon the ſuppoſition that the king of Perſia had received previous letters from the ſame hand, in which Hicar had pointed out to him, what ſteps he was to take, in order to prepare the way for the meditated revolution.

Nadan having thus given his impoſture ſo much of the colouring of truth, likewiſe counterfeited the bag, in which Hicar's couriers uſed to carry their maſter's packets. He uſed means to obtain previous notice of the departure of one of thoſe couriers, ſent a man, in whom he could confide,

to

to wait for him, without the gates of Niniveh, who was directed to enter into converſation with him, and to entice him into the firſt inn, where refreſhments were to be had; there the dexterous emiſſary took care to exchange the bag which he had received from his maſter Nadan, for that which the meſſenger was bearing from Hicar. The miniſter then went to the king. "Sire," ſaid he, "my uncle's courier has this morning ſet out for Perſia, ſend robbers to waylay him. As for myſelf, whatever may be my uncle's diſpoſitions towards me at preſent, yet my former obligations to him and the ties of blood, lay me under a reſtraint. Do juſtice for yourſelf, as may be neceſſary: upon the preſent occaſion, I cannot poſſibly ſerve you."

Sinkarib approved of Nadan's delicacy. He made five of his guards diſguiſe themſelves, and ſet out in purſuit of Hicar's courier. They ſoon came up with him, and perceived the bag hanging by his girdle. They attacked him, robbed him, and left him naked and deſtitute on the high way; juſt as profeſſed robbers would have done.

Sinkarib, upon reading the contents of Hicar's pretended letter, was naturally hurried into a tranſport of paſſion. He gave orders, that they ſhould immediately return, and find the courier; who had by this time, retired into a hut near to the place where he had been attacked. The king's officers immediately ſeized him and carried him before his majeſty.

"To whom doſt thou belong, ſlave?" ſaid the monarch.—"To Hicar."—"Was it he who gave you this letter to bear?"—"Yes, ſire,"—"To whom waſt thou to deliver theſe papers?"—"To his friends in Perſia."

"Oh! treaſon!" cried the king, "The man, whom my father and I have loaded with benefits, ſeeks to deliver me up to my enemy, and to accompliſh the ruin of my kingdom! Go inſtantly in ſearch of Hicar, and bring him hither." The guard ran to the palace of Hicar. He happened to be at that time in a ſmall retreat which he had prepared for himſelf among the hills at a ſmall diſtance from the city.

Zefagnia, alarmed at ſo eager a purſuit, and underſtanding that her huſband was accuſed of high treaſon, lifted up her hands and implored the aid of heaven. While a part of the guard went in ſearch of Hicar, ſhe ran to the palace of the king, her nephew, and threw herſelf at his feet. Sinkarib raiſed her. "Pardon is impoſſible in ſuch a caſe as this, madam," ſaid the king in a tranſport of paſſion; "I have in my hands the completeſt proofs of your huſband's abominable conſpiracy againſt me and all Aſſyria. The blood which flows in your veins muſt render the guilty wretch odious to you, as he has been baſely ungrateful."

Zefagnia heard the detail of the crimes laid to Hicar's charge; ſhe ſaw likewiſe their pretended proofs; but at the ſame time ſhe could not avoid ſeeing his innocence, and the criminality of Nadan, who was the only perſon that could have counterfeited the hand-writing and the ſeal; yet ſhe could not hope to undeceive the king.

"Sire," ſaid ſhe, "ſince you think it neceſſary to ſacrifice my huſband to your reſentment and ſecurity, I aſk only one favour. Whether he be guilty or not, to me his blood muſt be dear, and I ſhould wiſh to receive the laſt drop of it as it is ſhed. He has had a tomb conſtructed for himſelf in

in which our aſhes are one day to be united: Permit me to depoſit his remains there; and while I deplore the loſs of a man to whom I was joined by your father, I ſhall applaud your juſtice, ſince it concerns your ſafety, and the ſecurity of the ſtate, that he be put to death. Only direct the ſacrifice to be made in his own palace."

Sinkamb could not refuſe Zefagnia's requeſt; and, therefore, ordered his officers to repair immediately to Hicar's palace, and bring him the head of that reſpectable old man.

Zefagnia returning home, and expecting the immediate arrival of Hicar, with his executioners, ſought to repreſs her grief, and to preſerve full command of her mind amidſt a crowd of people whom ſhe hoped to outwit. Tables were ſet out with all the variety of diſhes that might ſerve to excite and to gratify the moſt ſenſual appetites; the beaufets were covered with the moſt exquiſite liquors; the pans were filled with perfumes; flowers of all ſorts embalmed the air; nothing was wanting to the ſplendour of the palace; and ſixty fair female ſlaves attended to ſerve the company. Amidſt theſe ſumptuous preparations, Hicar's wife ſtood ready to receive Sinkamb's officers. She had laid the train by which ſhe hoped to enſnare them, and ſhe now waited for them at the gates of the palace.

They arrived. "I know your errand," ſaid ſhe, "you are the miniſters of the king, my nephew's pleaſure. But before you proceed to the execution of an order which to me is indeed too ſevere, allow me to teſtify both to yourſelves and your maſter, the gratitude with which I receive the kindneſs, which, even in theſe circumſtances, he ſhews me, in not expoſing my huſband to a

death more cruel and ignominious. Come in. Thoſe, who were ſent to bring the unfortunate Hicar hither, have not yet returned. My ſlaves have orders to wait upon you, for I am not in a condition to do ſo myſelf."

The officers thanking Zefagnia, and accepting the invitation, repaired to the banqueting room. They ſeated themſelves upon ſofas. An hundred fair hands were ready to ſerve them. Amidſt the delicacies of the table, they ſoon forgot the rigorous orders which they had come to execute.

Zefagnia loſt not a moment; but taking aſide the executioner, "Yapouſmek," ſaid ſhe, "you remember, that when king Serkadoum, my brother, Sinkarib's father, had determined to put you to death, I found means to ſave you from his wrath? Do you recollect, that you owed your pardon to him whom you are now going to kill?" "Yes, madam, I ſhall never forget it." "Well, then," continued Zefagnia, "this is the moment to ſhew your gratitude. Hicar is innocent; and would you ſtain your hands with the blood of a virtuous and beneficent man? I have brought from the ſubterraneous dungeon in the palace, an old ſlave, a noted ſorcerer, who has been guilty of the moſt atrocious crimes. His ſize and figure are much the ſame as Hicar's. Your ſuperiors are not now in a condition to obſerve you. The magician is already dreſſed like my huſband. When Hicar appears, you will receive him from the hands of thoſe by whom he is brought in. Put your irons upon him; and here is a red handkerchief to bind upon his eyes. Bring him into the hall, where I ſhall be waiting, as if to bid him a laſt farewell. Remove any indiſcreet perſons from about us, under pretence of paying due reſpect to the

the laſt interview of huſband and wife. I will then put in your hands my old ſlave, in the garb of Hicar, in chains, and having his eyes covered with the ſame handkerchief with which you bound Hicar's. Do you then give the ſignal for the execution, ſtrike off the magician's head, and bear it to the king's palace."

"God proſper your intentions," replied Yapouſmek, "I ſhall willingly riſk my own life to ſave his who is ſo dear to you." "Heaven reward you," ſaid Zefagnia, "and for our part, you ſhall diſpoſe of all our wealth, if you pleaſe; you ſhall want for nothing."

Hardly had this little plot been concerted between them, when Hicar arrived, and they carried it into execution, without the leaſt difficulty. The necromancer ſlave, when he kneeled to receive the fatal blow, was recognized to the viſier himſelf, by the guards who had brought him in. Notice was given to the officer, whoſe buſineſs it was to give the king an account of the execution of his orders; he approached, and the head of the ſlave was that moment cut off. Yapouſmek took it up, to carry it to the king.

Sinkarib's officers were not in a haſte to withdraw themſelves from the ſumptuous feaſt, which Zefagnia had ſet before them; but duty required them to be gone. Hicar's wife immediately ſhut the gates of the palace, and turned to the neceſſary cares that called her.

The body of the magician, was removed with the uſual ceremonies, and conveyed in the ſame clothes he had worn, when beheaded, to the tomb prepared for Hicar, while all the houſhold attended in mourning.

No ſooner was night come, than ſhe, with the aſſiſtance of the ſlave, who was jailor of the priſon of the palace, conducted Hicar to the dungeon, from which the magician had been raiſed. She had it commodiouſly fitted up, and that gloomy receſs, became in the eyes of Zefagnia, an enchanted palace, delighted as ſhe was to have thus ſaved innocence from the machinations of envy.

While this bloody ſcene went on, the hypocritical Nadan, affecting a degree of concern, which he did not feel, had ſhut himſelf up in his own apartment. Sinkarib went to invite him out.

"Be comforted Nadan," ſaid he, "your uncle was really troubleſome to us; the peculiarity of his humour rendered him dangerous and diſagreeable. His whole fortune ſhall be yours, after the death of his wife; and it cannot be long till you ſucceed to the enjoyment of it. For it is impoſſible that ſhe ſhould long ſurvive the death of her huſband." Nadan obeyed the king, and they went together, to drown in pleaſure the remorſe, the anxiety, the ſecret ſtings which inwardly tormented them; ſtill more and more neglecting the duties of their ſtations, and the welfare of Aſſyria.

In the mean time, the death of Hicar, was followed with the greateſt public ſorrow in Niniveh, and was celebrated throughout the provinces, by a general mourning. Neighbouring powers received notice of the event, but none could comprehend, how Sinkarib had prevailed with himſelf to deſtroy the luminary of Aſia, the ſtaff of his power, and the ſtay of his throne. His enemies triumphed, and waited only for a fair pretext to invade Aſſyria.

Pharaoh

Pharaoh king of Egypt thought the occaſion too favourable to be neglected. He ſent an envoy with a very ſcanty train, to Niniveh, who delivered the following letter to king Sinkarib:—

"*Pharaoh, king of the king of the rivers of the earth, who fills the capacious baſon of the ſeas, with that immenſe body of waters, which he diſcharges into it by ſeven mouths: to Sinkarib, king of Aſſyria.*"

Let the man who is without underſtanding lay aſide the enſigns of power.

It is our deſire to ennoble the yoke of humanity, and to make our wiſdom reign through all the earth. Deſcend from thy throne, and come with all thy nobles and thy people, to receive the fetters with which my armies, which I am ready to pour over your ſands ſhall load you. Hide not thyſelf in thy palace, till deſtruction and death overtake thee. Yet on the following conditions, I am ready to treat with thee as a brother.

I have ſome ſubtile queſtions to propoſe, ſend me a man fit to reſolve them. You muſt build me a palace between heaven and earth, the foundations of which muſt reſt upon nothing, and which nothing muſt ſupport. I wiſh only for men ſuperior to myſelf, that I may do them honour. If you can fulfil theſe conditions, I ſhall pay you for four years, a tenth part of the revenues of Egypt. But if the man you ſend me is overcome, and fails, in the leaſt, of what I require, you may expect to be treated with ſo much the greater rigour, as I ſhall have reaſon to complain either of your diſobedience or your preſumption." Sinkarib ſurpriſed at this letter, ſhewed it to Nadan.

"How," ſaid he, "ſhall I find means to eſcape the ſtorm, which threatens my dominions? Call

together all the aſtrologers, cunning men, and ſages of the empire; aſſemble, at the ſame time, the architects, and let them inform us, whether it be poſſible, by any art of enchantment, to conſtruct the aërial palace which Pharaoh requires; and whether any of them thinks himſelf at all capable of ſolving the king of Egypt's ſubtile queſtions."

The calling of ſo extraordinary an aſſembly, occaſioned univerſal ſurpriſe; Pharaoh's letter was circulated through Niniveh; Zéfagnia ſoon had a copy of it. At night ſhe repaired as uſual to Hicar's receſs, and acquainted him with the matter, which occaſioned ſo general an agitation and ſurpriſe, communicating at the ſame time the contents of the letter. Hicar read it attentively over, and aſked his wife what ſhe thought of it.

"To me," replied ſhe, "it ſeems a cloud ſwelled by the wind, which the ſlighteſt oppoſition may diſperſe. If my Hicar were alive to the world," ſays ſhe, "I ſhould conſider the king of Egypt's ſubtile queſtions as idle dreams; I have the plan of the caſtle in my head already. I had much rather that he ſhould make war upon us, with letters like this, than that his armies ſhould appear on our frontiers."

While the good pair, happy in their mutual love and friendſhip, were talking thus calmly of the king of Egypt's threats, all Niniveh was in motion, contriving means to fulfil his demands. No man could go out into the ſtreet with a drooping head, or a penſive air, but Sinkarib's officers would immediately pull him by the ſleeve. "Make haſte," would they ſay, "you are no doubt one of the learned. They are expecting you in the council." This addreſs, was directed to perſons of all conditions,

conditions, and often indeed to people who knew nothing of what it meant.

At last the council assembled. Those who were best qualified had staid away, to avoid being reduced to confess their inability. The king read the dispatches from Egypt, upon which they all exclaimed with one voice:

"Only Hicar could fulfil what Pharaoh demands; to any other, the attempt would be vain."

"Alas!" cried Sinkarib to himself, with a heavy sigh, "Where are you Hicar? bitter remorse convinces me, that you are really innocent, notwithstanding the appearance of guilt for which you are condemned. Where shall I find another sage to lead me out of the labyrinth, in which I am entangled?" The unhappy prince, dismissed the Assembly, having obtained nothing from them. He no longer sought Nadan to encourage him by his advice, nor to engage him in dissipating pleasures. He went to the palace of his aunt Zefagnia, to open to her his uneasiness and distress, and to weep with her at the remembrance of a man who had been dear to them both.

The good wife of Hicar had an affection for the king, who, although he had given himself up to the excesses of luxury, possessed good natural dispositions; for his court corrupted as they were, could never turn his heart to tyranny; he threw himself at her feet, and shed abundance of tears. She raised him in her arms. "Come, my nephew," said she, "I share your uneasiness; yet although king Pharaoh threatens you, be not cast down. He who is in a condition to strike a blow, does not waste time in empty threats; by calling you to a contest of knowledge and wisdom,

he

he brings his own abilities into queſtion. You are maſter of a powerful empire, you know your ſtrength, diſplay it, and advance towards your frontiers, before they be attacked."

"Ah! madam," ſaid Sinkarib, "the king of Egypt's threats, are not the ſole ſubject of my uneaſineſs. I am deprived of Hicar, whoſe knowledge, intelligence, and good counſel conſtituted all my ſtrength. What king on earth durſt inſult me, if he were ſtill alive? Convinced as I am, in my heart, that this great man fell the victim of baſe intrigue, I have been afraid of examining the matter too narrowly, and even of diſcovering its real authors. The voice of the nation, awakens my conſcience to remorſe. I aſſembled a general council, to deliberate how we ſhould anſwer Pharaoh, and they were not afraid of telling me publicly, that by putting Hicar to death, I had deprived myſelf of my ſole reſource, upon ſuch an occaſion. Alas! who can reſtore him, whom I have ſo barbarouſly treated? Carry me to his tomb, that I may embrace, and water, with my tears, the dear remains of that wiſe miniſter. I wiſh to conſult his cold aſhes; ſure the ſoul of the guide of my youth ſtill hovers over them; and I may hope to receive advice there, which the pretended ſages of my court could not give!"

Zefagnia would not interrupt the king, till ſhe could learn the true nature of his uneaſineſs. When convinced that the dread of war was not its ſole cauſe, but that it proceeded, at bottom, from genuine honeſt ſenſibility:—She thus ſpoke:

"Doubtleſs, my unfortunate huſband, as he was abſolutely incapable of treaſon, fell by the deteſtable machinations of mean jealouſy. But his enemies, who have in vain attacked his reputation,

putation, have ſucceeded no better againſt his life. Divine providence has ſaved him from their fury, and preſerved his head from the mortal ſtroke, with which it was threatened.

"Hicar alive!" cried Sinkarib, in a tranſport of joy. "Ah! what eaſe this gives to my heart! heaven has ſaved me from the laſt agony of remorſe, and has reſerved me a ſure reſource againſt all the ſtratagems and hoſtile efforts of Pharaoh! But how could this wonder take place? Where ſhall I find the venerable ſage? But how can I bear to meet his eye, after the baſe ingratitude I have ſhown him; Can the ſhame that covers me, make atonement for my baſeneſs?"

"Be calm a moment," replied Zefagnia, "I will bring him hither if I can. Fear not his preſence; heaven has preſerved no leſs his virtues than his life; nay, his virtues are now crowned by patience in adverſity, which he never before had occaſion to practiſe."

She went ſtraightway to inform Hicar of the fortunate change in Sinkarib's ſentiments. The old man was agreeably affected to hear of this. She then told him, that ſhe had concealed the ſecret of the ſervice which Yapouſmek had done them. "Right or wrong," ſaid ſhe, "monarchs chooſe to be obeyed; and Sinkarib, although he owes his preſent ſatisfaction to the diſobedience of his ſlave, would perhaps not forgive him, for having ſlighted his orders. Let us ſuffer him to look upon it in the light of a miracle, as he does at preſent, yet without fabricating any circumſtances to impoſe upon him. The king may regard your preſervation as a particular bleſſing from Bilelſanam." Hicar now accompanied his wife to where Sinkarib awaited him. The conſolation which he had found

found in Zefagnia's tenderneſs, his native fortitude, the convenient accommodations which his wife had found means to provide for him in a ſubterraneous abode, the uſe of elixirs, the virtues of which maintained and invigorated the powers both of mind and body,——all theſe advantages together, ſeemed to have actually renewed the old man's youth.

Sinkarib eagerly embraced him. He could hardly command his joy. "Be calm, prince," ſaid Hicar, "it is neceſſary to your intereſt, that my being in life ſhould remain a ſecret. I know upon what terms you are with the king of Egypt: did he ſuſpect that I were alive, he might attribute to me all the reſources which we might employ againſt him, and in that caſe would, perhaps, be induced to make ſtill more formidable efforts. If your court, or even Nadan know that I am alive, the Egyptian envoy muſt alſo know. You muſt therefore, ſire, allow no one to ſuſpect the ſecret which you have now become acquainted with. In this caſe, you need have no uneaſineſs as to Pharaoh's demands; I have already minuted down, in the ſolitude of my retirement, the anſwer you muſt make to him; and I, under a feigned name, ſhall fulfil the engagements which you take upon you. This is your anſwer:

*Sinkarib, king of Aſſyria, to Pharaoh, king of Egypt:*

"He who is aſtoniſhed at a miracle, will never perform any thing ſurpriſing.

"Your letter, brother, has filled me with admiration of the profound and extenſive knowledge which it beſpeaks, and of the eſteem with which you regard men eminent for ſcience. I have the honour of thinking, as you do, that force, while it

ſubjects,

ſubjects, debaſes men, and that they are born to ſubmit only to the dominion of knowledge and wiſdom. Many wiſe men of my court contend for the honour of admiring your accompliſhments upon a near approach, and of making trial of their weak talents, in ſolving ſuch hard queſtions, as you may propoſe. Architects are ready to build your palace, but they muſt have workmen to execute your orders, and a delay of three months is neceſſary before theſe can be brought together. I am not leſs uneaſy, at this delay, than you can be. It only remains for you, to provide people who may ſupply the builders with materials. I accept therefore all your conditions, and am ready to exchange hoſtages with you, unleſs you are ſatisfied with my royal word, as I am with your's."

Sinkarib was much ſurpriſed at the contents of this letter. "I know well," ſaid he to Hicar, "that you are able to give ſatisfactory anſwers to all Pharaoh's queſtions. But ſuppoſing you to be the architect of this palace in the air, where will you find workmen, in the ſpace of three months, to build under your orders, unleſs indeed you ſhould employ ſome aërial genies?" "My wife," replied Hicar, "has undertaken to rear this fantaſtic edifice, ſhe promiſes to reduce Pharaoh to an incapacity of fulfilling the conditions in the letter, which you are going to ſend. Zefagnia looks upon this caſtle in the air as a bauble, which may be deſtroyed by a woman's artifice; it is her part to contrive how. She will give me orders for executing her plan. Return to your palace, fire, and ſend away the Egyptian envoys. I return to my ſolitary receſs, where, under the name of Abicam, a Chaldean aſtrologer, I mean to live unknown to all the world, and to employ myſelf aſſiduouſly about

about your affairs. If any thing particularly embarraſſing ſhall ariſe, you can eaſily acquaint me with it. But I have one piece of advice to give you.

"He who maliciouſly found means to ruin me, is as much your enemy as mine. Be on your guard againſt him. The king of Egypt's pretenſions afford a juſt pretext for any precautions you may think proper to take. Double your guard; add mine to your own, ſince deference for the princeſs your aunt, has induced you to leave us it hitherto. The captain of my guard is a man of incorruptible fidelity, and all his officers are of his own choice. Confide in him; you will find him another, and a firm barrier againſt the deſigns of every enemy."

Hicar foreſaw the treaſonable deſigns of Nadan. That ungrateful miniſter apprehending that the king's frequent interviews with Zefagnia muſt end in his ruin, had formed a deſign to corrupt Sinkarib's guards, to ſend his head to the king of Egypt, and to ſucceed him on the Aſſyrian throne, as a tributary under Pharaoh.

Sinkarib communicated to him the letter, which he meant to addreſs to the king of Egypt. Nadan was aſtoniſhed at its contents, but conſidered it only as an expedient for gaining time. "Your majeſty well knows," ſaid he to the king, "that you are not in a condition to fulfil what you here undertake; but you will probably avail yourſelf of the delay, to make the neceſſary preparations for war."—"Yes," replied Sinkarib, "I ſhall take every means to follow out my project, at the head of fifty thouſand chariots; but we muſt wait till the departure of the Egyptian envoys, that we may avoid giving them umbrage. Yet, even while

they

they are here, I may, without exciting in them any ſuſpicions, withdraw Zefagnia's guard, to inure them to diſcipline, and to put them in a condition, to follow me to the war.

Nadan now thought that he could gueſs at the motives, upon which the king took this ſtep with reſpect to Hicar's widow, and became eaſy. Had it not been for this, the augmentation of the guard, and the diſpoſition which Sinkarib now began to ſhew to attend to his own affairs, muſt have given the perfidious miniſter very ſerious fears. He applauded the wiſe meaſures of his ſovereign, and promiſed to neglect nothing that could be done, to put the forces of the kingdom upon a reſpectable footing.

Pharaoh's envoys ſet out from Niniveh, with diſpatches from Sinkarib; and believing, from the voice of public report, that none of the ſages of his court was daring enough to attempt the interpretation of the hard queſtions which the king of Egypt intended to propoſe.

Zefagnia removed from Hicar's retirement, all the ſlaves who knew him, except only the gardener, a man in whom ſhe had the fulleſt confidence. Thoſe and all the other ſervants being diſmiſſed, their place was ſupplied by others, to whom their maſter's perſon was perfectly unknown. Hicar preſented himſelf to the gardener, who was in the ſecret, by the name of Abicam, a Chaldean aſtrologer, to whom he was to allow the uſe of the apparatus, which Hicar had employed in phyſical experiments. Upon obtaining acceſs to theſe, he immediately ſet about preparations for the execution of Zefagnia's project of building a palace in the air.

Hicar's

Hicar's huntſmen received orders from his wife to traverſe the deſerts in which thoſe monſtrous birds the rocs * were accuſtomed to build their neſts. They were directed to bring away two young rocs, ſuch as were newly fledged, and to bring them to the gardener, at the country houſe.

Hicar, now Abicam, was to have two young ſlaves, each eleven years of age, whom he was to make ſo familiar with the birds, that they might acquire, in ſome degree, the ſame manners. The birds were found. The care of them was given to the children, who never left them either by night or by day. They took their reſt and fed together. The moſt intimate familiarity was ſoon formed among the four. The rocs, who as yet could ſcarcely fly, followed the children every where, juſt as they would have followed their mother. The children went upon the backs of the birds, who took a pleaſure to bear them. Commodious little ſeats were fixed upon them, on which their young riders could ſit at their eaſe, and without the leaſt danger of falling off. At firſt the birds flew about in the gardens; long cords being bound to their feet, by which Hicar held them. The children ſoon became maſters themſelves, and could guide their birds without Hicar's help. The birds heard the voice of their companions, with great facility, and aroſe and alighted at their pleaſure. As they grew ſtronger, they became ſtill more docile, ſo that the chief thing, which now remained to be attended to, was to teach the children,

* The roc is a vaſt bird, which is found in the deſerts of Africa. It will bear two hundred pounds weight; ſome perſons think the idea of this bird fabulous.

what

what they were to ſay and do, when they were in Egypt. They happened to be both of great capacity, and therefore little difficulty was found in this part of the ſtratagem. Zeſagnia came, from time to time, to enjoy the ſucceſs of her project, and to accuſtom the children and the rocs to obey her orders. Whenever Sinkarib viſited her, ſhe begged him to make himſelf eaſy, as to his engagements with Pharaoh, but did not acquaint him with the means by which ſhe hoped to accompliſh her purpoſes.

This prince, now awaked from that lethargy, in which he had been ſunk, ever ſince his acceſſion to the throne, began, at laſt, to think of reviving the energies of the declining monarchy. He found Nadan's aſſiſtance of great ſervice to him. Nadan when he ſaw that the monarch kept a ſtrict eye upon him, diſplayed all thoſe ſtores of knowledge with which Hicar had enriched his mind. The three months were now drawing to an end, yet no preparation had been made for the war, nor had any perſon been named to put himſelf at the head of the embaſſy. The miniſter therefore flattered himſelf, that the moment, for carrying his ambitious projects into execution, was now at hand. The frontiers were defenceleſs, and expoſed to the inroads of the enemy. The inhabitants of Aſſyria were daily removing to Egypt, in order to eſcape the ſlavery with which they were threatened.

When the time fixed by Sinkarib in his letter to Pharaoh, was expired, Hicar, under the name of Abicam, aſked permiſſion to ſet out for Egypt. Arabians from the moſt diſtant part of the deſert, were to compoſe his train. Nadan now learned, that a Chaldean philoſopher protected by Zeſagnia, had undertaken to ſatisfy the king of Egypt in every

every point. His ſurpriſe was the greater when he underſtood that Zefagnia herſelf was to accompany this magician, for whoſe ability to accompliſh what he undertook, ſhe had even pledged herſelf to the monarch. He could form no idea of the nature of this extraordinary ſtep; but Nadan was at pains to point out all the dangers to which ſhe would be expoſed, if it failed of ſucceſs.

All was now ready for the embaſſy. The whole train repaired to Hicar's country ſeat. Sinkarib withdrew from the troubleſome crowd, to hold a private interview with his ambaſſador.

"Make yourſelf eaſy, ſire," ſaid the prudent miniſter. "I confidently promiſe you to ſecure the ſafety of your dominions, the return of your ſubjects, who have retired to the Egyptian ſide of the frontiers, tribute from Pharaoh for four years, and compenſation for the extraordinary expences now incurred. I leave you with Nadan, make uſe of him, he is ſkilled in buſineſs, and will be of ſervice to you. But do not loſe ſight of him. I ſhall tell you at my return, why I think him dangerous. Since you have turned your attention to buſineſs, you have been leſs connected with him in the purſuits of pleaſure."

Sinkarib's envoy immediately advanced on his journey. Four elephants bore his whole party. He and his wife, with two eunuchs, rode in a tower upon the back of one of theſe. The two rocs and their young guides, with each a ſlave to ſerve them, rode upon two others. On the fourth elephant, were four women and two eunuchs. This little party was eſcorted by an hundred eunuchs on horſeback, armed each with a ſabre and a lance. The towers that contained the birds, were covered with a filleting of ſilk; for it was neceſſary to conceal them

them from the inquiſitive, that none might know the object of their deſtination. The eunuchs kept watch night and day, around the myſterious cages, to keep the indiſcreet at a diſtance, and to hinder every one from entering into converſation with the conductors, who were themſelves perſuaded that the elephants carried ſome rare preſents to Pharaoh.

The whole caravan arrived at Maſr, without meeting with any diſaſter. Hicar pitched his camp in a convenient ſituation, in the neighbourhood of the city, and ſent to demand an audience of king Pharaoh, in quality of ambaſſador from king Sinkarib.

The Egyptian monarch had been perſuaded by the prieſts of Oſiris, whoſe temple ſtands in the middle of the great lake Meroe, that the queſtions which they gave him to propoſe, were ſuch, as it was impoſſible for human wiſdom to ſolve. He was on his guard againſt the illuſions of magic, and was certain of confounding the pretended ſage who had been ſent to him, however enlightened he might be. He ſent notice to the ambaſſador, that he was ready to receive him, and prepared to dazzle and overawe him, by the ſplendour of his court.

Hicar, in a diſguiſe, in which he would have been unknown, even at the court of Sinkarib, preſented himſelf before the monarch. His firm gait and dignified carriage, impreſſed the whole aſſembly with reſpect. He advanced to the foot of the throne, proſtrated himſelf, and, having paid this firſt homage, ſpoke as follows:—

"Sire, you have ſent the king my maſter, a challenge, which he gladly accepts, as it affects neither the lives nor fortunes of either of the two nations.

nations. You wiſh to contend only in knowledge and wiſdom; and I come from him to make you acquainted with his greatneſs while I admire your's, and to raiſe your eſteem of him higher than ever. If by the favour of heaven I ſhall prove ſucceſsful in the conteſt, (permit me, Oh ſublime monarch! to remind you of its conditions) we have your ſacred word, that you will pay my maſter four years tribute of a tenth part of all the productions of Egypt. If I am unable to ſatisfy you in terms of that agreement, I ſhall then pay for my audacity, with the forfeiture of my life, and the king of Aſſyria, who ſets no bounds to his reſpect for ſcience, will hold his crown in ſubjection to you, and will pay into your treaſury whatever yearly tribute you ſhall pleaſe to impoſe."

The Aſſyrian ambaſſador's modeſt and dignified air, the order, the preciſion, and the energy of his diſcourſe, aſtoniſhed Pharaoh, and made him blame his own imprudence. A ſovereign ſunk in luxurious diſſipation, abandoned to the impotent ſway of paſſion, and who oppreſſed his ſubjects with the rudeſt yoke of tyranny,—was it poſſible that a prince of ſuch a character, ſhould keep men about him of the abilities of him who had here expreſſed himſelf with ſo much firmneſs and wiſdom? would ſuch men face danger, in the ſervice of a prince, whoſe conduct was every inſtant of his life marked by error and weak imprudence? What better could have been ſaid by old Hicar, if he had been ſtill alive, and in the preſent ſituation of this envoy from the Aſſyrian monarch?

Pharaoh was hindered by theſe reflections from making an immediate anſwer to the ambaſſador's diſcourſe. He at laſt broke ſilence.

"Envoy

"Envoy of Sinkarib, what is your name?"—"I am called Abicam, the meaneſt of my ſovereign's ſlaves; I am one of the worms who have hitherto crawled, unknown, around his throne. At my maſter's court, offices and honours are entruſted to abler hands than mine."—"Surely," replied Pharaoh, whoſe ſurpriſe at this roſe higher, "if I have before me the meaneſt of the ſervants of Aſſyria, his dominions are peopled with divinities? But if you are of ſo inferior a rank, why were you choſen in preference to ſo many great men, ſince king Sinkarib expreſſes ſo much eſteem for me?"

"Sire," replied the ambaſſador, "the bee, which occupies a rank between inſects and birds, is one of the ſmalleſt of all winged animals. Yet behold what a wonderful compoſition it forms! Its honey is even one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed diſhes at the tables of the greateſt monarchs; and in the ſame manner, in the preſence of Sinkarib, the ſmall obtain due eſtimation, as well as the great, and are counted worthy of thoſe honours to which fate has deſtined them."

The king of Egypt was enchanted with this reply. Although proud of that glare of magnificence, with which he was himſelf inveſted, he could not help being charmed with merit and knowledge, which ſeemed ſo extraordinary. He then diſmiſſed Hicar; and, as he retired, invited him to occupy the fineſt palace in Maſr. But the huſband of Zefagnia choſe rather to return to his own camp; and Pharaoh ſent after him every thing that he ſtood in need of. Hardly had Hicar retired to his tent, when a miniſter from the king came to command his attendance at the palace, three days hence, in order to anſwer queſtions which ſhould then be put to him. The vizier, who was con-

conſummately ſkilled in the practice of courts, received the Egyptian miniſter, in a manner of which the other had formed no idea, and ſent him back with the impreſſion, that he with whom he had converſed was more than mortal.

When the three days were expired, Hicar repaired to the palace of the king. Attendants waited at the gates, to conduct him, in ceremony, before the throne where Pharaoh was ſeated. The monarch wore a purple robe, embroidered with gold, and garniſhed with jewels. All the grandees in the kingdom formed a ſplendid and magnificent court around their ſovereign.

The Aſſyrian miniſter, after ſaluting the monarch with due reſpect, waited with downcaſt eyes, and with his hands croſſed upon his breaſt, till Pharaoh ſhould addreſs him.

"Abicam," ſaid the king, "this world is all a riddle; every object which we behold conceals under it ſome important truth. Caſt your eyes upon me, and round my throne; whom do I reſemble, when thus ſurrounded by my court?"

"Sire," replied Hicar, "I am here ſtruck as I ſhould be, if the veil were to fall which conceals the divinities of the country from which I come; methinks I behold Bilelſenam, inveſted with all his power."

The king of Egypt ſatisfied with this anſwer, gave orders to array the ambaſſador in one of the richeſt robes in his wardrobe, and diſmiſſed him till the ſame hour next day, when he was to renew his queſtions.

The king was waiting for him, and was clothed in white, while his courtiers wore garments of different and leſs dazzling colours. "What ſee you here, Abicam?" aſked Pharach, "I ſee, ſire, the

the lands of the fertile Egypt uncultivated, dry and deſtitute of vegetation, waiting for the treaſures which are to be poured upon them from the mountains of Ethiopia. Such is the image ſuggeſted by the court around you. Your own vaſt turban is an emblem of thoſe vivifying ſnows, which inveſt the ſummits of the mountains that ſeem to bear up the heavens. Your eyes and mouth are thoſe bounteous ſources, which ſend out and ſpread to a diſtance the nutricious ſalts. Your hands, like the mouths of the Delta, pour out the ſuperfluity of your riches, and all that lives receives from you a renovation of exiſtence."

Hardly had he ended this reply, when an emotion of general admiration was expreſſed in every countenance. Pharaoh, after giving Sinkarib's envoy a robe ſtill richer than that with which he had honoured him the preceding day, appointed him a third audience upon the day following.

Hicar, on his return, found the monarch dazzling with ſuch a ſplendour of jewels, that he could hardly fix his eyes upon him; and the viziers had adorned their perſons with the ſame decorations. The effect of ſuch a glare of light obliged the ambaſſador to turn his eyes upon the ground. Pharaoh, availing himſelf of the occaſion, aſked; "Sage Aſſyrian, what ſenſation do you feel?"

"I was late in awaking," replied the ambaſſador; "my eyes, being but newly withdrawn from the darkneſs in which they were cloſed during ſleep, can hardly bear as yet the luſtre of the ſun, whoſe image your majeſty preſents to me. But when I raiſe my hand before my eyes, I can contemplate and diſtinguiſh with the ornaments of the zodiac, the ſeven planets borrowing their

light from the radiant orb which illuminates the world."

Pharaoh uttered a cry of admiration, but would not yet confeſs himſelf vanquiſhed. Even altho' the Aſſyrian envoy ſhould give him full ſatisfaction, in anſwering all the queſtions that he could put to him, ſtill the palace in the air remained to be built; and it would remain with him to impoſe inſtead of receiving laws. However, to put Hicar's ſagacity to new trials, he addreſſed him thus: "You have given me three ſucceſſive anſwers with which I am ſatisfied. After diſtinguiſhing to what the luſtre around me alluded; to what can you compare your ſovereign Sinkarib?"

"Sire," replied Hicar, "I have never preſumed to raiſe my thoughts ſo high. An attempt ſo entirely new exceeds my powers. It is almoſt impoſſible for me to comprehend at once all the relations in which my maſter may be conſidered; but there is none of them in which he does not appear with the higheſt advantage. As the friend of peace, he is the ſouth wind, which, when nothing oppoſes its current, hardly ruffles the ſurface of the waves. When the north wind comes forth to diſpute his glory, then, confident in his ſtrength, he urges the ſtorm, inceſſant flaſhes of lightning ſucceed, thunder breaks in awful peals, the billows laſh the frowning rocks, and the foundations of the earth are undermined in the depth below."

Theſe words from Hicar like the ſtorm which he deſcribed, ſpread terror around him. The king of Egypt and his court were terrified. The idea of Sinkarib aroſe in their minds; as the lofty palaces of Maſr over-top the petty houſes of the poor. Deep ſilence reigned through the aſſembly, a proof equally of the powers of the orator, and the conſternation

ſternation of his audience. Although hurried away by the enthuſiaſm he felt, Hicar had deſcribed his ſovereign as arrayed in the moſt awful grandeur, yet nobody was offended. He was the meſſenger of peace, and it was therefore proper that he ſhould enforce it by the fear of war.——They had afforded him an unexpected opportunity of convincing them that his maſter's power was not to be deſpiſed.

Pharaoh's pride was hurt at being thus reminded that he had a rival who could contend with him in power. Of this the very preſence of the Aſſyrian ambaſſador was a proof. "Men," ſaid he to himſelf, "are not to be eſtimated as other animals; one camel is as good as another; but the man whom I have in my eye is worth a whole army! For any other to ſay what he has ſaid would be fooliſh raſhneſs, in him it is exalted courage."

Having made theſe reflections, he ordered Abicam to be honoured with ſtill more magnificent robes; and then addreſſed him thus. "You will return to-morrow, Abicam. I have ſtill another queſtion to propoſe, which I expect you to anſwer. My demands from Sinkarib muſt be complied with, the ardour of your zeal ſhall not impoſe upon me with reſpect to the degree of reſiſtance which he is in a condition to make to my power. If you are ſucceſsful in every attempt, I ſhall reſpect your triumph as an inſtance of the extraordinary favour of heaven. But if the advantage remain on my ſide, in any thing whatever, nothing ſhall prevent me from proſecuting my claims."

"I ſhall alſo inſiſt upon mine," replied Hicar; and he was going to take leave of the king for

the fourth time, when notice was given him, that a courier had juſt arrived from Aſſyria with diſpatches to the king of Egypt. Hicar begged permiſſion to call in the courier, received the letter, put it on his heart and his head, and then delivered it to the ſovereign, to whom it was addreſſed. Pharaoh opened it. It was conceived in the following terms:

*Sinkarib, king of Aſſyria, to Pharaoh, king of Egypt.*

" When reaſon and good faith preſide, all differences may be accommodated.

" Since my ſervant Abicam is with you, he has doubtleſs ſatisfied all your wiſhes: and I flatter myſelf that you muſt be pleaſed equally with him and with me, who deſire only peace and your friendſhip, of which I reckon myſelf as ſure as if you had abſolutely promiſed them. I ſhould be well pleaſed, brother, to be on the ſame terms with all my neighbours. But I have ſome neighbours who are more ambitious than wiſe. The lights of the underſtanding are not enjoyed by all alike.—I am buſy at preſent in putting the forces of my empire upon a reſpectable footing, that I may make them repent the ſlighteſt infraction of the treaties ſubſiſting between us. But I need nine hundred kantars * to enable me to make out the payment of ſixty thouſand chariots of war, which I am making ready. This ſum I muſt beg you to advance to my ambaſſador. Such a mark of your confidence will more and more conciliate my eſteem."

Hicar, by the ſagacity and firmneſs of his anſwers, had carried Pharaoh from one degree of

* A gold coin, equivalent to twelve of our guineas.

ſurpriſe

ſurpriſe to another. Sinkarib's letter raiſed his admiration to the higheſt pitch. It was a proof that the Aſſyrian monarch was perfectly at eaſe as to the ſucceſs of his ambaſſador in the taſk he had undertaken; ſince he ſeemed to conſider him even beforehand as having come off victorious. He ſhewed likewiſe on what a formidable footing his military force was, by ſpeaking of ſixty thouſand chariots of war as an augmentation which he had lately made to it. It was not in this ſtile that Nadan had ſpoken to Pharaoh's deputies. The king of Aſſyria was underſtood to have intended the augmentation of his forces by no more than forty thouſand new chariots, and even theſe were ſuppoſed to be more than he could make up. But, ſo far was this from being the caſe, Sinkarib's letter mentioned ſixty thouſand, and he aſked nine hundred kantars to aſſiſt him in ſo enormous an expence, which he treated as a mere trifle. In other circumſtances Pharaoh would have regarded this boaſt merely as a ſtratagem of policy, but he could not avoid giving credit to this letter, in conſideration of the miniſter by whom it was preſented.

"Abicam," ſaid he, "before I ſatisfy Sinkarib's demand, I muſt require you to build the palace which you have engaged to conſtruct to me. Fulfil your engagements, and you ſhall then have my reply."

"Your majeſty will be ſo good as point out the ſituation which you have choſen for it," replied Hicar: "for although this petty wonder is not to touch the ground, its ſituation muſt be determined, by your pointing out ſome ſpot with which certain points in it muſt correſpond. You muſt communicate your plan to the architect in my train, who has orders to follow your directions. You muſt

likewiſe collect the materials to a place where the builders may be eaſily ſerved with them."

"I want only" ſaid the king, "a pavilion of an hundred feet ſquare, under a dome of proportionate elevation, ſurrounded by a terrace twenty feet in circumference, and by a balluſtrade three feet and a half high. Let a flight of ſteps deſcend from it to ſuch a height above the ground, that a perſon may ſtep eaſily from a camel's back upon the loweſt part of the hanging ſtair-caſe. The exterior ornaments of the pavilion your architect may form after his own fancy; but it muſt be placed at the height of an hundred and fifty feet above the earth, and in a direction fronting the ſituation of your camp. Within four days, you ſhall have materials ſufficient for the conſtruction of four ſuch edifices, and people ready to attend and ſerve your workmen. But reflect ſeriouſly upon the terms of our agreement!"

"I ſhould do myſelf the honour of reminding you of them, ſire," replied Hicar, "if what is written could be forgotten. Within four days, your majeſty ſhall behold the full accompliſhment of what you deſire."

The preciſion and coolneſs of Hicar's anſwers, completed Pharaoh's confuſion. He was now fully perſuaded, that he had to deal with a very powerful magician; and no ſooner had the Aſſyrian ambaſſador retired, than he ſent for the college of the prieſts of Oſiris and Nubis, in order to hold a conſultation with them. They came at his command. He informed them how he had thought to perplex Sinkarib, and had been himſelf confounded and embarraſſed, in conſequence of having his propoſals accepted, and the conditions fulfilled. "The king of Aſſyria," ſaid he, "has ſent me a wiſe

wiſe aſtrologer who penetrates into all my thoughts. Inſtead of uſing that dark language in which aſtrologers commonly expreſs themſelves, he illuſtrates all my ideas, and unfolds them with greater clearneſs and preciſion, than when they firſt occurred to myſelf. You who are conſummately ſkilled in all ſciences, can you tell me who that man is? Of what nature is his knowledge? In what reſources does he truſt, when he engages to build before my eyes a pavilion in the air, the dimenſions of which have been ſpecified to him,—and that with a degree of confidence with which one could hardly venture to promiſe for the conſtruction of the ſimpleſt edifice upon earth."

"Sire," replied the eldeſt of the prieſts, "ſince Abicam came to your majeſty's court, we have tried by all imaginable means to diſcover the nature of his conſtellation. We have preſented the quadrant to all the ſtars in the zodiac, yet without being able to diſcovor that by whoſe influence he is guided; we ſuſpect that its place is in a firmament removed above that to which our obſervations and calculations are confined. He comes from among the potent magicians of Chaldea, and may poſſibly be one of them himſelf. But however conſummately ſkilled in his art, it would be impoſſible for him to realize any thing by natural means, and equally ſo, to amuſe your majeſty with illuſory appearances, if only three of us oppoſe the employment and the diſplay of his reſources. We ſhall repair to the place, on the day on which he is to build; and his workmen, if he has any, will hardly be able to bear the piercing fire of our looks, or the potency of our magical incantations.

The king, upon hearing this diſcourſe, recovered confidence, and ordered every thing to be made

ready for the conſtruction of the pavilion. Four thouſand Ethiopians, ſix hundred chariots, an hundred elephants, and the ableſt workmen that Egypt could afford, were immediately employed to collect the neceſſary materials.

Hicar and Zefagnia ſaw theſe preparations, without uneaſineſs. The means they were to employ were ſo ſimple that there could be no doubt of their ſucceſs.

The time preſcribed ſoon elapſed. A herald gave Hicar notice that the king of Egypt was expecting him. He obeyed the ſummons.

"Well! ſage Abicam," ſaid Pharaoh, "what you wiſhed is done. All the materials are ready, and the place pointed out. Are Sinkarib's workmen prepared to begin?"

"They have only awaited a ſignal from your majeſty," replied Hicar; "and if you will repair to the ſpot within an hour, your wiſhes ſhall be ſatisfied. I return to my camp to urge on the progreſs of the work."

This was new matter of wonder to the Egyptian monarch! Abicam ſeemed to have no diſtruſt in the efficacy of his reſources. The king ordered an hundred chariots to be immediately yoked to the horſes, in order to afford his court an opportunity of enjoying ſo ſingular a ſpectacle.—The college of prieſts joined the proceſſion, which was farther augmented by an immenſe crowd of people from Maſr. Hicar and Zefagnia, with all their train had taken arms, and in this array waited to receive Pharaoh. Hicar ſtood at the head of his company, and appeared no leſs formidable under the banners of Mars, than in the egis of Minerva.

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The four elephants, bearing their towers decorated with flags, were placed in the van: The rocs, with their conductors, waited each in a ſeparate tower, in expectation of the ſignals which they were to obey. Hicar, as ſoon as he could diſtinguiſh Pharaoh's chariot, made Zefagnia aſcend the tower which ſhe was to occupy, ordered the muſic to play, and ſet off at full gallop himſelf to meet the monarch.

The king of Egypt had no ſuſpicion that the cavalier, whom he ſaw approach with ſuch ſpeed, and ſo martial an air, was the Aſſyrian ambaſſador. The other, alighting from his horſe, was then at laſt diſtinguiſhed by the prince, and paid his compliments.

"What! Is it you, Abicam!" ſaid he; "how have you been able to diſburden yourſelf ſo quickly of the load of years, and thus to diſplay youth and vigour not inferior in degree to the wiſdom of which you have given ſuch conſpicuous proofs?"—"Sire," replied Hicar," your majeſty flatters too highly the trifling advantages which you are pleaſed to diſtinguiſh in Abicam. They are the effects of that generous emulation with which the great king my maſter inſpires his miniſters. But let us no longer defer the fulfilling of the engagements which we have contracted with your majeſty. My workmen are ready and impatient to convince you of their zeal and dexterity in gratifying your royal wiſhes.—They expect your orders."

"Let them begin," ſaid Pharaoh. Hicar went inſtantly up beſide the elephants, and waved his hand. At this ſignal the filleting which covered the two towers diſappeared. A woman was ſeen aſcending in the air. She was dreſſed in the Aſ-

ſyrian faſhion, in a purple robe beſpangled with golden ſtars; a veil of gauze falling from the top of a bonnet richly garniſhed with diamonds, floated before her on the wind, while the blaze of the diamonds ſeemed to vie with the ſun's rays; the piercing luſtre of her eyes impreſſed ſubmiſſive reſpect on all about her; her features bore an expreſſion of ſpirit and dignity, yet at the ſame time retained all the graceful ſweetneſs of feminine beauty; ſhe ſtruck the air thrice, with a rod which ſhe held in her hand, and in a firm and diſtinct voice uttered theſe words:

"*Humble ſlaves of powerful king Sinkarib! Obey the orders of the great Pharaoh!*"

That inſtant a great noiſe was heard. The rocs, ariſing from their towers, raiſed aloft to the clouds two of the loveliest objects that could poſſibly be ſeen. Theſe were their young conductors. They appeared more bright and leſs perfidious than the wanton boy of Venus; notwithſtanding the velocity with which the birds aſcended, they ſeemed to ſport playfully on their backs, while they mounted towards heaven, of which they had the appearance of being natives.

Garlands of flowers, the freſh luſtre of which did not equal the beauty of their complection, were the only bands that confined their beautiful hair: but its treſſes floated in the air, and, as they were raiſed, and ſpread out, ſeemed to bear them like wings.

Their robes were of coloured gauze, and floated around them with a dancing motion in a diapered luminous circle, like the ſcarf of Iris.

In his hand each waved a golden trowel; on the countenance of each ſat an ingenuous ſmile, expreſſive of the fearleſs cheerfulneſs with which they

they moved through the element in which they appeared.

Surprise for a while held Pharaoh and all his company mute. Soon, however, a general cry of admiration burst from them as well as from Hicar's attendants, who were as little in the secret as they. The officers of the king's of Egypt's guard said to those of Hicar's; "What prodigy is this we see?"—"We know not," replied the Assyrians.

Pharaoh was transported at the sight. The priests were in the highest degree astonished and confounded. At last the monarch, recovering the use of his senses, asked what they thought of so wonderful an expedition.

"Sire" said they, "it is an effort of magic above all human skill, and absolutely surpasses our comprehension." The king then addressed Hicar. "Abicam!" said he, "what name give you to the enchantress, or rather goddess, whom we behold? Where are the genies whom she commands?"

"Most powerful monarch!" replied Hicar, "neither goddess, nor enchantress, nor genie is there; she whom you see is a woman; two boys are with her; they are all subjects to the great king Sinkarib."—"Shall we see them return?"—"They are to build your pavilion, and the woman whom you see is the architect; look up; your workmen are descending from the clouds." When Hicar saw that the birds were near enough to hear him; "*Slaves of Sinkarib!*" cried he, "*do your duty.*"

That instant the woman appeared again. With a stroke of her rod, she made the boys approach to her. "Workmen," said she, "your foundations

tions are laid; go and aſk the materials neceſſary that you may begin your work. Theſe are my meaſures." As ſhe ſpoke thus, ſhe threw out a bunch of ribbons; the boys ſeized it, and directed their flight to the place where Pharaoh's people were waiting for them, with all the materials which they had brought together. Pharaoh, with his prieſts and aſtrologers, then went up to the workmen.

The rocs, for ſome time, flew backwards and forwards. They then deſcended ſo low that their young conductors could make themſelves heard. "Subjects of Pharaoh," ſaid they, "give us ſtones, lime, and ſand, that we may build the palace which your maſter requires." The king of Egypt's ſlaves and workmen bleſſed themſelves, but were too much confounded to anſwer the demand of the boys.

"Great king," cried the lady, "from the height of a tower, thoſe whom your majeſty employs are worthleſs Ethiopians. Exert your authority, and rouſe their ſouls which are now debaſed by ſlavery: order them to receive the baſtinado on the ſoles of their feet." Pharaoh ſtood motionleſs and ſilent. Zefagnia then ſpoke to her workmen: "ſubjects of king Sinkarib, your maſter wiſhes to give the fulleſt ſatisfaction to king Pharaoh: If you cannot touch the ground, yet deſcend as near to it as poſſible; approach thoſe who can give you no help;" at the ſame time ſhe made the ſignal with her rod, which they had been uſed to obey; ſhe directed them, and they took a wheeling flight to come nearer the ground. The Ethiopians fell proſtrate on the earth, and ſuch of them as ſtood ſtill, through pure ſtupidity, were rudely beaten down by the feet of the rocs.

The

The prieſts of Oſiris placed themſelves in a circle round the chief prieſt, and ſtood firm on their feet. Their purpoſe was to diſpel, by their looks, the enchantment which they fancied that they ſaw before them. To oppoſe rod to rod, the chief prieſt ſhould at leaſt have remained cool and ſteady. But, at ſight of the boys aſcending, he was tranſported, and his rod of power dropped from his hand. His whole company were petrified, when they ſaw the motion of the rod in Zefagnia's hand direct the ſtorm to where they ſtood. At the rapidity and noiſe with which the roes approached them, they threw themſelves one upon another, and entangled themſelves in each other's clothes, in ſeeking to eſcape ſuch imminent danger. The whole college of ſages ſoon appeared one inanimate heap. The plain, ſo lately covered with an innumerable crowd of people, ſeemed now a deſert. Only the firm and haughty ſoul of Pharaoh ſtood the ſhock undiſmayed. He addreſſed Hicar, who had continued by his ſide.

"Abicam," ſaid he, "I have been dazzled by vain imaginations, and puffed up by appearances. With my magi about me, I truſted too much to their power. I preſumed that, ſince the death of Hicar the Chaldean, no man in Aſſyria was able to contend with me. You have evinced the contrary; and you force me to grant you my eſteem, of which I have hitherto given you but ſlight marks. Being maſter of an induſtrious nation, I imagined myſelf more powerful than Sinkarib.—He ſends only a woman to oppoſe me, and my people are reduced to automata. I deſire the friendſhip and alliance of your maſter. Mediate you between us. Come to-morrow to my palace,

and

and all the conditions of our agreement ſhall be finally ſettled."

It may be ſuppoſed, that the king of Egypt, although he thus acknowledged his defeat, would however feel an inward mortification upon the occaſion. But he was a prudent man, and reſolved to hide, by his generoſity, the true motives of his conduct, for he feared the danger with which Sinkarib's reſentment threatened him.

The rocs and their conductors diſappeared, aſſoon as the lady, by whoſe orders thoſe wonders were directed, had ſeen their effect. She then entered her tower again, and it was covered anew with the myſterious veil. The crowd again aroſe to animate the plain. Pharaoh, with his court, returned to the palace. Hicar alighted from his horſe, and directed his company to put off their armour, and retire into their tents. The rocs and their guides, having only retired to a neighbouring foreſt, now returned to their towers. Hicar and Zefagnia being both diſarmed, congratulated each other on the happy ſucceſs of their ſtratagem, and determined on their ſubſequent conduct.

"I will not give up," ſaid Hicar, "any one of the conditions which have been ſigned, and to-morrow all ſhall be finally ſettled. The king of Egypt's imagination is much ſtruck, his people are equally aſtoniſhed. I ſhall avail myſelf of theſe diſpoſitions of theirs, and make the beſt terms I may for Sinkarib. The treaſury which Nadan has exhauſted muſt be filled; the forces of the kingdom muſt again be put upon a proper footing, and the frontiers in a ſtate of defence. If Pharaoh comes to know that he has been the dupe of artifice, we ſhall be unable to reſiſt his

rage.

rage. As ſoon, therefore, as we return to my country-houſe, where I mean to ſtop before going to Niniveh, I will ſend the rocs to the deſert by a truſty huntſman. The boys he ſhall ſeparate from them by night, and bring back to me upon a camel. Sinkarib would not be able to repreſs his curioſity to behold thoſe wonders which had aſtoniſhed Egypt; but it is neceſſary that the idea of the marvellous part of this affair ſhould remain impreſſed upon the minds of the ſovereign and his ſubjects; it will give them confidence in their own ſtrength, and will hinder them from throwing themſelves into the chains of their enemies, by thoſe very means by which they ſeek to avoid them. Not, (continued the ſage Hicar) that I would deceive the king of Egypt as to every point; but he ſhall not know from me thoſe truths, of which it is better that he ſhould remain ignorant. I owe to my own character, and to that of ambaſſador which I ſuſtain,—to acquaint him in due time who Abicam was. I ſhall employ no other contrivance for this purpoſe, than that to which I have already had recourſe,—the ſending of a letter from Sinkarib by a pretended courier, which I brought ready ſealed from Niniveh, to make uſe of it upon the occaſion. After agreeing upon theſe matters, the good couple made themſelves eaſy, and waited without anxiety for the events of the next day.

In the city of Maſr, and in the royal palace, all was ready to give the Aſſyrian ambaſſador the moſt magnificent reception. He was no longer treated as the envoy of a prince in vaſſalage to Pharaoh. A deputation of the nobles of the court came to meet him at the gates of the city; and when he approached the throne, the monarch,

after

after receiving his homage, deſcended and embraced him.

"Dear Abicam," ſaid he, "rare, precious man, your appearance, your words, and your actions have taught me to know king Sinkarib. I command millions of ſlaves; but he reigns over men. Well might Aſſyria boaſt, although it had produced no other great character but Hicar and you! You were, no doubt, a diſciple of that ſage. You muſt have known him familiarly!"—"Sire," replied Abicam, "your majeſty ſhall be informed in due time concerning my connections with a man for whom you ſeem to have entertained ſo much eſteem."—"If I have acted diſreſpectfully to Sinkarib," replied Pharaoh, "the murder of that great man was what excited me to do ſo.—— Since that event I have regarded the king of Aſſyria as a tyrant from whom it was my duty to deliver the earth."——"And if Hicar were ſtill alive," ſaid Abicam, "he would certainly endeavour to revenge his prince, for the calumnies which have been circulated againſt the monarch upon his account. Forgive me, ſire, if I cannot, in this inſtance, fall in with your majeſty's way of thinking. No perſon was ever more devoted than I to the reputation and intereſts of that vizier. I muſt continue ſo to my death; but I know, and you will one day know, that he was not always blameleſs.

"Sixteen years before his misfortunes, ſire, he himſelf fooliſhly whetted the ſword which was to give him the fatal ſtroke, and delivered it to Sinkarib, by whoſe hands it was employed.—— At preſent, I ſay no more. I appear here as the meſſenger of my maſter's intentions to you, ſire; it becomes me not to pretend to his confidence, and

and betray it. But to return to Hicar; I cannot avoid blaming him; he aſpired too early to repoſe and inactivity; man is born to toil, and it is vain for him to hope for tranquillity in the courſe of this life. When public affairs are in the hands of a wiſe man, he ought not to yield up his truſt to one who is raſh and fooliſh.

"I begin to be perſuaded, that Hicar was wrong," ſaid Pharaoh, "ſince wiſdom, ſpeaking by your mouth, points out his errors. For I think you too much his ſuperior to aſcribe to him faults for which he is not really blameable."

"You ſhall ſoon be convinced, ſire," replied the Aſſyrian, "that I am in no reſpect ſuperior to Hicar. I am ſo unhappy as to find reaſon to blame myſelf for as many faults as I have diſcerned in him."

"But," ſaid Pharaoh, "before we proceed to talk of the terms, which I conſider as already ſettled, will you not tell me of what nature is the object which appeared in the form of a woman, and which you have repreſented as Sinkarib's architect?" "I ſhall tell you, ſire, but your prime miniſter muſt not know it. She is ſiſter to the deceaſed king, and conſequently aunt to him who now reigns in Aſſyria. She voluntarily offered to fulfil your wiſhes, on condition that her name and character ſhould be concealed."——"I can give her no higher proof of my admiration," ſaid the king, "than by acquieſcing in her deſire; yet it is with difficulty that I refrain from rendering due honours to her birth, her merit, and eſpecially to the extraordinary power with which ſhe is inveſted."—"Indeed, ſire, ſhe is on many accounts worthy of every diſtinction; but it is not in her power that her greateſt ſuperiority conſiſts;

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in this reſpect all the other women in Aſſyria are her equals."

"Let us ſign our treaty, Abicam, and have done. I aſpire to the friendſhip of Sinkarib; I ſhould wiſh to ſee him in Niniveh, and to admire his glory. Orders are given to pay you a tenth part of four years revenue of my dominions. To this I add my nine hundred kantars, which your ſovereign aſked to be expended on the conſtruction of chariots of war. Tell him that I am ready to join him againſt his enemies. I ſhall immediately diſmiſs his fugitive ſubjects, who have entered Egypt. You will deliver him this letter from me."

*Pharaoh, king of Egypt, to Sinkarib, king of Aſſyria.*

"Glory to thoſe powers from whom the graces proceed, which are poured out upon the earth! Glory to him who is crowned by them!

"Brother, I challenged you to diſpute the palm of wiſdom: the conditions of the diſpute were fixed by myſelf. I am, however, vanquiſhed, and I cheerfully pay the forfeit, for I have heard and ſeen wonderful things. You aſked me for nine hundred kantars to ſupply ſome extraordinary expences; I am happy to oblige you.—You ſhall be acquitted of the debt upon ſigning a treaty of alliance with me, offenſive and defenſive, which will be preſented to you by your enlightened ambaſſador, already executed by me, and ſealed with my great ſeal."

Abicam was loaded with honours and preſents; Zefagnia received a bunch of diamonds ſet ſo as to repreſent the ſun in all his radiance; and they immediately departed for Niniveh, bearing with them the payments and propoſals of the king of

Egypt.

Egypt. Two nobles from the Egyptian court, at the head of a detachment of cavalry, eſcorted the embaſſy to the frontiers of Aſſyria.

Hicar was ſomewhat uneaſy at this honour. He did not with to ſee people's eyes fixed on the cages in which his birds were confined. Good policy would have directed him to ſtrangle and bury them in his tent. But it was not in his nature to harm animals from whom he had received ſuch an important ſervice. He ſatisfied himſelf with guarding them cloſely whenever he was obliged either to halt by day, or to pitch his camp by night, ſo that none could diſcover the innocent artifice he had employed.

In the mean time he diſpatched a meſſenger to Sinkarib with a letter in the name of Abicam, informing him in general of the ſucceſs of the embaſſy, of the return of his fugitive ſubjects, and of the approach of the convoy with the nine hundred kantars, and the ſum which Pharaoh had forfeited by the failure in the conteſt for ingenuity.

Nadan read this letter, and was confounded at its contents. "Who," ſaid he, "can this Abicam be? this favourite of Zefagnia who has performed ſuch wonders in ſo ſhort a time? Sinkarib, in the higheſt elevation of his glory, might have eſteemed himſelf ſingularly happy if he had only ſtood on an equal footing with the king of Egypt; but this man reduces Pharaoh to a tributary of Aſſyria, and this at a time when, if he had only ſhewn himſelf upon the frontiers, all in theſe dominions muſt have yielded before him?" Nadan was overpowered with aſtoniſhment; this ſtranger was a dangerous rival to him, and he began already to caſt about in his mind for means by which he might remove him out of the way.

Sinkarib

Sinkarib thanked heaven for having preſerved his old vizier, to relieve him out of the embarraſſment into which he had been thrown by his own careleſſneſs.

Rumour now publiſhed with a loud voice the wonders wrought at Maſr. "Is the man whom you have employed, a magician?" ſaid Nadan to Sinkarib. "No," replied the king; "however he is a wonder of a man." While this event was matter of wonder and converſation to the court and the city, Zefagnia returned to her palace, and the pretended Abicam ſent notice to the king, that he ſhould take two days reſt in his country retirement, before coming to court, to give an account of his embaſſy.

Sinkarib eagerly repaired to the palace of his aunt, and was informed of the ſucceſs of her invention, of which no hint had before been communicated to him. He congratulated her on her good fortune. But, as Hicar had foreſeen, he was curious to ſee the birds and the boys whoſe exhibitions had humbled the pride of Pharaoh.

"Thoſe you cannot ſee," ſaid Zefagnia. "Hicar when he engaged them in your ſervice, promiſed them freedom, when the purpoſe for which they had been employed ſhould be accompliſhed. Beware of undeceiving Pharaoh, or of removing the impreſſion which theſe events have made on the minds of your people. I am glad too, that I have occaſion to ſee you before my huſbands appearance at your palace. He cannot poſſibly reſume all the functions of the vizier, under any other than his real name; nor can he act with the ungrateful Nadan, either as his colleague, or his inferior in office. That wretch is the author of all the dark machinations by which your mind

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was filled with prejudices againſt my huſband. So long as it was neceſſary, you have borne with him. But God having now reſtored your old vizier, you ought no longer to retain a dangerous miniſter, who plotted his ruin, and would gladly accompliſh your's. He ought to terminate his wicked career on the ſcaffold; but I ſhould wiſh your majeſty to leave him to the diſpoſal of Hicar. The baſe Nadan is his nephew, and ſhould be puniſhed by the beneficent hand he has abuſed. Sinkarib agreed to Zefagnia's requeſt, and returned forthwith to his palace, where Nadan was anxiouſly awaiting him. The king himſelf was not without uneaſineſs. He no ſooner ſaw his perfidious miniſter, then addreſſing the captain of Hicar's guard, who was then in waiting; "ſeize the criminal," ſaid he, pointing to the vizier, "bind him and let him be inſtantly carried to the palace of the grand vizier Hicar his uncle. Diſpoſe of him as the princeſs Zefagnia ſhall order; and do you yourſelf with your company reſume your former ſtation in her ſervice." Nadan was inſtantly arreſted, carried away, and lodged in the ſame dungeon in which his uncle had been formerly concealed from his fury.

After this buſineſs was diſpatched, Sinkarib aſſembled his council, and communicated to them how happy he was in having recovered his old vizier Hicar; gave them an account of the ſervices, which the worthy man had done him in Egypt; and concluded with congratulating them on the happineſs which the reſtoration of ſo enlightened a miniſter to his former authority, ſeemed to promiſe to all Aſſyria.

Hicar was received in the city, with acclamations of joy and congratulation from all the people.

ple. They conducted him in triumph to the foot of the throne, where the ſupple courtiers gave him the moſt fawning reception.

The miniſter preſented to Sinkarib, the letter of the Egyptian prince. The monarch ſigned the treaty of alliance, and it was ſent back to Pharaoh, with an obliging anſwer. Hicar found no difficulty, in perſuading his ſovereign to this meaſure. A courier was inſtantly diſpatched to Egypt, whom Hicar alſo charged with the following letter from himſelf.

*To the powerful king Pharaoh, ſovereign ruler of the fertile Egypt.*

"Sire, Hicar was reſtored to life that he might, under the name of Abicam, admire the knowledge and virtue which adorned your auguſt character. If he avoided making himſelf known to your majeſty, when ſo ſtrongly tempted to the diſcovery by your royal kindneſs; you will be pleaſed to aſcribe the reſerve ſolely to the meaſures which obliged him to keep up the character in which he had once appeared at your court. Your majeſty can now account to yourſelf for any hints that were dropped by Abicam to the diſadvantage of Hicar."

After the vizier had openly, and with univerſal applauſe, reſumed the reins of government, he returned to his own palace, and there learned that Nadan was in chains. He reſolved, although not without conſiderable pain, to ſpeak to the perfidious wretch. He could not, ought not, upon any account, to obtain his pardon; and yet he felt himſelf unwilling to put him to death.

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He entered the dungeon, which was faintly lighted by a lamp. He there saw his treacherous nephew ſtretched on a bed of ſtraw.

"Well, Nadan," ſaid he, "do you reflect what you have been, what you have done, and what you are at preſent? Can you turn your eye upon yourſelf?" "Not without confuſion," replied Nadan.

"A tiger," reſumed Hicar, "after rioting in blood and ſlaughter, happened to paſs by a fountain, ſaw his own image in the water, and viewed it with horror. While you lived in your wickedneſs you knew no remorſe; do you feel it now?" "Ah! I know, I feel it."—"No, you feel it not. Were your remorſe equal to your crimes, you could not live under the weight."—"Forgive me, uncle; think that the ſame blood flows in the veins of us both."

"The Ganges once, when it overflowed it's banks, depoſited a quantity of its water in a hollow between two hills. The ſtagnating fluid corrupted, and ſpread infection around. The inhabitants of the neighbouring hills curſed thoſe infected waters." "How," ſaid they, dare theſe creatures curſe the waters of the ſalutary river, without which men would ſoon periſh for thirſt!" "Peſtilential waters," replied a genie, "the Ganges acknowledges you not, ſince you emit poiſonous exhalations!" "Call me no longer your uncle, then, Nadan, nor dare to name yourſelf my nephew."

"Well, Hicar, you are noble and generous; treat me as a man."—"That cannot be by recogniſing humanity in thee, but by avenging the cauſe of injured humanity upon thy head. A wolf was caught among the lambs which were

guarded

guarded by the vigilance of a prieſt of Oſiris.—"Spare me," ſaid he to the keeper of the flock, "you ſee my throat and my paws, and I am plainly innocent."—"Thy guilt is in thy heart, however," replied the guardian of the ſacred lambs. "But although you ſhould ſuppoſe ſo," returned the wolf, "you are devoted to peace and gentleneſs; you uſe the knife only in offering ſacrifices, and I am too vile an object to be offered to your god; my blood would ſtain your robe and your hands."—"Only the blood of the juſt will ſtain theſe," ſaid the prieſt, plunging the knife in his throat, "die, wretch! I ſacrifice thee to the ſecurity of all the flocks on the earth."

"You will act as my judge then," ſaid Nadan.—"I tremble, wretch! to hear thee ſpeak of juſtice. Can I poſſibly do thee juſtice? Reflect on my kindneſs and thy treachery, my love, and thy barbarous hatred! The law has ſaid nothing againſt ingratitude. This was a crime above its reach: of ſuch atrocious baſeneſs heaven has reſerved the puniſhment to itſelf."

"Well!" ſaid Nadan, "ſend me to the wildeſt part of the deſert."—"Thou ſhouldſt there be purſued by avenging furies, who would continue to haunt thee even after thy death: this is the puniſhment thy crimes deſerve; but I will not deal ſo cruelly as to give thee up to it. I ſhould only wiſh remorſe to wring thy guilty heart, that thou mighteſt, at leaſt, have ſome feeling of ſorrow! If thus brought to penitence, thou mighteſt make ſome amends for thy crimes, by thy tears.——"Alas! you ſee me ſhed tears."——"Yes, thou monſter of perfidy, thou weepeſt, but weepeſt to ſee that my head has eſcaped thee,—that thou art in fetters, and unable to wreak thy

thy vengeance. Thou muſt ſuffer puniſhment, not barely for thy crimes, but for thy pride."

Hicar, having thus ſpoken, went out, lamenting to find, that he could have no hope, even of bringing his nephew to repentance. He went to ſee him ſome days after, but found him dead in priſon; thus the ungrateful wretch freed the earth from his own baſeneſs. He had hanged himſelf with his hair to a ſtaple of iron in the walls of the dungeon.

Hicar and Zefagnia were conſoled. The attachment of Sinkarib compenſated for the uneaſineſs which they had ſuffered from Nadan. The monarch, ſenſible of the danger to which he had been expoſed by an artful and wicked miniſter, turned himſelf diligently to attend to his own affairs, and thus gained the love of his own ſubjects, and the admiration of foreign nations.

The ſtory of Sinkarib and his two viziers being thus ended, Schahriar ſeemed not to have diſliked it. He was pleaſed with the puniſhment of the ungrateful Nadan, and with the addreſs with which Hicar had ſuſtained the character of Abicam at Pharaoh's court. He was very much amuſed with the flight of the rocs, and the dexterous management of the boys.

Dinarzade was much pleaſed with the character of Zefagnia. You have deſcribed a woman, ſiſter, ſaid ſhe to Scheherazade, for whom I have conceived ſuch eſteem, that I have not been curious to enquire her age of you; and, if you had even told me that ſhe was advanced in life, I ſhould certainly have forgotten this circumſtance; ſo lovely, ſo noble, ſo dignified does ſhe appear. But as the ſtory has been long, and we may perhaps have

wearied out the attention of our ſovereign lord the Sultan, I ſhould with you, ſiſter, to tell the ſtory of the Schebandad of Surat, which I recollect to have heard with great pleaſure.

"I ſhould willingly begin it," ſaid the fair Sultana, "were not day beginning to appear."

"At leaſt, then, ſiſter," replied Dinarzade, "promiſe to begin it to-morrow morning."—"That muſt be as our lord the Sultan ſhall order."

The Sultana was next day ſummoned to keep her word; his highneſs gave permiſſion, and ſhe began thus.

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## STORY *of the* FAMILY *of the* SCHEBANDAD *of* SURAT.

A Schebandad, (or eminent merchant) of Surat, had four ſons, whom he had ſettled advantageouſly in the world. It happened that after twenty years, each of them had only one child; each of the three eldeſt, a boy, and the youngeſt a daughter.

Vaſumé was the young woman's name. Between nature and education, ſhe was adorned with every female accompliſhment; her wit, beauty and other eminent qualifications were talked of through all Surat. Her three couſins were all paſſionately in love with her, and contended for the honour of obtaining her hand. This rivalſhip might have had dangerous conſequences, which the Schebandad foreſeeing,

foreſeeing, called a meeting of his family, and thus addreſſed the young folks.

"Children," ſaid he, "Vaſumé can have only one huſband. Her father and I think you all three alike deſerving of her hand. But as the happineſs of your lovely couſin is particularly concerned here, in my opinion the choice ſhould be left to herſelf. He who is preferred by her, ſhall have my conſent. The three couſins could not object againſt ſo reaſonable a propoſal. The Schebandad agreed to communicate it to his grand daughter. Vaſumé ſeemed at a loſs. "Father," ſaid ſhe, "I love my three couſins all equally well, and ſhould be ſorry to diſoblige any of them. However, ſince you inſiſt upon me to make a choice, and I am nearly indifferent, I have thought of an expedient, by which my preference may be determined. My couſins have all a great ſhare of wit. That one of the three ſhall be my huſband, who tells the moſt entertaining ſtory: for where there is in all other reſpects equality of merit, I believe the man who has the moſt cultivated underſtanding, is the moſt likely to make his wife happy."—"I ſhall communicate to them what you propoſe," replied the Schebandad. "As they have not had time to prepare themſelves, you will have the better judge of their powers of invention. I know their abilities; and the prize for which they contend will make them do their utmoſt to ſurmount every difficulty."

The Schebandad went to inform the young men of their miſtreſs's determination; and ſoon after, returned to Vaſumé, followed by her father and her three lovers. The whole company ſat down, and the young men prepared to begin the conteſt. The eldeſt was beginning his tale, when the fair Indian maid interrupted him.

"My good couſin," ſaid ſhe, "firſt permit me to introduce a perſon whoſe penetration may guide my judgment. "Dara," ſaid ſhe, ſpeaking to a ſlave, "go tell my good Nané that I want her here; ſhe is my nurſe," continued the young lady. "I have derived great part of my inſtruction from the agreeable tales which ſhe uſed formerly to tell me; none of you will have it in his power to prepoſſeſs or corrupt this judge, for ſhe is blind; her deciſion therefore, muſt neceſſarily be favourable to true merit.

"Come hither, good nurſe," ſaid ſhe to Nané, who was now at the door, "come beſide me, and prepare to liſten attentively. My father is here, with ſome other good company, who are going to tell you ſtories; ſit down on my ſofa."

Nané with ſome heſitation, went and ſeated herſelf beſide Vaſumé, whom ſhe knew by her voice: and he who had offered to begin firſt, now proceeded thus.

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## CABIL-HASEN'S STORY,

### *The* LOVER *of the* STARS.

DALHUC, a potter at Bagdad, was a tradeſman in tolerably good circumſtances. After having been a number of years married, he loſt his wife, whoſe health had been undermined by a diſcontented temper. She left him a ſon ſixteen years of age.

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The potter began from that time, to frequent the houſe of Narilha, a widow younger than himſelf. She was a perfumer, and ſold waſhes for preſerving the freſhneſs of the ſkin, and the luſtre of the complexion, and thus preſerving beauty from the withering influence of time. By this means, ſhe had often occaſion to be admitted into the interior apartments of the caliph's palace, and into the principal Harams of the capital. But her compoſitions did not continue long in faſhion. They conferred only a momentary beauty, which ſoon vaniſhed, and left the countenance more homely than before. Wherefore, the widow ſeeing her trade decline, reſolved to marry the potter, and make herſelf miſtreſs of his little fortune.

Dalhuc was too much captivated, not to accept the propoſal. By virtue therefore, of her influence over his heart, and of a contract executed before the cadi, the perfumer ſoon became miſtreſs of his houſe.

Narilha had a ſon who was of the ſame age with Dalhuc's ſon. He was one of the moſt ſtupid lubberly boys in Bagdad; yet nothing the leſs for that, the idol of his mother. This vain and ſilly creature, who was called Badur, preſuming upon Dalhuc's weak fondneſs for his mother, quarrelled with his father-in-law's ſon, who notwithſtanding the natural ſweetneſs of his temper, ſoon puniſhed him, for his abuſive behaviour, by giving him a ſound beating. The mother in a rage drove her ſtep-ſon out of the houſe; and the poor fellow was obliged to retire almoſt naked, to ſeek protection from a brother of his mother's.

Narilha having thus rid herſelf of that troubleſome ſpy upon her conduct, believed that ſhe might ſtill avail herſelf of her ſkill in her former profeſ-

ſion, bought a garden lying without the city, opened a fruit ſhop, and became fruit woman to the caliph, through means of the purveyor to the palace.

Poor Dalhue thus driven from his father's houſe, had gone in a very melancholy mood to his uncle Caſſanak. Caſſanak was one of the honeſteſt, and ableſt men in Bagdad, but he had too large a family of his own, to be ſo ſerviceable to his nephew as he could have wiſhed. Angry, however, at the wrongs his nephew had ſuffered, he determined to beg the aſſiſtance of a geomancer, a friend of his, and prevailed with him to enter warmly into the boy's cauſe: what ſort of revenge would you have to be inflicted on your nephew's ſtep-mother?

"I would humble this arrogant woman," replied Caſſanak, "deprive her of the money which ſhe has wheedled from Dalhue, and with it ſettle my nephew in the world. The young man had been promiſed in marriage, the only daughter of a rich barber, with whom he was in love, and by whom he thought himſelf beloved. But Narilha has made his father alter his intentions; and the young woman is now intended for Badur. "I ſhould wiſh," ſaid Caſſanak, "to unmaſk her to her huſband's eyes."

"You ſhall accompliſh what you wiſhed," replied the geomancer. "You yourſelf ſhall carry the enterpriſe into execution, and I ſhall only direct it. Go hire, without delay, the moſt convenient fruit-ſhop you can find in the neighbourhood of the palace. When you have bargained for it, come back hither, and you ſhall find all ready." Caſſanak, pleaſed with having found an opportunity to avenge himſelf on Narilha, immediately hired a ſhop, paid earneſt-money upon the bargain,

bargain, and returned. "You have been expeditious," ſaid the geomancer, "nor have I been idle; here are the means by which you may ſucceed in your deſign. Take this Armenian robe, and conical cap, take alſo this paper, which contains particular inſtructions, which you muſt obſerve next morning; carefully ſtudy the words which you are to pronounce in a low voice; and whenever any prodigy may be neceſſary for your meaſures, boldly command it. I have given you arms, and ſhall aid your intentions. To-morrow morning let your nephew appear in the ſhop which you have hired; but, to avoid the prying eye of meddling curioſity, let him carefully repreſs his ſurpriſe at what he ſhall ſee happen."

Caſſanak returned home, and retired to his cloſet to ſtudy privately the character he was to repreſent. He waited impatiently for the return of morn. No ſooner had light appeared than he put on his magical robe, and conical cap. He then ſent Dalhuc to his poſt, and ſet out himſelf towards the houſe of Narilha. The fruit was diſpoſed in her ſhop ſo as to have the beſt ſhew; he expreſſed ſurpriſe at its fineneſs. "Taſte," ſaid ſhe, "ſir, ſtranger; theſe fruits are ſtill better than they appear to be." Caſſanak required no more intreaty, and found them truly good.——"I was intending a journey to Damaſcus for fruit," ſaid he, "but, if you and I can agree, madam, as I find here what I want, I ſhall ſpare myſelf that trouble." "In truth, ſir, and without any puffery of my goods, the gardens of the caliph produce nothing ſo ſavoury and delicious," replied Narilha; "what you ſee here is intended in part for his own table, and the tables of his houſehold. However, to oblige you, ſir, I ſhall ſpare

ſome part."—"Madam, I feel myſelf highly flattered by your complaiſance; you ſhall certainly have no reaſon to repent it.—But, in truth, theſe are fruits which the angels might be proud to eat of. Give me two of theſe pomegranates, and tell me the price." Narilha was greatly ſurpriſed that, after ſuch extravagance of praiſe, he ſhould need nothing but pomegranates; ſhe determined to be revenged upon him by enhancing the price, and aſked what was exorbitant. The Armenian, however, paid it without heſitation.—"When my employers ſhall have taſted your fruits," added he, "I hope to conclude a bargain with you of much higher conſequence." So ſaying, he ſat down in the middle of the ſhop, threw the two pomegranates with all his might into the air, and they inſtantly diſappeared. Narilha and her ſon uttered cries of aſtoniſhment. The pretended Armenian took from his pocket a ſilver tube, and ſeemed to articulate ſome words in a low voice. Immediately after he put his ear to a ſpeaking trumpet of the ſame metal, and pretended to liſten to ſomething which was ſaid. Then putting up his inſtrument, and aſſuming an air of ſatisfaction;

"Madam," ſaid he, "your fruits have been tried, and found delicious. I am ordered to purchaſe all that you can ſpare, and to ſend them away inſtantly. It will be ſoon done, for people have been ſent to aſſiſt me. Here is my purſe, take what money you pleaſe in payment for your fruits." The ſight of the gold awakened the avarice of Narilha. She would willingly have taken the whole purſe; but out of ſhame ſhe ſatisfied herſelf with thirty ſequins as payment for what was not worth five or ſix.

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The Armenian, far from being diſſatisfied, did not take the leaſt notice of the exorbitance of her charge. He then took up the fruits, threw a melon to the right hand, an apple to the left, and all the fruits in the ſhop were ſoon in motion, and diſappeared with as much velocity as if they had been winged. Badur and Narilha followed the fruits with their eyes. "How, whither, and by what means have you ſent all the fruit away?" ſaid ſhe to the Armenian.—"Madam," replied he, "I am grand purveyor to the ſtars, in which it is always either too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry, ſo that nothing comes to full maturity. I had come down to the earth to collect proviſions, and I muſt confeſs, that, in conſequence of the fame of the fine fruits of Damaſcus, I was going to that city, when I happened accidentally to paſs your ſhop. The ſight of your fruits drew me in. Their fragrance increaſed my ſurpriſe, and the taſte completed the charm. I ſent two for trial, and immediately received orders to take them all. If you are equally well provided to-morrow, and on ſubſequent days, nothing ſhall be left in your ſhop, and you ſhall become fruit-woman to the firmament."

Narilha rubbed her eyes, and ſcarcely knew whether ſhe was awake or dreaming; to ſuch a degree was ſhe affected by the good news. The fooliſh Badur gaped, and looked alternately on his mother, the Armenian, and the roof of the room. "A very fine young man this," ſaid the cunning purveyor; "he is your brother ſurely, madam? his looks very much reſemble your's."—"No, ſir, he is my ſon," replied the fruit-woman. —"What! Is it poſſible that you can have ſo tall a ſon at your age? That cannot be. You

muſt begin to think of ſettling him in marriage." "I am thinking of it, ſir. He is in a manner contracted to the daughter of a rich barber, one of our friends."——"A barber! a barber! and a rich barber too!——In heaven are many wonderful appearances; but none like this; were he ſilent too, the miracle would be complete. Do you know, madam, that the bare profits on your fruits for a year may put you in a condition to aſk a vizier's daughter? And, at the worſt, we have young women in the upper world, who would be very proud of an alliance with your ſon."——"How, ſir; Are there marriages above?"——"Are there marriages! Do you think that heaven was peopled without connections of this kind? All that you ſee ſhine there has both father and mother. How ſhould new ſtars be daily diſcovered, if they were not born? How did the milky way get that name, think you? It is the habitation of the nurſes. Truſt to me, madam, I have particular views for your ſon. He ſhall marry the youngeſt and moſt blooming of our beauties."—"Who may ſhe be?"—"The morning ſtar." "She is bright and blooming, to be ſure; but, as to youth, it is impoſſible ſhe can be young, ſir; for I have known her ſince I came into the world, and ſhe was then as big as ſhe is now." "She whom you are acquainted with, madam, has eloped a few years ſince."—"But do you ſuffer the ſtars to elope, without aſking whither they go?"—"It is true, indeed, they are ſo numerous, that ſuch as ſteal off are never miſſed.—But I ſpeak ſeriouſly, would you wiſh your ſon to marry the loveliеſt of the ſtars?"—"Ah! ſir, I ſhould be quite tranſported if that could be brought about." "Should he ſhine in the firmament too.—He would occaſion

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no ſhade there I warrant you." "But his miſtreſs comes regularly every day near the earth; if you like the propoſal, let us try if we can ſettle the matter. Shut your ſhop door, and bring hither a bucket of water."

The Armenian's orders were obeyed. The bucket of water was placed where he directed. "Come hither, young man," ſaid he to Badur; "look into this water; your countenance, you ſee, is very handſome, aſſume an air of cheerfulneſs, in order that you may appear to greater advantage.——— Good! admirable.—You may now retire.

When Badur ſtepped back, the Armenian took up the bucket, threw the water into the air, and not a drop of it fell back into the room.—"What are you doing, ſir?" ſaid Narilha, who was at firſt concerned to ſee him caſt the water about in her ſhop, and then greatly ſurpriſed, that every drop of it ſhould have diſappeared. "I have ſent your ſon's portrait," ſaid he, "to the loveliеſt of the ſtars. Let us ſit down; we ſhall hear in a moment, how ſhe likes it."

During this interval, the Armenian engaged the good woman in a converſation on indifferent matters. On a ſudden he aroſe, ſtood in the middle of the room, put his tube to his mouth, and his trumpet to his ear: "your ſon, madam," ſaid he, "is highly, nay infinitely agreeable! He is deſtined to the moſt exalted fortune. But he muſt dreſs himſelf after my fancy; I know the taſte of our ladies. Badur has a high roſy complexion, which muſt not be hid under that buſhy beard, which almoſt joins his eye brows, and hides the ſparkling animation of his eyes. Let his beard be ſhaved down to the upper lip. Let him not neglect this precaution, and I promiſe him certain ſucceſs in his amours.

mours. To-morrow morning, I ſhall be ſtill more poſitive than to-day. Your ſon muſt entertain his miſtreſs with ſome little piece of gallantry. Let him provide himſelf with a noſe-gay of the fineſt flowers; and do you, Madam, take care to have your ſhop as well filled to-morrow as to-day; here is an earneſt to aſſure you, that I ſhall come to-morrow. The only thing I require of you, is to be ſecret with reſpect to the trade, which we ſhall continue to carry on. The leaſt indiſcretion on this head, might cauſe you to miſs your fortune. The ſtars are too much talked of already among mankind, who have recourſe to them upon the moſt trivial occaſions: Even this is ſufficiently teaſing and diſagreeable to the celeſtial bodies. You ſee, I ſpeak frankly, adieu, I am called elſewhere, but ſhall be with you early to-morrow," ſo ſaying, Caſſanak bowed and went away.

"I ſhould think all this a dream," ſaid Narilha to her ſon, "had I not theſe thirty ſequins in my hand, which are certainly good gold, and of the juſt weight."—"Why;" ſaid Badur to his mother, muſt I go inſtantly to have my beard taken off?"—"Why all this haſte? The ſtars never ſee by day; and if freſh ſhaven, to-morrow morning, you will appear to ſo much the better advantage.—But in truth," added Narilha, "I cannot ceaſe reflecting on our adventure; this Armenian muſt certainly be a very honeſt man; for he might have diſpenſed with paying us ſo high a price, and in ſo handſome a manner, with the ſame eaſe, with which he removed our fruits. Thou, my friend, inſtead of going in ſuch a haſte to ſhave thyſelf, muſt bring ſome baſkets of freſh fruits to the ſhop, that the caliph's purveyor when he comes in, may not go away empty

ty handed. For great profits muſt not make us overlook ſuch as are ſmaller." As ſhe ſpoke thus, the purveyor entered.

"What!" ſaid he, "I had need of all your fruit to-day, and here I find none!" "Have patience a moment, ſir; our aſſes are not yet arrived. Badur has gone to meet them; if you have not time to ſtay, return to the palace, and whatever you want ſhall be ſent."—"I will have none of your fruit ſent to me," replied the purveyor; "I want to chooſe it out myſelf; nor will I upon any account wait for your aſſes." So ſaying, he turned and went out. Narilha was piqued at this tart language, and felt her vanity hurt by it.

She thought it very extraordinary, and very improper, that ſo little reſpect ſhould be paid to a lady who had the honour of being fruit-woman to the ſtars." "You ſee," ſaid ſhe, "how the ſlaves of the great forget themſelves; ah! when we ſhall have made our fortune, I ſhall trample upon all theſe little creatures."

Other cuſtomers dropped in. "What," ſaid they, one after another, "have you nothing remaining? People ſhould give notice when they leave off trade."—"No," replied ſhe, "I have nothing here, nor ſhall ever have for ſuch as you. You ſpeak as if you were addreſſing yourſelves to one who lived by your charity."—"Certainly," ſaid they, as they went out, "you do not take the means to make a fortune." The fruit removed out of Narilha's ſhop had been, by the ſame means, placed in the ſhop of Dalhuc's ſon. The purveyors found there what they wanted. Caſſanak had laid aſide his Armenian diſguiſe, and had come to aſſiſt his nephew in his firſt attempt at ſhop-keeping. All that he had in the ſhop was bought

bought up at his own price; the value being enhanced by the number of the purchaſers.

All were ſurpriſed to ſee Dalhuc's ſhop ſo well furniſhed at the very firſt opening. "I owe it," ſaid he, "to my uncle's kindneſs."—"And this, no doubt," replied one of the purveyors, "is what has rendered your mother-in-law ſo imprudent. Nothing but ſaucy language is to be had from her to-day. Attend to your buſineſs, and you ſhall have all our cuſtom."

While Dalhuc was doing ſo well, his mother-in-law carefully hid her ſequins in a ſecret ſpot, hoping to amaſs in time a treaſure which might make her independent of all about her. "Beware," ſaid ſhe to Badur, "of mentioning to my huſband, what an advantageous ſale we have made to-day. He cannot keep a ſecret. He is too much addicted to ſloth and drunkenneſs, and, if he knew the ſtate of our affairs, would fall back to his unhappy habits: and then, however much we might gain, we ſhould ſoon become poorer than ever. He is, beſides, impertinently curious; and if we were to ſpeak to him of the man who is to return to-morrow, he would ſtay at home to ſee him, and all would be diſcovered. We want him to gather fruits, if we mean to ſell; he muſt, therefore, be perſuaded to ſet out earlier than uſual.—— Thou ſhalt go out to the ſuburbs, and, with this ſequin which I give thee, purchaſe two loads of fruit; for I have a kind of preſentiment that we ſhall have a good ſale to-morrow; beſides, thou haſt need of a noſe-gay."

Badur ſet out in obedience to his mother. Caſſanak had in the mean time gone to ſee his friend the geomancer, and had given him an account of his

his operations during the preceding day; and they began both to prepare for the day following.

The morning light no ſooner appeared, than Badur, with a large noſe-gay, ran to the barber's ſhop, who was to have been his father-in-law, to ſhave off his beard and eye-brows in the faſhion of the ſtars. He fell into the hands of the apprentices, who, when they had heard in what a ſingular manner the ſimple Badur deſired to be ſhaven, aſked what had put ſuch a fancy in his head. "No matter what," replied he, "do as I bid you. I obey my mother, who means to make me a mirror to the ſtars!" The young folks could not help laughing. The noiſe they made, drew people in who were paſſing by. They were all curious to know the mirror of the ſtars. When Narilha's ſon was ſatisfied with the improvement on his beard and eye-brows, he took up his noſe-gay, and was going away. "So! where are you going with theſe flowers?" ſaid the young man. "Did you not bring them for my maſter's daughter? Are you not to leave them here?"—"No, I am carrying them to my mother."—"Has your mother changed her employment, and become a ſeller of flowers?"—"We intend this as a preſent."—"To whom, pray? Were it Haraphat, you have enough there to cover the cows which are then to be ſacrificed."—"Theſe flowers for cows!" ſaid Badur impatiently; "my mother knows better where to give her preſents." As he ſaid this, he left the ſhop.

The barber came in a few moments after. They told him what a ſtrange figure Badur had made among them. "Bad reports," ſaid he, "are going about his mother. I think they are bewitched. My daughter ſhall not be his; I will go and give up

up his promiſe, and will require him to do the ſame by me."

Badur thinking himſelf as fine as the ſtar, to the conqueſt of whom he aſpired, returned home to his mother. She had ſent away her huſband. She was proud of the fine fruits before her, and admired the happy order in which ſhe had arranged them. A purchaſer only was wanting, and the Armenian came in.

"Let us make haſte," madam, ſaid he; "I have ſome other buſineſs on my hands; for how much will you ſell all theſe fruits together?"—"Such fine fruit," replied Narilha, "is rarely to be met with; theſe have all been carefully choſen; there is not one bad among them; here is a fourth part more than you had yeſterday;—and conſequently you will give me forty ſequins for theſe."——"It is a great ſum," replied Caſſanak; "but I have entered into engagements, and I muſt fulfil them. To-morrow you will certainly be more reaſonable; in the mean time, here are your forty ſequins.

The purchaſer, having paid his money, took up, as on the preceding day, a ſpecimen of each different ſort of fruit, threw it into the air, and it inſtantly diſappeared. The inviſible hands waited only for this ſignal to ſeize all that was in the ſhop, which was in a moment diſfurniſhed; and the very leaves that were about the fruits accompanied them to the ſhop of Dalhuc. The Armenian, after working this wonder, next turned his cares to the fooliſh Badur, who was waiting for his protector dreſſed in a new ſuit, with his face diſencumbered from three fourths of its hair, and having only a ſmall tuft of beard on the peek of his chin.

"Very

"Very well, my friend, ſaid Caſſanak; you are wonderfully well; have you procured the noſe-gay?" "I was not to fail there," replied Badur, and ſhewed it to him. You have by far too many flowers! You muſt chooſe out the prettieſt, the freſheſt, and the moſt fragrant.———What you have taken out is enough: tie them together, and give me them." The Armenian received the noſe-gay, threw it into the air, and it ſeemed to follow the fruit.

"Ah!" continued he, "if you knew the language of the ſtars, I could procure you a charming interview, by means of my tube and my ſpeaking trumpet. But this language is peculiarly hard to pronounce, becauſe it has no vowels; you ſhall one day have an excellent maſter, who will teach you better than I can. In the mean time, to continue your courtſhip, you will be ſo good as ſend to your miſtreſs a more exact and more agreeable portrait of yourſelf than you ſent yeſterday; it appeared under ſome diſadvantage from the buſhineſs of the beard. To-day your beauty is not obſcured. Order a new bucket of water here."—Badur readily did as he was bidden. When the bucket was filled, and ſet in the middle of the room, he ſtooped over the water, and as near to it as poſſible, that he might the better impreſs upon it the features of his countenance. But two inviſible hands ſeizing him by the beard, drew his head into the water, and his whole body would have been drawn after, had he not been ſuſtained by his hands ſteadily fixed on the edges of the bucket. The mother ſcreamed. Badur raiſed himſelf haſtily, and the Armenian laughed with all his might. "Charming pleaſantry!" cried he, "you know not the addreſs of our ladies! ſhe drew your

your ſon to the bottom of the bucket, that ſhe might ſnatch a kiſs from him. Does not your ſon's face appear, madam, as if it were covered with pearls? are not his lips perfumed with amber?" "Come, child," ſaid he to Badur, "lean again towards the place where you can receive nothing but careſſes; preſent to her a ſmiling countenance and looks of love. She wants now to preſerve your image, and will beware of doing any think to diſcompoſe the expreſſion of your features."

"Yes my ſon, added Narilha, putting her hand upon his face, "the gentleman is right; thou haſt been careſſed without perceiving it. They have left on thy lips the perfume of violets and roſes. Come my friend, indulge the gaiety of thoſe celeſtial ladies, and appear complaiſant, in order to pleaſe them. Go, view thyſelf in the water, and laugh heartily, to ſhew that thou art well pleaſed." The idiot in obedience to his mother, kneeled before the bucket, and held his face to the mirror in which his portrait was to appear, laughing as if it had been a goat bleating.

"Very well! very well!" cried Caſſanak, "go on; you ſee they ſeek not to pull you under the water. Laugh louder ſtill, beſide giving a grace to your countenance, it conveys a favourable idea of the ſprightlineſs of your humour." Badur continued to laugh and tried to outdo all that he had done before. The noiſe was heard in the ſtreet, and brought the caliph's purveyor to the door. He knocked loudly; Narilha went to open, and as the purveyor was coming in, her ſon roſe haſtily, "what now, madam," ſaid he, "do you no longer deal in fruit? Do you make a ſtable of your houſe? Is this water for the cattle to drink which you have

ſet

ſet in the middle of the floor. I know, however, that a great quantity of fruit was brought into your ſhop this morning, cannot I have ſome of it?" "You do not riſe early enough," replied Narilha haughtily; "a better cuſtomer is preferred; my houſe never has the appearance of a ſtable, except when you are in it."—"Very inſolent indeed," replied the purveyor; know you not, that I am the caliph's ſervant?"—"Know you not that my ſhop is open to every body, and that thoſe cannot be ſerved who are too late in coming?"——"Your ſervant, miſtreſs fruit-woman! you are certainly mad; I ſhall never enter your door again."—"Your ſervant, maſter purveyor! you will be wiſe to keep your word."—"I am gone, madam; they ſhall hear news of you in the palace."—"Begone, ſir, news ſhall be heard of you too."

The purveyor went away in a rage. Narilha was no leſs exaſperated. The Armenian ſought to ſoothe her. "Forget this inſolent fellow, madam; I promiſe you that you ſhall no longer be liable to be troubled by him; but let us end what we have begun; let your ſon appear again before the bucket; only let him make leſs noiſe, leſt we ſhould be farther troubled by impertinent people. Badur reſumed his former poſture. When the Armenian thought the portrait complete, he ſent it to the morning ſtar, by the ſame way as before; and then after making uſe of his tube and trumpet, he thus ſpoke to Narilha.

"Your ſon is very fortunate, madam; but if he is advanced above, he muſt be very wiſe too, and not abuſe his advantages. To-morrow I ſhall perhaps tell you more agreeable tidings; only be ſure you have as good fruit to provide me with, and in the ſame quantity as to-day." Having ſaid this much,

he

he went away. "Doſt thou hear, Badur?" ſaid Narilha to her ſon; "thou muſt go and procure fruit; for although our own garden is large, it cannot ſupply ſuch quantities as we need; bring at the ſame time, a noſe-gay to thy miſtreſs, which I may ſend her to-morrow, as a preſent from me."

Caſſanak had in the mean time, gone to his nephew's ſhop, and laid aſide his robe and cap. He had found him delivering his fruit to the caliph's purveyor, and to the ſervants of the viziers, and principal emirs; the young man had no need of his uncle's aſſiſtance, and Caſſanak therefore haſtened away to wait on his friend the geomancer. "Hear what you muſt do," ſaid the ſage, "your nephew's ſhop is at preſent well frequented by cuſtomers; but we cannot continue to buy our fruits from Narilha, as ſhe ſells them ſo much above what they are worth. One of the fineſt gardens in the neighbourhood of Bagdad is now for ſale. Go inſtantly, with money in your hands, and conclude a bargain for it. It will coſt you only five hundred ſequins, with an old black ſlave, and four beaſts to work it. You will find in it a good gardener, whom you muſt keep, and as your nephew will no longer be aſſiſted by inviſible hands, you muſt provide yourſelf with a ſlave; and all this muſt be done inſtantly.—"But where ſhall I get the ſequins?" replied Caſſanak, "for I cannot even repay you thoſe which I have already borrowed from you."—"You owe me nothing," replied the geomancer, "the treaſure from which you have been furniſhed, and out of which you are ſtill to receive ſix hundred ſequins, has already reimburſed me, and belongs to the mother-in-law. She has more than twelve hundred pieces of gold, half of which ſhe has ſtolen from Dalhuc, ſince he had the misfortune

tune to marry her. All this belongs to your nephew, and we ſhall teach his father how to get poſſeſſion of the reſt. The ſequins you gave that woman, were no ſooner put up in her hiding-place than they came off to mine, with as many of their companions along with them. If I choſe, I could take all, without leaving her any thing; but I ſhall take only what Dalhuc would have given his ſon, to ſettle him in the world. Here is the money my dear Caſſanak; go make your purchaſe. To-morrow you ſhall return for the laſt time to the good fruit-woman; it is neceſſary to keep up the illuſion upon her mind and her ſon's, till you have ſettled your nephew's marriage with the barber's daughter; all which may be done to-morrow, as I ſhall ſhew you.

While the two friends were concerting theſe meaſures between themſelves, the barber on his part, took a ſtep which contributed to further their views. He came to an explanation with Narilha. "How is it Badur behaves thus?" ſaid he to her; "he ſhaves and paints himſelf ridiculouſly. Have you made a fool of him, or is he circumciſed? He conſtantly diſplays a large noſe-gay of flowers, but leaves not one of theſe to my daughter. I ſee him at your feet, do you make an idol of him? For he is ſuch a beaſt, that you turn him as you pleaſe. I will not have a man out of his wits, for my ſon-in-law; or if he happens to have ſo little ſenſe, as to need to be governed by any other woman than his wife. The barber having uttered theſe words with the volubility common to people of his employment, perceived Narilha to be reddening, and in a tranſport of rage he reſolved to puſh the matter to an extremity. "Do you underſtand me, madam?" ſaid he advancing two ſteps.—"Underſtand thee!

thee! barber of Satan, inſolent circumciſed wretch, if thou wouldeſt have fools to govern, chooſe perſons like thyſelf! Keep thy baſtard daughter to thyſelf; ſhe ſhall have no ſon of mine; you are people with whom I ſhould be aſhamed to have the leaſt connection."—"You allow me to withdraw my promiſe then," replied the barber, ſtriving to reſtrain his paſſion; "I am obliged to you, and ſhall give you no farther trouble. But your huſband and ſon, have for theſe two years frequented my ſhop, without leaving a farthing behind them; I muſt at leaſt have ſomething for my apprentices?"—"Well, who refuſes to pay you and your apprentices?" replied the fruit-woman. "Is there a tradeſman in all Bagdad, who can complain of us?" "Here," continued ſhe, throwing ſix ſequins ſcornfully upon the table; "here is for maſter barber and his men; one cannot pay them too well, to get quit of them; begone immediately." At ſight of the money, the barber opened his great ox-eyes "This woman is certainly mad," ſaid he to himſelf, "ſhe throws her money at my head and if I ſhould contradict her, ſhe might aſſail me with ſomething more dangerous; let me begone." So ſaying, he turned his back and went away.

As the barber was returning home, he met Caſſanak, who had taken poſſeſſion of the garden, and had done every thing that was requiſite to eſtabliſh his nephew in his trade. The honeſt barber, having his head ſtill full of the adventure: "Have you any connection with Dalhuc, your brother-in-law?" ſaid he.——"None," replied Caſſanak; ſince, at the inſtigation of his wicked wife, he has thruſt my dear nephew out of doors, whom I tenderly love, and who is well worthy of all my affection."—"Do you know," added the barber,

barber, "that the woman of whom you ſpeak is certainly out of her wits?"—"I have long known it. She was never a very wiſe woman; but it is true that her diſorder has lately riſen to a very violent height, by which ſhe has loſt all the cuſtomers whom ſhe had drawn to frequent her ſhop. I have taken advantage of the opportunity to ſettle my nephew, who, I hope, will ſoon be in a more thriving way of buſineſs than his father.—He at preſent occupies the ſhop in the corner of the ſquare, to which all Narilha's cuſtomers have begun to reſort; they ſeem to be charmed with my nephew, who is indeed the fineſt lad in all Bagdad."—"But if your nephew be obliged firſt to buy the fruit which he ſells again, he will not have a very gainful trade. My nephew is proprietor of the fineſt garden in the neighbourhood. Here is the contract of purchaſe, and the diſcharge.—The poor young man has ſomething engaging about him, and has found friends who have kindly interfered to help him. He now wants only a wife to aſſiſt him in the ſhop; for, as his trade is becoming every day more conſiderable, it will ſoon be impoſſible for him to manage it entirely himſelf."———"I once remarked," ſaid the barber, "that he had a kindneſs for my daughter, and it ſeemed agreeable to her. For my own part, I had a liking for the youth. Dalhuc would have agreed to the marriage, but his wife would not part with a ſequin. You are a father, and know as well as I, that our firſt concern is to provide for our children. I have no other engagements; your nephew is now ſettled in the world, and if he likes my daughter, he ſhall have her."—"Agreed," ſaid Caſſanak, giving the barber his hand. "Tomorrow forenoon I will wait upon Dalhuc, and acquaint

quaint him with our agreement. I have ſuch news to communicate to him as will doubtleſs make him acquieſce to our wiſhes. I ſhall bring him to town with me; we can take the cadi by the way; the marriage ſhall be immediately concluded, and the ceremony ſhall take place in the evening. Narilha ſhall know nothing of the matter, till ſuch time as all oppoſition on her part will be vain."

The barber returned home everjoyed. For the ſake of money he had been perſuaded to agree to a marriage between his daughter and the ſtupid Badur. But all deſirable circumſtances concurred to recommend the preſent alliance. He gave notice to his daughter, who moſt willingly gave the preference to her former lover.

In the mean time Narilha and her ſon were poſſeſſed with the ſtrangeſt fancies. They were both charmed with having broke off their treaty with the barber. "Low rabble that they are!" ſaid the mother.—"Oh! I am none of thoſe mean creatures," ſaid Badur; "I hope they will no longer laugh in my face as they uſed to do." And then the proud pair indulged their imaginations in ſilence.

"Ah!" ſaid Narilha to herſelf, "while I every day ſell my own and other people's fruit for ſo good a price, I ſhall ſoon fill my little corner. I muſt then have a new ſtrong-box; but where ſhall I hide it? We ſhall not always remain in this houſe; and elſewhere we ſhall have more room. When it is known in Bagdad that my fruit is diſpoſed of, although bought by nobody in the city, people will naturally ſuſpect ſome myſtery in the caſe. It will be in vain for me to conceal my good fortune; it will come to be known, in ſpite of me, that I am fruitereſs-general to the firmament.

ment.—An honourable ſtation this! I ſhall then lodge in an handſome palace, and, inſtead of expoſing my fruit to ſale in a tent before my door, I ſhall range it in pyramidical piles between the columns of the periſtyle of my palace; methinks I already ſee that beautiful fruit piled up to the very roof. Oh! raviſhing ſight! noble pyramids! more magnificent could not be formed of ſapphires, emeralds, topazes, and rubies!—Certainly the caliph will do himſelf the pleaſure of coming to ſee ſo charming a ſight. He will bring with him his favourites, and they will be proud to receive from my hands ſome of thoſe fruits which are intended for the uſe of the ſtars.—The fruiteresſ of heaven will be all the talk. I ſhall be envied by all the fruit-women in Damaſcus; and it will then be known, that my ſon is married to the morning-ſtar.—And as the ſtars influence the fortunes of us all, I ſhall be courted by all the grandees in the kingdom; there may perhaps be kings in the crowd; for, however powerful, they are ſeldom ſatisfied with their condition.—I ſhall make my terms with them; and, as it would be a diſcredit for me to remain a potter's wife, I will procure him an honourable place.——He knows nothing, to be ſure, yet he may eaſily aſſume an air of conſequence, and he will then maintain any dignity as well as another.—Ah! in a little time I ſhall be wife to an emir.—When I go to the palace, I ſhall meet with this purveyor who ſo far forgot himſelf in ſpeaking to me. I ſhall lift up the gauzé-curtains of my chair, and with a look ſhall chaſtiſe his inſolence. He ſhall then know the diſtance between the caliph's purveyor and the fruiteresſ-general to the firmament: for, although the wife of an emir, I ſhall always keep the cuſtom of

heaven. The money which it affords is ſo good to take.—As to my ſon, his wife will ſurely make him a prince, nay, ſhe may perhaps make him king of ſome place or other! To be ſure, he has not an extraordinary ſtock of underſtanding; but his miniſters may think for him." Thus did Narilha build her caſtles in the air.

"To-morrow," ſaid Badur to himſelf, "I will have myſelf ſhaved again; for I find myſelf infinitely the better for being ſhaved.—Now am I in love with a ſtar! This love is ſurely ſomething extraordinary; for I am in love without being ſenſible of it; this muſt happen however.—But how ſhall I procure an interview with the object of my tenderneſs?—Will ſhe come down, or muſt I aſcend? I have ſeen melons move upwards through the air; had they been pumpions it would have been all the ſame!—I can diſappear in a pumpion. My mother told me to ſay ſoft things to the barber's daughter, whom I was to marry, what ſhall I ſay to my ſtar?—You are very round, very white, very bright!—This will anſwer very well.—At any rate, I can conſult the Armenian gentleman; he talked to me of a language which has no vowels; I will beg him to tell me the words I am to ſay, as well as to direct my conduct; for he knows the cuſtoms of the ſtars much better than I."

While Badur indulged theſe extravagant ideas, night came on, and the firmament was beſtudded with ſtars, every one brighter than another.——— "Where is mine, then?" ſaid the fooliſh lover; "the more I look for her, the leſs I diſtinguiſh her.—But, ſince they are lovers of good humour, I may laugh at them all: my miſtreſs will know very well that I laugh to pleaſe her;" ſo ſaying, he

he laughed with all his might, and the cattle which Dalhuc was bringing into the ſtable replied in chorus: "Very well, Badur," ſaid his father-in-law, "thou cheereſt my poor wearied beaſts; this will do them good."

But next day was to bring all theſe adventures to an end. The fruitereſs had laid in a better ſtock than uſual, and waited impatiently for the purveyor of heaven. When he came, ſhe ſold her fruit dearer than on former days, and was more generouſly paid. She ſeemed to exult beforehand in the riches which ſhe hoped to accumulate, and already began to aſſume airs of conſequence. The Armenian perceived this, and was amuſed with it; but was at the ſame time buſy ſending away his fruits. The ſtupid Badur tried to throw pomegranates into the air, and when he ſaw that they returned not, began to ſuppoſe himſelf in correſpondence with heaven, and went on till he was all in a ſweat. "Courage, my friend," ſaid the Armenian, "your ſervices become ſtill more and more agreeable."——"Can you think it?" "Think it! you are, without doubt, the happieſt of men, and of this you ſhall ſoon have a proof."——"I ſhould like to know," ſaid Badur, "how I am to enjoy this happineſs; for, methinks I could bear my miſtreſs in the hollow of my hand!"—"The diſtance deceives you," replied the Armenian; "ſhe is of a very different ſize from what you ſuppoſe."——"But, ſuppoſing this, ſhe muſt be all face, like the moon."—"No, no; ſhe has arms, hands, legs, feet, as well as you; it is as if you ſaw by night a handſome young woman with a great glow-woman on the top of her bonnet."—"I underſtand, my wife is only to take off her bonnet, and ſhe will then be like any other woman:

man: I will alſo put a glow-worm upon mine, and then I in my turn ſhall be a ſtar."—"You have gueſſed the way of doing in heaven, juſt as if you had been brought up in it."—"A notion ſtrikes my head," added Badur, "when in the air, how ſhall I walk?"—"Much eaſier than on the earth," replied the Armenian; "You will there find another ſort of roads;" then turning to Narilha: "your ſon is making amazing progreſs; in a moment, he has learned more than the moſt famous aſtrologers, who loſe their ſight in examining the ſtars."

Narilha, though ſhe did not want natural ſagacity, yet was very ignorant, and ſought to blind herſelf ſtill more and more with reſpect to her ſon. Although at a loſs what to think of the converſation of the Armenian, yet ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be perſuaded, that Badur had talked ſenſibly, and fancied that his mind was beginning to open, and his genius to improve by a rapid progreſs.—— She then began to diſcover ſome curioſity in herſelf, about the inhabitants of heaven. "Are they well dreſſed?" aſked ſhe of Caſſanak.——"Their clothes," ſaid he, "are like the fineſt vapours: you would think them powdered with thamarena, which, with the naturally delicious fragrance of their bodies, is the cauſe, that a perſon approching them feels a moſt agreeable ſmell, like that of roſes, jonquils, or orange-flowers."——"Oh! excellent!" ſaid Badur, "I am paſſionately fond of flowers; I ſhall at this rate always have a poſy at my noſe.———Well, when ſhall I be brought to breathe this delicious perfume?"——"This very evening, if you pleaſe," replied the Armenian; "go, ſpend the night out of Bagdad in your father's garden: about eleven o'clock your miſtreſs will come

come to bathe in the fine canal which the river forms as it runs along your ground? ſtrip off your clothes, ſwim after your charming ſtar, and careſs the water in which you ſee her, very gently and diſcreetly however; for, if you go roughly to work, the glow-worm will fall, and your miſtreſs will eſcape out of your hands. Follow her to the end of the canal; ſhe will ſpring out upon the ſand with more agility than you. As to what is then to follow, you need no inſtruction from me, only, you muſt inſtantly marry her; you will need neither cadi nor witneſſes; the daughters of heaven uſe no ceremony upon ſuch occaſions."—"So much money ſpared!" ſaid Badur; "I ſhall have enough to lay out to-morrow in getting me a beard; but how ſhall I diſtinguiſh my own ſtar among all the reſt?"—"Your gardener will tell you. Bid him point out the morning ſtar in the Euphrates, and he will inſtantly do ſo; for it is not in heaven that ſhe is to be looked for." Caſſanak after this took leave of the mother and ſon, promiſing them to return to-morrow.

When he was gone, Narilha reflected on what ſhe had heard, and was very much aſtoniſhed. But the gold in her hand ſatisfied her of the truth and reaſonableneſs of every thing elſe; ſhe went to lay it up. As ſhe filled her box, her head emptied, and her reaſon was loſt; ſhe agreed, therefore, that her ſon ſhould go to the Euphrates in purſuit of his miſtreſs.

In the mean time, while they were thus ridiculouſly employed in fooliſh means to advance their fortune; Caſſanak went to wait on his brother Dalhuc in the garden, where he was employed in gathering fruits. The father was prepoſſeſſed againſt his ſon, Il-Dalhuc: but when he underſtood

that the latter had, by his own wiſe conduct, brought himſelf into a good way of trade, and ſaw the contract for the garden, with a diſcharge for its price; he was obliged to allow that Narilha had impoſed upon him with reſpect to the lad.—— He at the ſame time underſtood, that his old friend the barber had broken off his engagements with Narilha, and intended to give his daughter to Il-Dalhuc, to which union his own preſence was now neceſſary for executing this contract.——He was charmed with this news; and therefore leaving to the gardener the care of gathering the fruit; he came away immediately with Caſſanak, in order to wait upon the cadi.

By the way, his brother gave him a good deal of other information. He told him, that his wife had a treaſure which ſhe hid from him, and which was the product of what ſhe pilfered from his houſe; that ſhe robbed him daily; that, within theſe three days, ſhe had ſold fruit to an Armenian to the amount of more than an hundred and fifty ſequins, and had quarrelled with all the purveyors in Bagdad, who had luckily found in Il-Dalhuc's ſhop what they wanted; that the young man had drawn all the cuſtomers to himſelf, and thus nothing had been loſt to the family by Narilha's folly.

"Conſider, dear Dalhuc," added his brother, "how greatly this woman has abuſed your confidence. She has concealed every thing from you, and has expoſed you to ſevere labour in order to amaſs a treaſure which ſhe alone was to enjoy; I know where it is concealed, and we may eaſily get it into our hands; after which you muſt ſeparate yourſelf from this wicked woman, and divorce her before the cadi. You will find in a certain corner four times as much money as will be ſufficient

ſufficient to repay the dowry which you agreed to give her; and, as ſhe pretended to have nothing when ſhe came to your houſe, you may ſend her away equally poor."

Theſe explanations raiſed Dalhuc into a fury againſt Narilha; but no leſs was neceſſary to induce him to act a deciſive part. They were ſoon at the cadi's houſe; they waited next on the barber, and the wedding was celebrated with every expreſſion of joy and ſatisfaction.

Narilha had in the mean time begun to be uneaſy. Night having come on, Badur had gone out in purſuit of his miſtreſs; Dalhuc did not appear with the fruits, and what might be become of him ſhe knew not. If fruit were wanting to-morrow, how could heaven be ſupplied? At laſt, juſt as the city-gates were ſhut, Dalhuc's gardener came in with half a burden of fruit, and told her, that his maſter had gone away at ten in the morning, with a man who had come in queſt of him." —What could Narilha do? She had not her own ſon with her to ſend him through Bagdad, to purchaſe the remains of the fruit which had been expoſed to ſale the preceding day. She ſaw herſelf in danger of ruining her fortune. Ah! what a ſtorm was now ready to burſt upon the head of poor Dalhuc! "Yes," ſaid ſhe, "come when he will, he ſhall return ſtraight for the fruit; if there is none to be had in Bagdad;—and indeed the doors are all ſhut;—he ſhall leap over the walls, rather than that the ſtars ſhould for one day want their due proviſion of fruits." Night had already travelled half her courſe, and ſtill was Narilha indulging her impatience and reſentment, when Dalhuc knocked at the door, not like a man fearful of being ſcolded for his late return; but, for the firſt

time ſince his late marriage, as maſter of his family. "He is drunk, no doubt!" ſaid Narilha; "but he ſhall pay dear for his debauchery!" At the ſame time ſhe opened the door, ſcolding like a fury. "Wretched drunkard," ſaid ſhe, "wouldeſt thou reduce us to miſery? What haſt thou done? Whence comeſt thou? Doſt thou thus deſert thy wife and child, to indulge in thy vices? I ſhall complain to the cadi; he will do me juſtice on thee, infamous debauchee that thou art! Doſt thou then think that I will leave thee at leiſure to ſoak thy wine before the ſhop be furniſhed with fruits for to-morrow's ſale? I know not what hinders me from breaking thy arms and legs for thee." Dalhuc was rather in his cups; but Caſſanak and the barber had given him his leſſon ſo well, that although he carried a great ſtick, and was determined to repel force by force, yet he had preſence of mind to uſe no violence. "Mad woman," ſaid he, "ſit down and be calm. We owe to each other mutual and ſtrict accounts of our conduct. Here is mine.

"I was yeſterday in my garden, when my brother-in-law, Caſſanak, came to tell me, that my friend the barber was diſpoſed to give his daughter in marriage to my ſon Il-Dalhuc; and required me to come immediately to aſſiſt at the execution of the contract, and the nuptial ceremony. All this buſineſs is now over, and I am accordingly come here."——"And haſt thou the confidence," replied Narilha, "to tell me that thou haſt neglected my buſineſs, and gone to marry thy idiot ſon to the daughter of an impertinent fellow, who came yeſterday hither to inſult my ſon and me?"——"Softly.——The barber is my friend, and not more impertinent, I hope, than any other man;

man; and if there be an idiot among us, I ſhould ſuſpect him to be your ſon rather than any body elſe. The firmneſs and coolneſs of Dalhuc ſo aſtoniſhed Narilha, that ſhe was tempted to revenge by violence, the inſult, which, in her eſtimation, was offered to her. But ſhe wanted arms and reſolution. Her impudent rage was ſoon converted into violent deſpair.——She rolled on the ground, wrung her hands, and ſcreamed frightfully, and at laſt burſt into tears, and fell into a ſwoon.

All this was no mere than Dalhuc had expected; it gave him therefore no concern; his only care was to ſecure the ſequins, and by conſequence to quit himſelf, as ſpeedily as poſſible, of a woman of whoſe diſhoneſty he was fully convinced. He did not go to bed, but waited calmly till the affair ſhould be brought to an iſſue. The hours paſſed on, and day at length appeared. Narilha now, ſomewhat recovered, watched for a moment to abuſe her huſband's weakneſs and compaſſion. She was however diſappointed; for Dalhuc ſat oppoſite to her with his chin leaning on his ſtaff. "This man," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "is intirely changed. Caſſanak and that curſed barber have rendered him inflexible. How ſhall I do, to revenge myſelf! How may I regain my huſband!—But rather how ſhall I receive the purveyor of the ſtars, with whom I muſt ſpeak here privately! Only he can ſerve me in my preſent caſe. His friends are ſo powerful, that he may eaſily deliver me from theſe people. Let me aſſume a tone of mildneſs, and ſend my huſband away. Then ſpeaking with a honied accent; "you muſt be weary, my good friend," ſaid ſhe, "and I am afraid that you are indiſpoſed; come and lay you down. For my own part, I muſt go and ſet out the little fruit that we have."—

"And for whom?" ſaid Dalhuc; "I know that you have not a cuſtomer from Bagdad. You have diſguſted them all.—"—"No great harm although I have," replied ſhe; "I have found ſtrangers to ſell my fruit to, who pay me very well." At the ſame time ſhe ſhewed him five or ſix ſequins, with ſome ſmaller coin; "here is money," continued ſhe; "the houſe has wanted for nothing, and my fruit has been ſold."

Dalhuc was not a little ſurpriſed, to ſee his wife produce the money: it was the firſt time ſhe had been ſo generous. All that ſhe received had been hitherto ſuppoſed to have been expended beforehand. But he was now on his guard, and ſaw through both her artifices and her diſhoneſty. He would not take the ſequins, but remained calmly in his place, and obſerved the motions of his wife; who pretended to weep and ſet out the fruit which the gardener had brought her. "You will not go to bed then my friend," ſaid ſhe; "you will do yourſelf harm." "No," replied he, "I have no need of reſt."—"Then," anſwered ſhe, "inſtead of remaining here, you had better go to ſome garden for what we want. I expect cuſtomers whom it will be for our intereſt to ſerve as well as we can: at preſent, I may not tell you who they are, but if you do what I deſire, you ſhall know at your return."—"I had rather ſtay and ſee, without troubling you to tell."—"The hateful fellow!" ſaid Narifha between her teeth; "he will ſpoil the whole affair. Why had I only ſix ſequins in my pocket? Had I ſhewn him thirty or forty, he might have been eaſier managed. Since you will not go then," ſaid ſhe, "I muſt take a baſket with me, and ſet out myſelf in ſearch of what I want."—"—"No, you ſhall not go out; we ſhall

have

have company to receive immediately."—"It is the Armenian he expects," said she to herself; "and I shall not have time to give him previous notice of what has happened.——But I hope that those invisible hands which serve him so well, may also, if he pleases, rid us from this troublesome man, whose ill nature is likely to ruin our fortune. ——I burn with impatience.—Why should not I tear his eyes out.—Why?"—Narilha's fury, after so long a restraint, was beginning to become dangerous; but the sun had by this time advanced some length through the horizon, when all on a sudden a loud knocking was heard at the door. Heavens!" said she, "the Armenian is come!" she then ran forward to get before him. But Dalhuc advanced and opened the door himself.

He who knocked, was a man wearing a robe, and the robe happened to be the faragi of the cadi, who had executed the marriage-contract between Cassanak's nephew and the barber's daughter: he was not alone; but Cassanak accompanied him, and the officers of justice followed.——"What means this, Dalhuc?" said the cadi as he entered; "is it your intention to divorce your wife? I come to know the reasons; and, if I find them reasonable, to declare the divorce."

"My lord," replied Dalhuc, "I married this woman, that she might take care of my house, and assist me in my trade. Soon after I brought her home, she began to raise disturbance in the house, and to abuse my son; she even drove him away absolutely naked to seek refuge elsewhere. I opened a fruit-shop, and in this line of business was succeeding very well; but she, not satisfied with reserving the profits to herself, has, by her capri-

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cious folly, diſguſted all our cuſtomers, and given the preference to a man fallen from the clouds." ——" Yes, indeed, fallen from the clouds! and he can very well aſcend again, and treat you as ſuch a worthleſs inſolent fellow deſerves; and, ſince you force me to ſpeak out, I ſhall beg him to avenge my wrongs; he will not refuſe, but will let you and all the world know who he is, and who I am."——" You hear, my lord!" ſaid Dalhuc.——" Her head is quite turned: in this light ſhall I conſider what ſhe has ſaid, in order to ſave her from the ſeverity of the law;" and then he took minutes."—" Eh! and will you, at the requeſt of a fool, treat the fruiteresſ-general of the ſtars in this manner! cried Narilha, while her eyes glared with rage: " ah! would but the purveyor of the heavens come, or even my ſon, with the protection of the powerful ſtar of the morning, which he has married laſt night, I ſhould ſoon cruſh all theſe reptiles, who have this day dared to treat me diſreſpectfully."——" You hear her, my lord," repeated Dalhuc.——" Alas! Yes, I hear," replied the cadi; " do what you have reſolved upon; you have but too good reaſon," and then he continued his minute.

" Narilha! woman honoured by the protection of the purveyor to the ſtars!" ſaid Dalhuc, " mother-in-law to the morning-ſtar? begone; I repudiate thee, once, twice, thrice. In the mean time, the deed was made out: Dalhuc ſigned it; a copy of it was taken: and he then delivered it to the repudiated lady. The precaution was well-judged, for ſhe tore it in a thouſand pieces.——" Now," ſaid ſhe, " where is my dowry? I muſt demand to have the garden adjudged to me, which has been cultivated by my labour."——" Firſt," ſaid

ſaid Dalhuc, give me an account of the fruit which you have ſold to a ſtranger within theſe laſt three days?—"Here it is," ſaid ſhe, throwing at his head ſix ſequins, with ſome ſmall money. Caſſanak then ſpoke. "This is not the eight part of what you received; it was I who furniſhed the money, and it amounts to an hundred and forty ſequins; the Armenian of Bagdad, to whom I lent it, gave me in pledge his robe and cap; here they are." By this declaration Narilha was ſtruck dumb; but her confuſion was redoubled at the appearance of Badur; his face was inflamed, his throat ſwoln, and his voice ſo hoarſe, that he could ſcarce make himſelf heard. He curſed the ſtars moſt cordially. "Ah!" ſaid he, "if ever I fall in love in my life again, may I be three times as ſeverely whipped as I have been to-night."—"What has happened to you, my friend?" ſaid the cadi; "if you have been beaten, I ſhall do you juſtice."—"My Lord," ſaid Badur, "then be ſo good as order the ſtars a ſevere baſtinado. One of them ſhould have been my wife. I ſent her a noſe-gay and my picture in a bucket of water; ſhe made me go to the Euphrates, where it was exceſſively cold; my feet ſlipped more than twenty times while I was following after her; I was obliged to ſwim half a league; and when I thought at laſt, that ſhe was going to the bank with me, hardly had I ſet my foot on the dry ſand, before I felt myſelf whipped with a rope behind; I turned, but ſaw nobody; I was whipped again, and again I turned about, but ſtill in vain. Thoſe who whipped me were ſtill behind my back; I fled, but ſtill they followed, and beat me unmercifully to the very garden door. Ah! give me the gold, but let who will

will enjoy the tenderneſs of the ſtars; I have been in a fever all night."

At hearing this mournful ſtory, Narilha's pride was humbled. She perceived that ſhe had been impoſed upon, and found herſelf now fairly unmaſked. The cadi ordered ſeventy ſequins to be counted to her over the table, and ſhe ſaw that this was to be all ſhe was to have for her jointure. "At leaſt," ſaid ſhe, "let me have my effects with me."——"Yes," replied the cadi, "and one of my officers, with Dalhuc and Caſſanak, ſhall attend you while you remove them." When Narilha found it was impoſſible to carry away her treaſure, ſhe reſolved at leaſt to diſappoint Dalhuc of it; ſhe gathered up her effects without ſeeming to turn her eyes to the ſpot where her money was concealed. "My lord," ſaid ſhe then to the cadi, "while I was Dalhuc's wife, it was my duty to obey him; but now ſince I am divorced, I am reinſtated in my former privileges. He forbade me to mention that he had found a treaſure in an old iron pot, which ſtill ſtands in the place where it was diſcovered. It belongs to the commander of the faithful, and religion forbids me to conceal that Dalhuc's diſhoneſty intended to withhold it; be ſo good as to follow me, and I ſhall ſhew you where it ſtands. "The treaſure you ſpeak of," replied the cadi, "is already known to the caliph, and it is his pleaſure that Dalhuc poſſeſs himſelf of a property which had been ſtolen from him." At this reply, Narilha was tranſported almoſt to madneſs, and as ſhe was going out; "whither go you," ſaid the cadi; "in your preſent condition you ſtand in need of medicines to cool your heart and head; you and your ſon ſhall be conducted to a place, where you ſhall both be ſupplied with all neceſſaries." The

cadi's

cadi's train immediately carried her and her ſon out of the houſe. Dalhuc was left alone with Caſſanak, to whom he again expreſſed his gratitude.

"This," ſaid Cabil-Haſen, "is all that I know of the hiſtory of this family."

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While this tale was related, the fair Vaſumé laughed inceſſantly; good Nané alſo burſt out a laughing from time to time; the Schebandad and Vaſumé's father ſeemed well pleaſed; and the rivals of the relater, diſcovered anxiety. All waited in ſilence, to hear whether Vaſumé would approve, till the Schebandan thus addreſſed her: "Dear daughter," ſaid he, "you ſeem to have been amuſed by this tale."——"Yes, father; nobody ſeems diſpleaſed with it; my nurſe eſpecially has laughed very heartily."——"I could do no leſs," replied Nané; "I have heard it attentively; I remember a good part of it; I hope to add it to my little collection; but I fear it may ſlip out of my memory, as eaſily as it has entered it."——"No, my good Nané," replied Vaſumé, "I am on the contrary perſuaded, that you will tell it very much to advantage; but we are going to hear another, which may indeed perhaps drive this out of your memory."—"It muſt have many charms then to recommend it," ſaid Nané; "let us be quiet, for I am impatient to hear it." The nurſe held her tongue, and the ſecond of the three couſins, thus proceeded with his ſtory.

## *The Exploits and Death of* CAPTAIN RAGGADO *and his Bravos.*

*Story told by* DOEIL-HASEN.

CAPTAIN Raggado*, after travelling over much of the world, found himself on the confines of Upper Egypt. He was insatiably voracious; but the terror which he inspired made every person flee before him, so that he could find none to supply his wants.

As he was one day crossing a desert, chance led him to the grotto of a dervise. "Holy man," said he, "you see before you a soldier, who is ready to die for hunger; have you never a few nuts for one to crack?"——"The rats have good teeth;" replied the dervise, without rising or laying aside his book; "they have devoured all the nuts which the charity of the faithful bestowed on me, and have left me only the shells. The only provisions I have remaining is that biscuit of the Nile, which you see before my door." At the same time, he shewed him a stone six feet long, and three feet high.

"Do you eat of that?" replied Raggado; "you have certainly a good stomach! I know

* Or, Hack-hill.

this

this paſtry: the Egyptian pyramids are made of it, yet I care not if I eat with you. To other ſtomachs than ours this would be indigeſtible ſtuff. Allow me to cut it." He immediately drew his ſabre, and with one ſtroke took off a ſlice from the ſtone, of the thickneſs of three palm-leaves taken together; he next bruiſed it between his teeth, and ſwallowed it. "What a ſabre! what an arm! what teeth!" ſaid the recluſe to himſelf; "my furniture is very ſolid, yet this man may eat all up at three or four meals, I muſt make a friend of him!" "Sir," ſaid he, "I admire the dexterity of your arm. You are a man of very extraordinary powers; I deſire your acquaintance, and hope you will not judge me unworthy of the honour." "Adventurers are commonly diſtruſted, but to a man like you I cannot help revealing every circumſtance in my ſituation." "Follow me then to the back part of my grotto, I have there ſome cheeſes of goats milk, and cakes, which I ſhall readily ſhare with you; come, we will there eat at our leiſure, and converſe freely."—"With all my heart," replied Raggado; "I love people in your way of life, I have known more than one of you, who had not paſſed their lives in dozing over books, and I ſhall willingly do penance with you for my paſt crimes with the cup in my hand."——"I have neither cups nor goblets, I uſe nothing but pitchers," ſaid the derviſe.—"And for my part, I had rather want the pitcher than the wine!" cried the recluſe; "a derviſe have wine!——You make the hairs of my head ſtand for aſtoniſhment!—Conſider that I have retired hither to lead a life of penitence; I drink nothing but pure water, mixed with

with a little honey, which makes a pleaſant enough beverage."

The Captain ſhook his head; he was obliged to yield to circumſtances. He aſſiſted his hoſt to ſet upon a broad ſtone, as their table, a quantity of cheeſe and cakes. There was as much as would have ſerved other eight perſons; yet this was not much for the pair who now ſat down to it. They were ſeated on ſofas of the ſame ſtuff as the table; each was furniſhed with a large pitcher of hydromel, and the repaſt began.

The derviſe after eating one cheeſe, without leaving even a crumb of the cruſt, ſaid, "brother let us drink," took up a pitcher and ſwallowed the contents at a draught. "Here's to you," ſaid he to Raggado who viewed him with ſurpriſe.—"You muſt have been very thirſty indeed, to empty this whole pitcher at a breath; were your ſtomach paved with ſtones like mine, it might run out of you like a river."——"Alas! brother," ſaid the derviſe, "I am at preſent greatly corrected; it was in conſequence of having drunk too much, that I reduced myſelf to this life of penitence. However, I ſtill quench my thirſt, but no longer indulge in drinking to exceſs. You ſurpriſed me by cutting, and eating up ſo great a piece of my biſcuit; I ſhall ſurpriſe you equally, by a recital of my ſtory."

"I am called Ballayah *. If I had not found water too inſipid, while I lived in the world, I might have dried up rivers. It would, at any rate, have been a dangerous experiment, to give me the ſea

* Or, ready to drink.

to

to drink, for its taſte might have tempted me to drink it dry.

"One day, when I was in Georgia, in the houſe of a man, who had generouſly received me, the vintage was finiſhed, and he had ſtored up the produce of his. My bed happened unluckily to ſtand too near the precious ſtore; all of a ſudden, I was awakened by a fragrance ſo agreeable, that I could not reſiſt the temptation, but went up to the caſks which were working. I ventured to taſte the liquor, and found it ſo delicious, that at ten draughts, I drank up two hundred and ſixty pints, the whole produce of the vintage. My hoſt came in upon me, and reproached me as a drunkard; I felt the reproach, and killed him. In remorſe for this crime, I aſſumed the habit of a derviſe, and confined myſelf to drink hydromel. Having in conſequence of that reſolution, wandered from one receſs to another, ſtill in ſearch of the moſt ſequeſtered and remote, I have at laſt taken up my abode here, where I employ my leiſure in gathering ſimples, and conſulting the ſtars."

"My good ſaint," replied Raggado, "ſince from a drunkard, you are become an aſtrologer, I muſt inform you of my quarrel with the ſtars. I ſhould be glad to be along ſide of mine, that I might give her a few blows with the broad ſide of my ſabre, and the ſame to one of her comrades, in return for their capricious behaviour to me.

"My name is Raggado. I was born in the capital of Circaſſia. By the account of an aſtrologer who was one of my father's good friends, two ſtars were travelling together, with a good proviſion of propitious and malignant influences. She of the two who had the ſmalleſt cargo proceeded foremoſt. Three women had been delivered on the

ſame

ſame day, each of a male child. They lived in three of the principal houſes, which formed one of the angles of the ſtreet leading to the king's palace." "Let us make haſte thither," ſaid the obliging ſtars, "and diſpoſe of our cargoes in behalf of theſe new comers." As they advanced, the foremoſt happened to touch on my mother's houſe, at the very moment when I was coming into the world; the accident made her ſtop a little."—"I can go no farther," ſaid ſhe, "my burden has become too heavy; I muſt let it fall here;" and with this ſhe dropped it ſtraight upon me. I cannot well tell you what it was ſhe beſtowed with ſuch good will; but certainly it was a burden which I ſometimes bear very impatiently myſelf, and which has often proved troubleſome to others; it has made me the ſtrongeſt, but the moſt impatient of mankind; I am always in want; I live by rapine; nothing but the mere weakneſs of the fearful and timid man reſiſts my ſabre,——him therefore I attack with my fiſts, which are not the lighteſt, you ſee. Theſe, good derviſe, are the gifts which fell upon my cradle. The ſtar which followed mine, was obliged to halt with a lading, which was ſurely intended for me, over a neighbouring palace; and what, think you, did ſhe drop upon it?—A crown: ſo you ſee, and I may without vanity ſay that I was within a door of the throne; the aſtrologer told my father that it was fate; I for my part, think it was rather caprice; my bright protectreſs might have carried her favours one door farther. Do you know, my good ſaint, that I am develiſhly angry with her, and have tried more means than one to give the lie to my horoſcope.

I ga-

I gathered armies, was a good commander, and yet a better fighter, but my ſoldiers were poltroons; there were always enough to eat, but never any to fight. One day I entered a town without obſerving that I was not followed by my men; I cut in pieces all who oppoſed me, purſued, and hacked down all who attempted to flee, carried fire before me where the ſword could not penetrate; and in ſhort, ſacked the town; my army imagined me to be loſt, and fled in a panic of terror. What happened then? As I had waſted the country, had given no quarter, and my army was fled, now, that I ſaw myſelf a king, by the force of my own arm, and the edge of my own ſabre, I had not a ſoul to reign over."—"How," ſaid Ballayah, "had you exterminated the women too?"—"By Mahomet," replied the captain, "I am vaſtly fond of women; but when they ſaw me, they cried out as if they had been flayed, ran away, threw ſtones upon me from the roofs of the houſes, encouraged their huſbands, and let looſe their dogs againſt me: I had my caſque and buckler broken in ten different places, and the fleſhy part of my arm torn away by a maſtiff; I love the women, but not when they are tranſported with rage, for then whether young or old, ugly or handſome, I cut in pieces as many of them as come in my way, without ſparing one who makes the ſmalleſt reſiſtance."—"You are rather hot-blooded, captain; you ſhould, like me, drink nothing but hydromel."—"By Mahomet, your hydromel reduces me to a jelly, inſtead of quenching my thirſt: my malignant ſtar would triumph, did ſhe ſee to what I am now reduced; let us, if poſſible, contrive how to correct her influence. If I could but get up to the ſkies, I ſhould bring her to reaſon. But cannot you,

you, who are an aſtrologer, help me to right myſelf by means of your machines?"

"You may play your ſtar a different trick," ſaid Ballayah; "treat her as I have treated mine. Had not ſhe determined that I ſhould be an idle ſtroller, a vagabond? Had not ſhe condemned me to drink like a fiſh? You ſee how I have outwitted her; I have thrown myſelf into this retirement, where I drink hydromel in a reaſonable way; and, in ſpite of her I am ſtill good for ſomething. You a man of war, ſhould follow a different plan; to avoid all the inconveniencies which attend all your exploits, you ſhould ſtrive to be a general without an army, and ſhould endeavour to maſter a ſtrong town without walls, gates, or trenches, in order that the trouble you take in ſurmounting obſtacles may not tranſport you to ſuch a degree of fury as ſhall prompt you to cut down all before you."

"Softly, my dear little ſaint," ſaid Raggado, "knoweſt thou that, with thy propoſals, thou wouldſt put me in a way to loſe my head? Is this the fartheſt length thy ſagacity can go? Who can be a general without an army? Where are ſtrong towns to be found without trenches or walls?"

"A general without an army!" replied Ballayah, that captain Raggado may be to-morrow, at the lateſt; he has neither ſoldiers nor baggage, and has only to travel ten leagues through the country, and attack the town of Kallacahabalaba, a very ſtrong place, although without any artificial means of defence. "And how is my army to be made up?"—"Of eight generals, each of whom is able, in his own way, to overturn an empire; and to give you an idea of their character, I myſelf

ſelf on the weakeſt of the whole; yet if I ſhould undertake to make myſelf maſter of Damaſcus, the enterpriſe could not fail through any fault of mine; it is a well-watered city, but in eight days time, there ſhould not be water enough about it to quench the thirſt of a hen." "My good derviſe! your name, I find, is expreſſive of your character; I now know your abilities, and think you a very ſober man; a moſt extraordinary talent this of your's; you might ruin all Egypt if you choſe." —"Oh! in order to that," replied Ballayah, "I ſhould be obliged to drink up the Nile to its head, and the journey is too far."——"But the other companions you ſpeak of," reſumed Raggado, "are they ſuch extraordinary characters as yourſelf! I am extremely impatient to ſee them."—— "You ſhall ſee them to-morrow," ſaid the derviſe; "they ſhall exhibit proofs of their abilities in your preſence. They want only your counſel to direct their efforts, for they are chiefly deficient in underſtanding, they need a leader to command them with authority, and ſet them an example; you ſhall be the man."

"By Mahomet," cried the captain, turning his eyes upward, I am tempted to pardon my bitch of a ſtar the dance ſhe has led me, ſince ſhe raiſes me at laſt to command my equals!——But let us converſe a little concerning the place we are going to attack; who is captain of it! What ſhall we make of him?"——"It is ſubject to a tyrant, called Bigſtaf. Him you ſhall drive away; one tyrant ſhall ſucceed another: thus ſhall you belie your ſtar; for you ſhall reign like any other perſon, and perhaps better, as you are a ſtranger to all but your own pleaſure.—Have you any religion?"——"Hardly any. I am, however, circum-

cumciſed."—"That is perfectly enough." "My dear Ballayah, you are a ſaint of very accommodating principles, and this is what I like you for; I ſhould wiſh to accuſtom myſelf to your hydromel, that I might get drunk with you. However, before I lye down to reſt, I ſhould like to have a more diſtinct idea of the town of Kallacahabalaba; for I form my plan of aſſault in my bed."

"Kallacahabalaba," replied the derviſe, "is ſituate on a lofty inſulated mountain, which riſes perpendicularly on all ſides, to the height of ſixty feet. No animal but a ſnail can climb up it."—"And how do the inhabitants come down?" "They are let down in baſkets, fixed to iron chains, which are moved upon pullies. Thoſe baſkets are ſo arranged that a hundred of them are let down at once, and theſe containing ten men each, with arms and baggage: this is done quickly, and without the leaſt perplexity. The inhabitants of the country for twenty miles round, are ſo terrified at this ſhow of armed men, that they bring their tribute to the foot of the mountain, and fill the baſkets with great readineſs."—"By my beard," ſaid the captain, "I will either loſe the little renown I have earned, or put an end to this matter.—But who is this Bigſtaf you ſpeak of? Is he a a champion of a certain force? Would he gallantly accept a challenge to try his proweſs againſt mine?"—"His ſtature is ſomewhat gigantic; he is clad from head to foot in iron, which however encumbers no more than if it were feathers; beſides, he fights only with his mace, which is guilt bronze, ſeventy five pounds in weight; this he plays as lightly as if it were a twig of the aloes-tree, and I hardly think he would accept a challenge from any one who could not oppoſe him, with an appearance equally formidable

midable."—"Ah!" replied Raggado, "let me only meet him at arms length! I ſhould only thruſt my blade into the point of his noſe, that I might have the pleaſure of ſeeing him gnaſh his teeth before I killed him. But I was born to conquer or die with my ſabre in my hand. I leave the uſe of the club to thoſe who are called to knock down oxen.—Beſides, does this man never go out by himſelf? Cannot one meet and attack him without giving him time to take his uſual advantage?"—"He always keeps within doors," replied the derviſe, "unleſs when he knows that ſome one is at work within his territory. Alas! he has already coſt us the lives of two of our comrades, Zanhadib and Senboulade, who had adventured out a hunting through his grounds. Any other perſon would have found them invincible. But he made his men ſurround them, and while Zanhadib had knocked down a good number of thoſe, and Senboulade had made them feel the wondrous force of his jaws, Bigſtaff came up himſelf, and knocked down both the heroes with his club." "Zounds!" cried Captain Raggado, "I will avenge their cauſe; your ſtory makes my blood boil as if I had aſſaſſinated my brothers; I am impatient to know thoſe friends of yours. Let us go ſleep, for I know no other means to cool my paſſion.

Ballay was equally diſpoſed to reſt; ſo they both lay down on ſome leaves and ſkins in the grotto. They were awakened by the firſt rays of the morning light, and had gone out to walk, when the derviſe ſaw three perſons approaching at a diſtance. "Here come our friends."—"How call you them?"—"Their names are expreſſive of their

abilities; the foremoſt is called Guillarich *: he can perceive a needle on the ground at forty leagues diſtance; he is our ſpy. The name of the ſecond is Nadhertavil †, and he could cleave an apple with an arrow at the ſame diſtance. And Karaamek ‡, who follows, would pick it up in five minutes. They ſhall diſplay their abilities before you; and you may then judge to what advantage you can employ their ſervices. In the mean time the three wights came up.

"Rejoice, my comrades," ſaid Ballayah; "fate has brought us in the perſon of this brave knight a comrade much ſuperior to both theſe whom we have loſt. This is the invincible captain Raggado, whoſe head, arm and ſabre ſhall enable us to avenge ourſelves on our cruel enemy, and to live henceforth in peace and jollity. But we muſt dine to-day you know; have you brought us no proviſions?"—"We ſhall not fare ill," replied Nadhertavil if you have cakes; Balamich § is coming with a calf ſix months old on his ſhoulders, and two caſks of wine under his arms; he would go into a garden to gather a ſalad; but he walks at a good rate, and will ſoon be here if no accident befalls him." As he ended ſpeaking, Bilamich entered with the ſalad hanging by his neck; it conſiſted of three cauliflowers, bound in a cord, and covering his body all over. With all this load he walked as nimbly as if he had nothing but a back of nuts on his back. He laid down his burden. Ballayah preſented him to Raggado. "General," ſaid he, clapping on Bilamich's ſhoulders,

* Quick ſight
† Straight to the mark.
‡ Cut the air.
§ Stout back.

"here

"here is our chariot of war. Deſtroy towns, rout out armies, take booty; this back ſhall bear all; it would not fail under the weight of Solomon's treaſures.—"As yet," ſaid Raggado, "my plunder has never been long burdenſome to any of my attendants. When I can catch any booty I ſit down in a corner, eat it up, and there is an end of it; were you to ſee me devour what I lay hold on, you would ſuppoſe that I am ever purſued by robbers or incendiaries; this bitch of a ſtar of mine keeps me in almoſt conſtant want of every thing that I may never be able to do any thing great. But thanks to you my dear aſtrologer! I hope to get the better of her malevolence.—But hold, here is a little calf of an hundred and eighty pounds weight; I wiſh it were eaten up." "It is intended to be eaten. Bilamich flay the calf and make a ſpit. Guillarich! Haraamek! Where is our cook?"

Guillarich caſt his eyes all over the earth, and perceiving what no human eye could ever have perceived by the beſt teleſcope.—Ah! I ſee him; he is at hand, but is diverting himſelf with roaſting quails as they fly over his head, and he plucks and eats them." "Very fine truly," ſaid Ballayah; "the raſcal is finely employed on a review day, roaſting quails in the air, and catching them in his mouth as they fall!—And where is that lazy dog Batteniltabour who ſhould call the roll and force every one to attend his duty?" "I ſee him too," ſaid Guillarich; "he is ſleeping under a broom-buſh, and ſnoring till all the earth ſhakes again; I am ſurpriſed that you hear him not."

"See my friends," ſaid Ballayah, "if we have not great need for diſcipline among us? Is it not the moſt fortunate circumſtance in the world that

fortune has ſent us ſuch a leader.—Come Karaamek, find out where that quail-eater and ſnorer are, and bring them hither with all diligence.

You ſhall ſee what ſort of rogues theſe two are. Our roaſter Bazzaknar*, will ſhew you a ſpecimen of what he can do; he could fuſe a vein of metal in the bowels of the earth. As to Battenil-tabour his talents are moderate enough, but one which he poſſeſſes is very uſeful to us; when we drag him out to battle he ſpreads terror all around him. By beating his belly with his ten fingers, which he rubs upon one another, he produces a noiſe equal to that of forty drums, and raiſes dreadful cries, enough to make the walls of any town fall down."

The two warriors arrived, while Ballayah was giving this account of their abilities to Raggado.—"Drummer," ſaid the derviſe to the one, "go ſound a call to arms;" and then, turning to the other, "roaſt that calf on the ſpit." Then turning to Raggado, "general," ſaid he, "it now remains with you to ſhew theſe brave fellows what they have to do." The calf was on the ſpit, and the cauliflowers were cut into pieces. "But we have nothing to catch the gravy of the roaſt, and no plate to dreſs the Cauliflower in. Cut off with your former dexterity a ſlice of the biſcuit before the door, and thus provide us with the veſſels we want."

The captain was glad of the opportunity to diſplay his addreſs. He drew his ſabre, and with the very firſt ſtroke cut off a ſlab half an inch thick from the whole length of the ſtone. Out

* Blow the fire.

of

of it he formed a diſh to receive the juice of the roaſt; and the ſlice which he had cut off ſerved as a plate for the cabbages. The beholders being ſo much the readier to admire another perſon, as each of them was admirable in his own way, rendered due praiſe to the eaſe with which he wrought, and the neatneſs of his workmanſhip.

Raggado, in his turn, was very curious to ſee how a calf could be roaſted in a place where he could perceive neither fire, coals, nor wood. Bilamich acted as turnſpit, and the ſpit lay upon two great ſtones, ſet out on the midſt of a green ſpot of graſs. "Batteniltaboter," ſaid Ballayah, "do your duty; you perceive that we want not our roaſted meat burned, but need a gentle fire to act upon it all equally; do it as it ſhould be. The other was a man rather of deeds than of words, and exhaled his flaming breath in ſo ſuitable a proportion, that it had rather the appearance of gilding than of roaſting the large maſs of meat before it; as the gravy dropped upon the cabbages, he gave them a due quantity of fire to bring them to boil. The captain ſeemed to be very well pleaſed with the roaſter's abilities, and ſhewed an impatience to give them more and more proofs of his own. He ſaw that they could not ſet a table within the derviſe's grotto on account of a rock of granate ſix feet high, which ſtood in the middle of it. "Stand off," ſaid he to ſeveral people about him; "I am going to give this little ſtone a few ſtrokes; and the pieces which are broken off may perhaps fly into your eyes; give us room." At the ſame time he ſtruck the rock with his ſabre ſo dextrouſly, that each piece he cut off ſeemed a marble table, wanting nothing but the laſt poliſhing. "What a dreadful arm and cutting ſword!" cried they who

witneſſed this exploit.—"Brothers," ſaid Ballayah, "that arm and ſword muſt open to us the path of glory and gain."

The place, when cleared of all that ſhapeleſs and inconvenient block, was ſoon made ready. The moſt ſuitable pieces were ſet round as ſeats about a table, which four or five ſtrokes with the captain's ſabre made perfectly ſquare, and at the ſame time ſo hollowed it below as to make room for their legs.

"We never had a comrade," ſaid Ballayah, of ſuch diſtinguiſhed abilities. Batteniltabour ſtroked his belly in token of his admiration, till the cavern re-echoed with an awful noiſe. In the mean time the cloth was laid. Bazzaknar brought the roaſt to the table. "Wine, wine," cried Ballayah, and at the ſame time ſet down a bag with fifty pounds of cakes. Bilamich then went for the caſks, but Raggado, afraid of the derviſe's thirſt, thought proper to remind him of his obligations. "Holy man," ſaid he, "is your penitence ended?"—"No," replied Ballyah; "I muſt drink of a few cups of hydromel; but yet I reſerve a pitcher of wine to rinſe my mouth."

The company ſat down to table, and every one did honour to the entertainment. They held very little converſation. From time to time, however, one or other of the gueſts threw out ſomething in his own way; it was always wonderful. About the middle of the entertainment Ballayah, having ſomewhat ſoothed the rage of his appetite, looked about him. "Brother," ſaid he, "our number is not complete. We want Thalahava * and Il-

* Catch cloud.

nafac;

nafac*; however, they have their orders, and Battenil-tabour has ſounded the alarm ſo that it might be heard at a diſtance." As Ballayah was making this reflection the two heroes entered the grotto.

"You deſerve not a crum," ſaid Ballayah.—"I value men of abilities when they are exact in performing their duty. If you fail to-morrow you ſhall anſwer to an abler general than I. In the mean time ſit down and drink. After dinner you ſhall know wonderful things. You are before a very great maſter—the illuſtrious captain Raggado. We have choſen him for our general, and we are about to paſs in review before him. For my own part, I am exhibiting a ſpecimen of my powers as you ſee, and, as he ſpoke, he ſwallowed up the whole pitcher of wine. The new-comers having no anſwer to make, modeſtly bowed, and the company proceeded with the dinner. "Come, brother," ſaid Ballayah, "we muſt paſs our review now, ſince our dinner is ended, and may begin with providing food for our ſupper. Guillarich! Nadhertavil! Karaamek! attend."

"Guillarich, you muſt get me an hundred pounds of veniſon. Examine the moſt remote banks of rivers, ſeek out for us fawns, kids, and young gazelles. Let all be very tender and eaſy of digeſtion." Guillarich put himſelf in a proper poſture. His looks at firſt ſeemed to be confined to the grounds in the neighbourhood, but he gradually widened his ſphere of viſion, and his eyes roved over the whole earth. "Ah!" cried he, "I have found what you want behind that hill, ten leagues from hence." Nadhertavil then drew his

* Swell all.

bow. "Ten leagues!" ſaid he to Guillarich—"and thirty paces," added the other. The arrow was launched. Guillarich looked after it. "The calf is killed," ſaid he.

"Come, Karaamek," ſaid he, "put on your ſlippers, and go bring us this game." The order was inſtantly obeyed. Ballayah had three times repeated the command, and within half an hour the four pieces he wanted were brought to Bilamich, who flayed them, and put them upon the ſpit.

Ballayah brought the ſack with the bread.—"How," ſaid he, "have we only thirty pounds?"—Guillarich looked out for freſh bread. In Maſr," ſaid he, "is enough of bread, piping hot, and the baker has juſt turned his back to ſweep his oven. Here is a good opportunity to buy his bread for nothing; go, Karaamek, take with you the ſack, and make your market." The order was inſtantly obeyed; and the bread in the grotto before the baker could ſee what was a-doing.—"You ſee, general," ſaid the derviſe, "we are filling the paſtry. Ah! if Bilamich had wings, we might have wine; muſt we always die for thirſt? Come, Thalahava, ſeize that paſſing cloud, and force it to pour down here its uncomfortable contents. If you give us hail among it ſo much the better; I like very well to drink ice. The cloud was at a very conſiderable height in the air. Thalahava took out of his pocket a clue of ſilk, and threw it at the cloud; the clue divided, and one end hung down. This the man ſeized, and the vapour ſeemed to draw him upwards with aſtoniſhing velocity. "Comrades," ſaid Ballayah, "let us ſet out our pitchers to receive the water which is going to fall, and, as we have no change

change of clothes, we ourſelves muſt keep within the grotto. The whole troop obeyed, the cloud lowered; Thalahava condenſed it, and, by means of his thread, came down with rain.

Raggado wondered to ſee ſuch prodigies.—"You muſt allow, general," ſaid Ballayah, "that under your command, ſuch brave fellows may hope for the moſt ſplendid ſucceſs?"—"I never ſaw in my life before," ſaid Raggado, "an aſſemblage of ſuch rare talents ſo well met. No enterpriſe can be too hard for us. I have already ſome plans in my head. Stay, but ſpeak not, otherwiſe you will diſturb my meditations.——I have forgotten ſomething eſſential; as we have only water to ſlake our thirſt, we ſhould at leaſt have a few bottles of ſtrong liquors. Three hours of day yet remain, let us want for nothing: the derviſe now called his ſervants. "Guillarich," ſaid he, "and thou Karaamek, go, find us a few bottles of ſtrong liquors. You know they are commonly ſet out upon terraces, to receive the influence of the meridian ſun. Make an excurſion for thoſe liquors; what cannot be brought away at once, you can ſecure at a ſecond expedition."

This order was executed; and within a quarter of an hour, they had four large flaſks of excellent ſtrong liquors. This Karaamek is a dexterous, ſubtile, active fellow," ſaid Ballayah; "pity but his rains were ſtronger; for then we might derive inconceivable advantage from him."——"By Mahomet," ſaid Raggado, "I ſhould have had the gripes in my belly all night, had it not been for this little aſſiſtance he has given us. But my good derviſe, cannot we have ſome figs?"——"Yes, from any part of the world you like beſt."

—" I take you at your word," replied the captain; " let me have ſome of the beſt African figs." —" Come, Karaamek, you hear what the general deſires. Take a baſket under your arm; pick out the very beſt figs you can find, and let us ſee you again within half an hour at the fartheſt, for we may want you here." Karaamek diſappeared.

The veniſon was put on the ſpit; Bilamich turned it, Bazzaknar roaſted it, and Battenil-tabour had in the mean time gone to ſnore at ſome hundred paces diſtance, to avoid diſturbing any perſon. He made himſelf heard, however.—— " Here," ſaid Raggado, " is rather a troubleſome ſnoring fellow."—" Let him reſt," replied Ballayah. His extreme plumpneſs conſtitutes his greateſt merit, and keeps his belly tight. Beſides, he keeps us merry, and amuſes us by beating on his cheeks like a drum. Let us make the moſt of all his talents."—" Right; but who is this fellow with his arms akimbo?"—" I am as yet unacquainted with his qualifications. He takes care of our lodging when we go out upon a campaign, and, with very trifling means, makes very important uſe of every thing. His name is Ilnafac. His profeſſion is a very laborious one, of which you will form a better idea when you ſee him at work."

In ſuch converſation they ſpent the time till Karaamek's return began to be impatiently expected. Ballayah was uneaſy. " Holla, Guillarich," ſaid he, look you through the vineyards and orchards of Africa, and find if you can, Karaamek, who has either loſt himſelf, or forgotten his errand," Guillarich looked ſharply.—" Ah! the rogue," ſaid he, " he has eaten more figs than he has gathered; he is near Damaſcus; he is ſleeping beſide his baſket, the Arabs who

are

are prowling about will rob him, and take away his ſlippers, and we ſhall ſee him no more. A large bird is perched upon a branch of the tree under which he reſts; if Nadhertavil would ſhoot the bird, the noiſe of its fall would awaken Karaamek."—At what diſtance is this bird?" ſaid Nadhertavil.—" Seventy five leagues exactly."—Nadhertavil then took his aim, drew his bow and ſhot. Guillarich looked to obſerve the effect of the arrow. " The bird is fallen," ſaid he, " the ſleeper is awakened, and now comes homeward. Within a few moments after the ſigs were in the grotto. " Be not angry with our purveyor," ſaid Raggado to Ballayah; " this accident has given us a new proof of the abilities af Guillarich and Nadhertavil.—But I believe ſupper is ready, let us ſit down at table."—" Not if you pleaſe," replied Ballayah, " till we have firſt formed our camp, and I have made a retreat to be founded, according to the cuſtom of men of war." He at the ſame time called Ilnafac, who obeyed the ſummons.

" Have you taken your meaſures and choſen your ground? We will lye this night in the tent, in which we may be at our eaſe."—" The ground is before you," replied Ilnafac, " your lodging is in my breaſt, and its extent depends upon the force of my lungs."—" By Mahomet," cried the general, " here is a ſtrange riddle."—" It is no riddle," ſaid the derviſe, " or at leaſt what you are about to ſee will explain it: let us go up to the place where the workman is to begin his taſk."

Ilnafac had a ſmall purſe of the ſize of an egg fixed to a girdle, bound round his breaſt. It ſeemed to be cloſed with four ſmall cords, at the ends of which were ſo many ſmall ſpikes of ſteel. He opened

opened it, and blew into it, till it ſoon became of the bulk of a melon. He blew again, till it was large enough to admit his head. He then introduced his head into it, and continued blowing in to this ſpecies of bonnet: It grew every moment larger, till it reached the ground on all ſides, and the body of the blower was contained within it. His comrades then picked up the cords of the purſe, which had been magnified in the ſame proportion, and drew it to them, upon the four ſides; the upper part took the form of a tent, and was ſupported by four pikes which he always carried with him. Ilnafac went on with his work, and the tent increaſed till it was large enough to accommodate twenty perſons, and the ſteel ſpikes had become large pikes of iron, which were fixed deep in the ground, and rendered the tent a ſafe and ſteady habitation.

"Mahomet again," cried Raggado in an ecſtacy; "this is the king the god of muſhrooms; this is an incredible thing!"—"Not to flatter you, my general, thoſe who have ſeen you may believe any thing, and can have nothing to boaſt of. But Ilnafac has moderated his exertions here; his ſtrength is ſufficient to ſwell this tent to ſuch a ſize, that it might lodge all the pilgrims to Mecca with their guard." At the ſame time, a loud noiſe of a drum was heard from a diſtance. One would have thought indeed, that fifty drums had been ſounding at once, had it not been for the perfect uniſon of all the beatings. "What is this noiſe I hear?" ſaid Raggado. "It is nothing," ſaid the derviſe, but Batteniltabour ſounding the retreat by ſtroking his belly: he is a brave man at ſounding a charge."——"Good derviſe, theſe are very extraordinary characters.—They are forced, like me, to live in retirement,

tirement, becauſe the public has an unfavourable opinion of them. But we can go out with you, and diſlodge that Bigſtaff; that vulture, who ſends down upon us his baſkets of fowls, dreſſed out in ſteel, to the great diſmay of our troop."

"Ah!" replied Raggado, "had his citadel been ſurrounded with a triple foſſe full of water, we needed only to have mixed a little honey with it, and you might have drunk it up. I ſhould have attacked the wall with my ſabre, and, by Mahomet, you know what it can do! I ſhould engage to bring down the fortreſs before one ſtone could be thrown at me; Bilamich ſhould throw the broken pieces into the foſſe, and I ſhould appear in the place, at a time when I was little expected; and you ſhould then ſee how I would fall upon thoſe people with their iron ſheathings!" ——"This is a project truly worthy of your abilities, general," replied Ballayah; "but the tyrant is ſecure againſt every ſuch enterpriſe."—"I ſwear by thy book, my venerable old fellow, to contrive one, without delay, againſt which it ſhall be impoſſible for him to guard.—But let us go to ſupper." ——"It is the wiſeſt part we can juſt now take," ſaid the derviſe; "for our roaſt meat would cool, did not Bazzaknar keep it warm."

All the little army ſat down around a well-furniſhed table, enlightened by a lamp which had three wicks. They talked of their projects.—— "Comrades," ſaid Raggado, "be aſſured that I will do my utmoſt to merit your praiſes; but, as you have made me your commander, I give you notice, that we ſhall march in order, and very expeditiouſly.——I have drunk but a ſingle cup of water, and it has already given me a nauſea.—— To-morrow, by day-break, I ſhall review my troops,

troops, give my orders, and ſet out without delay: our tent and baggage muſt be made ready for removal in the time of the review.—Let us drink a cup of good liquor, and lye down to dream of the victory which awaits us.———Although my ſtomach were as hollow as an empty well, I could ſleep as ſound upon pebbles as on a bed of roſes.—Let us finiſh what remains; as we are to ſet out to-morrow, with a project in our heads, we muſt begin with ſtarving the rats here, and not leave them a ſingle crumb to gnaw.—Let us end the banquet. It is proper that we ſhould reſt in the tent.—Come hither, Guillarich! Can you ſee any thing by night?"—"As well as by day, general." "This is good; you ſhall keep watch by the camp, and to-morrow, on our march, you ſhall take a ſleep on the ſhoulders of Bilamich.—Come hither, Thalahava, throw your clue at that cloud over our head, and oblige it to cool the air by diffuſing a little dew.—Battenultabour muſt go ſnore without the camp beſide Guillarich, that he may be ready to give the alarm, when any thing extraordinary happens.———Come, my friends, let each of us take one of theſe ſkins for his pillow. A ſoldier never refuſes the conveniencies of life when he can have them."

"O great, valiant, wiſe captain!" ſaid Ballayah, obeying the order, and marching before the troops. When they had filed off, Raggado was the laſt to enter the tent; he lay in the middle; each placed himſelf at a reſpectful diſtance from his general, in the place which appeared to him the moſt convenient; the derviſe prayed, and all fell peaceably aſleep.

Scarcely had the morning ſtar appeared on the horizon, when Guillarich awakened Battenultabour,

bour, who gaped, and beat his belly with a noiſe which re-echoed through all the caverns in the neighbourhood. Raggado ſprung inſtantly up, and awakened all about him. "Come, comrades," ſaid he, "to arms; Ilnafac remove the tent."——At this command every one left the tent; only Ilfanac remaining till the poſts were taken up; ſo that before ſun-riſe the tent was folded up, and fixed to the girdle of him whoſe buſineſs it was to bear it.

All now aſſembled to the grand review.——— Ballayah had placed himſelf in the rear. "Brother," ſaid Raggado, "you are not in your proper place; you are our counſellor, and ſhould therefore be in the centre; but tactics having undergone a change, you are placed in the rear, and thus it often happens that, when the vanquiſhed is engaged, counſel comes too late; but here as the ranks are not very thick, nothing can hinder you from coming to my aſſiſtance when neceſſary. Is your book in a proper ſtate? Are none of the leaves wanting?"—"By Mahomet I have not kept count; but it is a matter of indifference, whatever may be wanting, I can very eaſily ſupply."

"Comrade Guillarich," ſaid Raggado, "your eyes are a little red, bathe them in cold water; you may be troubled with defluxions about them. Are Nadhertavil's bow and arrows in a proper ſtate?"—"Nothing is wanting, general." I am impatient to make trial of your addreſs by ſending a meſſage ſtraight into the enemy's eye. Let us ſee your clue, Thalahava. It is very round; and the ſilk is very fine ſpun! You may challenge the ſpiders to do the like. But, my dear comrades, if you will liſten to the advice of an old ſoldier, you ſhall ſoon learn that ſo precious a talent

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lent may be uſed to better purpoſe than for cooling the air, and waſhing kitchen utenſils.—Bazzaknar, I cannot examine the fire in your ſtomach; but I hope you have plenty of ſulphur and bitumen for the campaign; as we are going to fall upon an enemy's kitchen, we ſhall not give you the trouble of dreſſing our victuals; but I charge you to roaſt all the heads that may give us any trouble.—Karaamek, your ſlippers ſeem to be in a good enough ſtate; but beware of indulging your taſte for figs; you were lately in danger of loſing your ſlippers, and you might have caught cold returning from ſuch a diſtance.—Ilnafac, you have folded up the tent, but take care of the poſts, ſee that the cords be good, look that the ſtuff be all freſh.——Let nothing be wanting. Tell me, could you, by blowing in a melon, ſwell it to a pumpion!"——"No, general.—It may well be ſaid, that no man poſſeſſes univerſal talents."——"Advance, Bilamich; you muſt provide yourſelf with ſtraps to ſupport your burdens. That back, if it were level enough, might ſupport a pyramid!—Do you know that one can never have a large enough hand, when any thing is to be laid hold of?—Here Battenilſabour, your drum is tight enough; but you muſt beware of watering the inſide too much with hot liquors, for theſe would ſhrivel the ſkin. Pray let me hear you ſound your trumpet?" Batteniltabour obeyed, and uttered a few half notes in a baſs voice; but theſe were enough to throw diſmay and terror through the whole troop. Karaamek would have fled to an hundred leagues diſtance, if he could have found his legs. Bilamich felt his knees totter under him; Guillarich's eyes were dimmed for the moment; Nadhertavil dropped his bow and arrows; Thalahava looked

looked about for a cloud to take refuge in; Ilnafac loſt breath, and Bazzaknar felt a cold chillneſs. "By Manomet," ſaid Raggado, addreſſing Ballayah, who had a hiccough, "a wonderful voice this! I do not think myſelf chicken-hearted, and yet I tremble like a leaf. Friend Batteniltabour, this is an illuſtrious talent of thine, but, if you pleaſe, we ſhall make no uſe of it, unleſs when we happen to be in very deſperate circumſtances; reſume your place; and you, my friends, who are pleaſed to acknowledge me your general, attend while I explain the battle which I propoſe that we ſhould execute.

"Our object is to make ourſelves maſters of Kallacahabalaba, and to deſtroy the tyrant Bigſtaff. He is too cautious to expoſe himſelf. He will ſend out his rabble againſt us; we ſhall rout them, but this will not determine the matter. We muſt force him to capitulation by famine; lay waſte the country from which he is ſupplied with means of ſubſiſtence, and oblige him to eat his very rock for food! You have all the elements in your power; you can burn, drown, rob, maſſacre and deſtroy; and by theſe means, that country may, in a very ſhort ſpace be reduced to a deſert. A regular war might become more ruinous in the end; whereas if the influence of terror be conjoined to the effects of our hoſtilities, three fourths of the people will endeavour to eſcape by flight. We have only to conſider where we ſhall begin our devaſtations.

"Guillarich," ſaid the general to his good ſpy, "caſt your eyes towards the four cardinal points in the heavens. We muſt begin with ſomething eaſy, and juſt at hand. What ſee you towards the weſt?" —"At twenty leagues diſtance, ſir, I ſee a caravan

van travelling this way."—"Although we ſhould join it by ſun ſet," ſaid Raggado, "we ſhould be then weary and hungry, and pillaging it could do but little harm to Bigſtaff.——This is not our object. Look towards the eaſt." "Here, general, I ſee a rich meadow, with very fine cattle grazing upon it, who are tended by ſhepherds."—"This object will deſerve our attention hereafter: but thoſe victuals are not ready dreſſed; and as we ſet out faſting we ſhall need to find our dinner ſerved up on the table."——"Ah!" ſaid Guillarich, "what is this that is preparing ſouth of us! I ſee preparations for a ſplendid wedding." "This is the affair for us then.—At how many leagues diſtance?"—"Ten leagues."—"In a village?"——"Yes, a populous village."—"So much the better: we ſhall do the more miſchief, and make the more noiſe; thoſe folks will not hinder us from doing our buſineſs; with this meaſure, let us open the campaign.

"Bazzaknar ſhall enter the village with me, and burn up the whole ſide of the ſtreet, oppoſite to that in which the marriage is celebrated. I ſhall enter the houſe intended for the feaſt, and ſeize the bride.——If the bridegroom, father or relations make any diſturbance, I ſhall divide a few blows among them; and if theſe cannot make them quiet, Battenitabour ſhall ſpeak a word, and in their ear, which they will hardly deſire to hear repeated. Bazzaknar ſhall burn all except the houſe, and there we will dine quietly. As the inhabitants of the place may gather in a body, and throw ſtones at us, I direct Thalahava to ſeat himſelf on the firſt cloud he ſhall meet with, to collect a number of others, and to follow us with the whole parcel; he will then pour a thouſand cart-loads of hail upon

on the heads of thoſe troubleſome fellows, and we ſhall take care to keep him a good part of the dinner."

"By Mahomet," ſaid Ballayah, "never was enterprize formed with wiſer precautions."—"Art thou content then, derwiſe?" ſaid Raggado. "In my opinion every one ought to be ſo. Come, let us march on! Batteniltabour beat a ſoft march, ſuch as may fit a wedding proceſſion." The drum obeyed, and the troop marched on in good order. When they were within two leagues of the village, Raggado gave orders to Karaamek to obſerve what was paſſing at the feaſt, and to take care that the dinner was not too haſtily ſerved up. Within three minutes the meſſenger was returned. "They are idolatrous raſcals," ſaid he, "and are ſacrificing before a wooden idol, a fine heifer with gilded horns, which will not be fully roaſted for an hour to come." "By Mahomet," ſaid Raggado to Ballayah, "thou muſt ſurely be highly pleaſed. We are going againſt idolatry; it ſhall be thy taſk to overturn the idol; conjure it down with thy book; I recommend—A marriage contracted before an idol, and without the cadi, is not worth a ſtraw. I will marry the young woman in the muſſulman faſhion, and convert her to the truth."

During this converſation, the company continued their march. In a ſhort time they arrived in the village, directly oppoſite to the houſe in which the two families were met. Raggado went in as if he had been at home.

"Aye!" ſaid he, "do you contract marriages here without giving me notice, and ſit down to dinner without me?" As may be naturally conceived, thoſe honeſt villagers were in great aſtoniſhment; they looked on one another, without

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ſpeaking a word, and then with trembling eyes viewed the armed man who had thus addreſſed them. "We are undone!" cried they; "this is Bigſtaff the tyrant himſelf."—"You lie, you rabble! there is no tyrant here. Whom do you take me to be? Know that I am the huſband of this fair maid, and that ſhe ſhall have none elſe." So ſaying, he ſeized her by the arm. The huſband and relations, advanced to diſengage her out of his hands; with two or three blows he laid them flat on the ground. They then took up ſticks, knives, pots, and pans, and whatever came in their way, to throw at the raviſher. But all of a ſudden, Batteniltabour began to ſneeze. This was a talent of his, with which Raggado was hitherto unacquinted; and he was ſtruck with ſuch aſtoniſhment at hearing this firſt trial of it, that had he been leſs eager on his prey, ſhe had certainly eſcaped out of his hands. However, all that were in the houſe, both men and women were laid low; the very building, which was not very ſtrong, was ſhaken to the foundation.

Raggado recovering from his aſtoniſhment, ſaid to his braying ſquire; "come, relieve me of all this heap of clowns, throw out at the window all ſuch as are too far from the door. Batteniltabour obeyed, and the houſe was ſoon cleared. Only the young bride remained, who, terrified as ſhe was, would have fallen down like the reſt, if ſhe had not been ſupported by the vigorous captain. In the mean time, a doleful cry of fire was heard through the village. "Come," ſaid Raggado to his companion, "this is not a time to ſnore; our comrades may be loſt amidſt all this din; ſound a call." The drum obeyed; the troop muſtered up, and the marriage dinner was voraciouſly eaten.

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The young bride, being conſtrained to remain with this company, and to endure the brutal careſſes of Raggado, wept inceſſantly. "How happy ſhould I be to comfort your grief, my pretty child," ſaid the captain; "pray drop thoſe charming tears into my cup; they will render the liquor exquiſitely delicious." But ſhe turned away her head, with an air expreſſive at once, of diſguſt and ſorrow. While thoſe robbers were eating and ſtuffing themſelves inſatiably, notice had been given to a ſmall detachment, conſiſting of fifteen men from the garriſon of Kallacahabalaba, who uſually made their rounds through thoſe parts. To this little detachment, the affrighted villagers deſcribed the leader of the band. By their account Raggado did not appear formidable; they inveſted the houſe in which he and his party were making merry, and prepared to attack them. The commander of the detachment ſuddenly entered, and with his ſabre drawn approached Batteniltabour, who by ſneezing parried the blow. Raggado ſtunned with the noiſe, aroſe and ſtood on his defence. With one blow of his ſabre, he cleaved the boldeſt of the aſſailants, from head to heel. With a back ſtroke he divided, through the middle, him, who was advancing in the ſecond place; the third had his ſhoulder demoliſhed; the fourth loſt half an arm; the fifth had his head cut off, and the ſixth laid down both his legs there. When Bigſtaff's other ſoldiers beheld this fray, they threw down their arms and their bucklers, that they might flee the faſter. Raggado's companions ſeeing them in diſorder, followed hard after them; Thalahava rained hail upon them; Bazzaknar roaſted all that fell in his way; Batteniltabour ſneezed in the ears of ſuch as came within his reach; even Ballayah fell upon them

them with his book. They dropped all down half dead with fear, and were cut in pieces by the ſabre of Raggado; ſo that none remained to carry home news of their miſhap.

After this conqueſt, the victorious general returned to enjoy the meed of the victory in the arms of his fair miſtreſs. But in the time of the battle ſhe had made her eſcape. He called upon Guillarich in a violent paſſion, ſaying, "Holla! wilt thou ſuffer thy captain to be thus deprived of all the joy he has promiſed himſelf? Find me this infidel woman. In the name of Mahomet, a miſchief upon him, who conceals her." Guillarich looked with as ſharp an eye as he could. "I cannot ſee her, general: I ſee indeed a crowd of women at three leagues diſtance, fleeing with their children and baggage with all poſſible expedition. But the bride is not of the party. Yet the walls of the town cannot hide her from me, for they were of wood, and beſides are burnt down. She muſt be under ground, and in that caſe it would be impoſſible for me to ſee her." "Ah! luckleſs wight that I am!" cried Raggado, "it is hard to conquer, yet not enjoy the fruits of victory. This is another trick which my bitch of a ſtar has played me. A thouſand bombs upon her. She diſputes every ſort of conqueſt with me. My fortune is deſperate.—— Go, tell Batteniltabour to ſound a call, and let all ſit down to table. Here is ſomewhat to drink, and my ſorrow is of ſuch a nature, that it requires to be drowned."

The little troop ſoon rejoined their general, and while they ſympathiſed in his affliction, they ſhared his conſolation.

"Ah! dear Bilamich!" ſaid Raggado, "what handſome legs thou ſhouldeſt have carried about thy

thy neck! Never couldſt thou have borne a ſofter burden. But we are now forced, like the derviſe, to lead a life of penitence; let us, at leaſt, keep it up till midnight, that it may be the more meritorious. Thou Batteniltabour, as I have great confidence in thy abilities, I charge thee with the care of our repoſe till ſun-riſe: go take thy round at half a league's diſtance; beat eighty drums, and when thou perceiveſt any impertinently curious perſons approach, ſound thy trumpet with a firm tone." Batteniltabour obeyed, while his comrades continued to divert themſelves, and to drink away till they all ſunk under the table.

It is not every day that weddings happen, at which ſo good a meal can ſo conveniently be found ready dreſſed. On the day following, Raggado's troop made many plundering excurſions on different quarters, and with ſo much the more confidence, becauſe, under ſuch a leader they flattered themſelves with the hope of impunity. But they were now obliged to dreſs their victuals themſelves.—— They encamped every night under the tent, the ſituation of which could not be known, as it was never pitched and ſpread till after it was dark.—— By day they were frequently obliged to fight, in conſequence of meeting with ſmall detachments like that which had before preſumed to attack them; but all ſuch detachments were always equally cut off. Thoſe who eſcaped the ſword or fire, were ſtruck motionleſs by the voice of Batteniltabour, the dreadful ſounds of which, piercing their ears, ſtruck them with inconceivable horror. A ſhower of hail completed their confuſion and deſtruction.

One man had, however, contrived means to deliver his country from the dreadful ſcourge which

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now ravaged it. And conceived that he and his countrymen might arm themſelves with ſlings, and, with ſtones thrown from a diſtance, overpower the plunderers. Guillarich obſerved this man trying his new invention. He ſaw him ready to acquaint his friends with the uſe and advantages of it. But at the very moment when he opened his mouth to do ſo, an arrow from Nadhertavil's bow pierced his throat, and ſtopped the good advice by the way. General deſpair prevailed through the country, and news were conveyed from all quarters to Kallacah-balaba, by an hundred arrows,—for it was in this mode that requeſts, complaints, or information of any kind, were conveyed.

The tyrant aſſembled his council. An aſtrologer of great ſkill in geomancy was his only counſellor. "You ſee!" ſaid the tyrant, "to what condition we are reduced, nobody can come to diſturb us here; but nothing can avert the famine which threatens us. My arms have hitherto combated thoſe robbers, who infeſt my country with ſucceſs; but they are now more audacious than ever, and this no doubt in conſequence of receiving an acceſſion of ſtrength. At their head is a leader, who has alone deſtroyed ſeveral detachments of my ſoldiers whom I had ſent out to maintain peace and ſecurity through the country, and to collect the taxes. In their reports and complaints, is a great deal of the marvellous. Think of ſome means then, by which we may provide for our ſecurity."—"This is what I have been employed upon for ſome time," replied the ſage.—"I have conſtructed the horoſcope of every one of our enemies. Ordinary arms will not avail againſt them. The endowments of which they make ſo bad an uſe, are all more or leſs magical; but in this art the defect is, that

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all its manœuvres may be defeated by the flighteſt means which are directly oppoſed to them.—— Thus I ſhall approach Batteniltabour, with cotton in my ears, which will fruſtrate the power of his drum.——I will ſpit in Bazzaknar's mouth, and extinguiſh his fire; Guillarich's talent becomes of little uſe when danger is cloſe at hand; ſteel will blunt the arrow of Nadhertavil; Karaamek is a courier whoſe courſe may eaſily be ſtopped; Thalahava's power depends upon a thread which may eaſily be cut; Ballayah is a cowardly derviſe, and can be of no ſervice where there is no water to drink; Ilnafac and Bilamich cannot be formidable, for they are merely a part of the baggage. But the chief enemy we have to combat, is captain Raggado, a man who is even the ſport of the ſtars, on whom they have wreaked all their malice, and whom they have formed to do all the miſchief poſſible, but never the leaſt good. His mind is prompt and fertile in expedients, his ſoul manly and intrepid, and his body of uncommon ſtrength: but his aims are always diſappointed by the extravagance of his own fury; he weilds a magic ſabre, the edge of which not even a diamond could reſiſt; were you to oppoſe to it your brazen mace, it would be broken in a thouſand pieces, and you diſarmed. His common way is to ſend challenges, but he has already been informed, that you would accept no challenge, unleſs on conditions diſagreeable to him. However, ſir, if you will pleaſe to arm your ſoldiers, as I ſhall propoſe, I dare venture to promiſe you ſucceſs againſt him and his whole troops."—"Come to my arſenal," ſaid Bigſtaff, and chuſe out what arms you pleaſe, for my ſoldiers and myſelf to put on. I confide too much in your ſagacity, not to follow your advice implicitly." "I tell you before hand," ſaid

the aſtrologer, "that you will find thoſe arms extraordinary."—"No matter, they will be ſo much the better againſt ſuch an enemy; one miraculous expedient muſt be oppoſed to another."

Captain Ragado, in the mean time, continued to ravage the plain. Bigſtaff, in concert with his ſage counſellor, muſtered the ſmall army he intended to lead out againſt the foe. The arms, and military engines which they were to uſe, were ſecretly collected, and made ready in the arſenals. When all were prepared, a body of three hundred men, all glittering in ſteel, deſcended in baſkets moved by pullies, from the fortreſs, and ſpread over the plain.

"The enemy! the enemy!" cried Guillarich. —"Is he dropping from his minarets," ſaid Raggado.—"Yes, general, the baſkets are emptied yonder, and out of them iſſue three hundred men, with a leader to command them.—It is the tyrant himſelf: I know him by his ſtature; he is taller than common. Ah! what a ſingular caſque he wears on his head! It is neither more nor leſs, than a great kettle.——His buckler is five inches thick: His looks are keen and piercing as fire.—— General! ſhall I pitch Nadhertavil's pike before him, that he may ſalute this formidable enemy in the left eye with a complimentary arrow?" "Bold ſoldier you!" ſaid Raggado; "look out; but keep your advices to yourſelf.——My enemy is in the plain then, and armed againſt my attacks, in a ridiculous defenſive armour!—Come, Battenil-tabour, call every one to order, and let us march out againſt our enemy."

The two armies ſoon met; Raggado took the centre between Batteniltabour, and Bazzuknar. Ballayah and Guillarich were on the right wing; Karaamek

Karaamek and Nadhertavil occupied the left; Bilamich and Ilnafac brought up the rear guard; Thalahava rode upon a ſtorm in the air, in order to pour it upon the enemy.

Bigſtaff, on his ſide, drew up his army in a line three men deep. In the foremoſt rank were ſoldiers, who wore white armour; each man in the ſecond rank carried a ſyringe; thoſe in the third bore each a pair of ſciſſars; they were all well-tempered defenſive armour.

Raggado ſaw this triple line drawn out before him, and confident in his own force, marched boldly out, as he ſuppoſed, to certain victory. He advanced himſelf ten paces before his troop, as if by way of defying his enemy to ſingle combat. Bigſtaff advanced to meet him; the armies ſtood ſtill in ſuſpence, and Raggado ordered Battenilta-bour to ſound a charge. Only this order was properly executed; for unforeſeen events diſconcerted all the reſt of Raggado's projects, and fruſtrated all his efforts.

No ſooner did Raggado meet his opponent, and oppoſe buckler to buckler, than he thought to diſcharge on Bigſtaff's head one of thoſe deciſive blows, by which he had ſo often ſignalized the ſtrength of his arm, and the temper of his ſabre. But, before he would ſtrike, he thus addreſſed him over whom he thought himſelf ſure of triumphing.

"Bigſtaff!" ſaid he. "tyrant of ſcullions! art thou not aſhamed of preſuming to appear in the field of battle with a kettle on thy head? Thinkeſt thou that thy kitchen battery can ſave thee from falling under my arm? Or does my evil ſtar ſend thee againſt me in this ludicrous guiſe, that I may gain no honour from my victory but the ridi-

culous one of having triumphed over the prince of cooks? Muſt Raggado's brave ſoldiers fight with apothecaries and barbers? Dare but to liſt againſt me that mace, than which the ſpit on which thy meat is roaſted would better become thee, and be a more ſuitable accompaniment to thy caſque and buckler."

"Raggado," replied Bigſtaff, "thy words are like thy conduct. I come not out againſt a warrior, but againſt a butcher. And, if it becomes me to act always nobly, it will equally become thee to periſh ignobly. Though thou dareſt me to give the firſt blow, come on thyſelf, if thou canſt."—"By Mahomet I ſhall," ſaid Raggado, and as he ſpoke, let fall a blow, which ſounded like thunder upon the pot on his enemy's head. But when his ſabre touched the pot, inſtead of penetrating, it rebounded from it with ſuch force, as to ſhake the vigorous arm that wielded it. Raggado, aſtoniſhed at this unexpected reſiſtance, attempted to part, by one blow the arm and buckler of his antagoniſt; but the blade of his ſcimiter was broken in pieces. Inſtead of ſtriking on iron, as he had ſuppoſed it, his magic ſabre had been broken upon a pumpion, and a mouldy cheeſe.

"Two thouſand ſquadrons!" cried Raggado, moving four ſteps backwards. "Hola! Bazzaknar! Set this heap in a blaze, raiſe an infernal fire." Bazzaknar was about to obey, when an hundred ſyringes directed againſt his mouth, poured into it a deluge of water, ſo that only a thick ſmoke was emitted. The general, thus fruſtrated in his hope from this hand, called Thalahava to his aid, who was hovering over the army, with his magazine of thunder and hail ready. But now all the ſciſſars in the third rank of Bigſtaff's army were

were held up in the air, and employed to cut the inviſible threads, ſo that they directed the ſtorm upon the hoſtile army of Raggado.

The captain thought now, that by calling in his third reſource, he might yet make good an honorable retreat. He therefore ordered Batteniltabour to ſound his drum. But the enemy diſcovered no terror at the ſound; the ſoldiers ears were deafened by the cotton ſtuffed into them. They encloſed Raggado; the drum continued to beat: the captain's heroes were all confounded, and fled; he himſelf was thus left helpleſs: and the tyrant of Kallacahabalaba knocked him down with his mace. Batteniltabour burſt his belly; Bazzaknar was ſtifled with his ſmoke; the reſt made their eſcape to their old holes in the beſt manner they could.

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Dobil-Hasen thus ended his tale. The attention with which he had been heard, and the viſible ſatisfaction of all his audience, gave him good hopes of ſucceſs. "I have told you ſome things a little extraordinary," ſaid he; "but the conditions which we have accepted, obliged me to produce what was new. I have brought ſtrange characters upon the ſtage; I ſhould be happy to think that I had afforded entertainment to my lovely couſin."——"I aſſure you," ſaid Vaſumé, "your tale has given us all pleaſure; and my good Nané will not deny that ſhe has laughed a good deal"—"I have, I muſt confeſs," ſaid the nurſe, "been in a manner all ear; I expected every moment ſome new piece of pleaſantry. I never knew this mode of making ſtones before; it is abſolutely new to me.—But is this all we are

to hear?"—"No, my good woman," ſaid Vaſumé; "there is yet another to come; and we are impatiently expecting him who is to tell it, to begin." So ſaying, ſhe turned her eyes upon the youngeſt of her couſins, whom timidity had yet held ſilent.

Valid-Haſen was more in love with Vaſumé, than either of his two couſins; his paſſion was of a more delicate, diſintereſted nature than theirs: he preferred her to the moſt advantageous matches in Surat. But the fear of loſing her, at that moment, deprived his imagination of its wonted energy: although he was endowed with no common ſhare both of memory and underſtanding, nothing now occurred to him, but what ſeemed to have been anticipated by others; perhaps too, his ſelf-love was touched; whatever might be the caſe, his perplexity was evident; his lips trembled; and an involuntary bluſh overſpread his face. Vaſumé was alarmed; for ſhe was particularly intereſted in her young couſin, and ſecretly deſired that he might prove ſucceſsful in the conteſt. Good Nané too was in expectation of a tale.

At laſt Valid-Haſen took courage, and begun thus:

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## Valid-Hasen's Dream.

"AFTER the agreeable tales I have heard," ſaid he, "it would imply great confidence in me, if I ſhould preſume to think that I could equal them, merely by the power of my imagination. Dreams are, however, ſaid to have often ſomething divine

divine in them: and what I dreamed laſt night, is ſo extraordinary, that I am forced to reſpect, although I cannot underſtand it. The ſentiments with which it has impreſſed me prompt me to relate it to you.

Yeſterday, after pretty laborious application to ſtudies from which I hope to reap, one day or another, ſufficient advantage, I fell aſleep at my table, with my head reclining on my hands.

Hardly was I aſleep, when I thought I found myſelf tranſported into the middle of an arid plain, where I was in the utmoſt diſtreſs for thirſt. I looked around for ſome bountiful ſpring of water. But the ſearch was vain amid thoſe burning ſands. ——At laſt, I ſaw a melon upon a withered ſtalk. I took my knife and ſtooped down to cut the fruit. When the blade had entered, the hilt followed; my hand was dragged after the hilt, and then the arm, the ſhoulder, and my whole body entered it; before my head could make the ſlighteſt reflection.

Immediately after, I found myſelf ſeated, I knew not what upon, in the middle of a melon, the inſide of which ſeemed in my eyes like a thick miſt, almoſt dark. Methought I was buſy with my hands, labouring to remove it; when of a ſudden, it vaniſhed of itſelf, in the form of thoſe light vapours which are gathered by the winds, upon the tops of high mountains. It diſappeared entirely, and I was left at liberty to examine the different objects about me.

I was ſeated upon a great plat, beautifully variegated with flowers and plants, every one more curious than another. Above me appeared the open ſky illuminated by the rays of the riſing ſun. One object engaged all my attention. This was a noble walnut-tree, of ſuch ſize and beauty, that its

its head ſeemed to touch the ſkies, while with its branches it overſhadowed all the ground where I ſat. This majeſtic tree had ſo many branches, and thoſe of ſuch vaſt extent, that five hundred men, diſperſed one on each branch, and ſhaking the fruit, could not make themſelves heard by me, however loudly they cried. I could diſtinguiſh, however, by the ſtrokes of the ſticks, that they were diſputing for the walnuts on the ground, which belonged reſpectively to the perſons who had ſhaken them. However, they quarrelled but at intervals, and the work went on. I picked up two of the nuts, opened them, and found them to conſiſt of nothing but empty ſhells. Why then all this diſturbance, ſaid I to myſelf, and all this din for empty ſhells! I was however in ſome danger from the nuts ſhowered down upon my head, and therefore retired to a greater diſtance, where I ſaw nothing but leaves fall; but of theſe the perſons who beat them down, ſeemed as jealous as of the fruit.

As I went round the tree, I perceived a ſingle walnut remaining upon the top of it: it ſeemed to be no better than the others; but its great height deceived the eye. No ſtaff, nor ſtriker could reach it: nor could thoſe ſee it who were upon the tree.

I felt a deſire to bring down this only remaining walnut; but, how ſhould I? I had ſeen boys throw ſtones with ſlings. I contrived to make a ſling of my handkerchief, and loaded it with a pebble nearly half a pound in weight. I threw the ſtone almoſt without looking at the mark. It ſtruck the walnut, which fell, and by its fall made a noiſe which was noticed by thoſe who were on the tree.

Aſtoniſhed

Aſtoniſhed and pleaſed at my ſucceſs, I picked up the nut, I opened it. Oh! wonderful to behold! The ſhell contained thouſands of ſhrubs, all as perfect in their ſpecies as the great walnut tree, upon which they had grown. While I was taking theſe out of the ſhell, my fellow-labourers obſerving how I was empſoyed, came upon my ſhoulders, received the young trees out of my hands, and cried out, one after another, ſee what a fine thing I have found! I was diſpoſed to inſiſt upon my right to the diſcovery. "You!" ſaid they, "you bring down the nut! You were not even on the tree." ——"but," ſaid I, "I brought it down with a ſtone which I threw with my handkerchief, which you ſtill ſee upon yonder branch!"

My rivals ſhrugged their ſhoulders. I, enraged to ſee myſelf robbed of a treaſure which I had obtained by good luck, and my own addreſs, and aſhamed to have nothing but the empty ſhell remaining in my hands;—awaked amidſt theſe emotions from my dream. It has certainly ſome ſignification, which I ſhall be glad to hear any perſon explain."—"You give the elogy of the teller." ſaid Vaſumé, "and I confeſs he deſerves it. When a perſon has ſo pleaſant a dream, it is diſagreeable to awake."—"Let us hear another of your ſtories," ſaid Nané, "thoſe which I have heard make me deſirous of liſtening for more."—"You have no more to hear at this time, my good nurſe," ſaid the fair Indian damſel.—"You have now heard the three ſtories, which I invited you to hear. I had required that they ſhould be new; are they ſo?"—"Perfectly ſo," ſaid the blind woman; "I have heard many tales in my lifetime, and have even made ſome; I know none ſo original as theſe, either

either in the texture, or in the manner in which we have heard them told."

"Tell me, my good Nané," returned Vaſumé, "to which of the three would you give the preference? Your judgment ſhall determine me. You can have no partiality in favour of any of the tellers above the others; for you ſee none of them. Wherefore, I wiſh to have your opinion, my good nurſe."—"That I ſhall not refuſe, my dear daughter, my opinion of the firſt tale is,

"That nothing can be more ingenious, than the contrivance of the pretended Armenian to deceive Narilha and her ſon; but was all that ingenuity requiſite to outwit a fooliſh woman, and an idiot boy? Was it needful to put ſo many irons into the fire, to accompliſh a marriage between a barber's daughter, and a potter's ſon? Or were means uſed to make me deſire a marriage in which I was to be intereſted; I heard nothing of the bride, and very little of the bridegroom. Beſides, I ſhould think that it was quite needleſs to ſcatter gold about with ſuch profuſion, when a handful of ſequins might have done the whole buſineſs: I cannot approve of the puniſhments which followed; I had rather have laughed to the end of the ſtory; for I muſt ſay, that, notwithſtanding thoſe trivial blemiſhes, I was much pleaſed with this ſtory: and only mortified to find it leſs lively towards the latter end.

"The ſecond ſtory tranſported me among a crowd of imaginary beings. I have laughed a great deal at their extravagancies, and was highly amuſed with them. But this is all. I regretted not the loſs of thoſe chimerical illuſions; the ſtory upon the whole, ſeemed equally void of ſentiments and ideas. When I laugh ſo much, my dear daughter,

ter, I am desirous to recollect with satisfaction, the cause of my gaity.

"As to the third, it is a very short dream, but extremely interesting. I believe, I have nearly found out the meaning.—The dreamer wandering upon arid sands, is a studious man; his thirst is for knowledge. The lemon rind which he cuts, is the veil of nature. His body follows the blade of the knife, when he engages passionately in the investigation of truth. He finds himself at first in darkness, but comes soon to understand his situation. The fine walnut tree, represents the object he desires to know. It is covered with the curious, who misapply their labour in beating down nothing but leaves and empty shells, and contending with pedantic pride for the worthless fruits of their vain labours A man of better address, by throwing a stone brings down the nut on the top of the tree. He opens it, and finds truth within, in the emblematic form of numberless embryo's of walnut trees, proceeding all out of one gem. This discovery is owing to chance, the parent of all our useful discoveries.

"I must allow, my child, that this short dream has given me more amusement than both the tales; and that these will always lose much of their value in my estimation, whenever I recollect the ingenious allegory of the walnut tree."

Vasumé was of the same opinion as her nurse. "A good tale," said she, "is one equally amusing and instructive, in which the useful and the agreeable are happily united." She gave the prize therefore to her cousin Valid-Hasen. Their marriage was celebrated with splendour; and their happiness proved not a dream.

END OF SECOND VOLUME.